



Salvation Songs

BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL

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FILLMORE BROS.

119 W. Sixth Street. No. 40 Bible House,
CINCINNATI, O. NEW YORK.

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Chas. O. Bass
51 G. Wash. St.

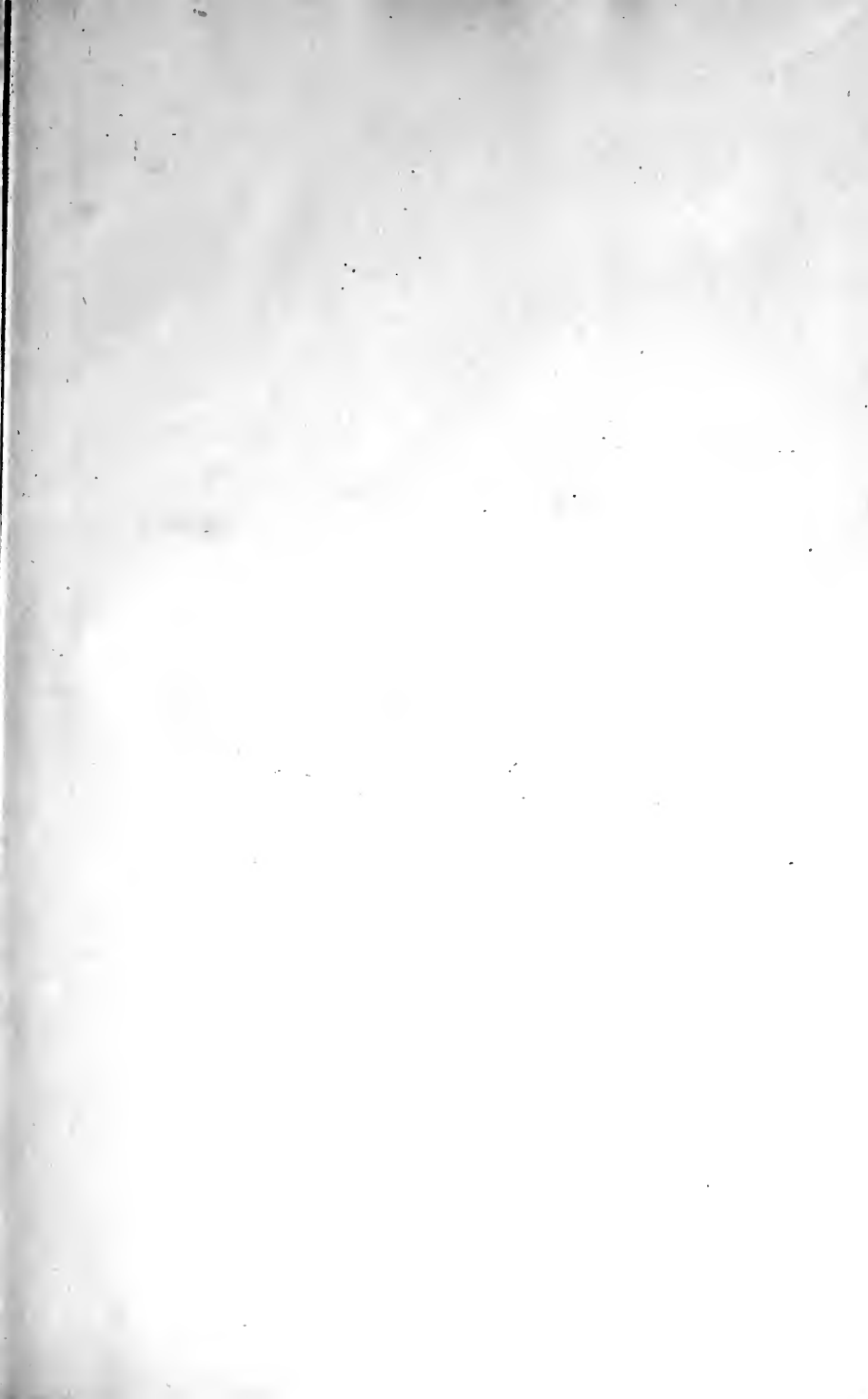
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SALVATION SONGS

— FOR —



GOSPEL MEETINGS, ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES, EPWORTH
LEAGUES, BAPTIST UNIONS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS
AND PRAYER MEETINGS.

✓
BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

FILLMORE BROS.

119 W. SIXTH STREET,
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NO. 40 BIBLE HOUSE,
NEW YORK.

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GREETING.

While a majority of the songs contained herein are new, and are now presented for the first time, among them will be found many of the prime favorites of the day, together with a few of the time-honored hymns and tunes of our fore-fathers; and if, thus mixed together, the old and the new assimilate and are found congenial companions, then SALVATION SONGS will become a joy alike to the young and to the old in the church.

In the regular service of the Church, Sunday School and the Prayer Meeting, as in the work of the Evangelist, the power and effect of special music (Solos, Duets, Quartets, etc.) has been demonstrated. Those contained herein will be found, in addition to their special uses, to be acceptable for congregational worship, and prove very useful to the Chorister.

As Solos, Nos. 11, 52, 109, 115, 122, 164, 208, and others, may be used; Nos. 116, 137, 171, and others, will be acceptable as Duets for Tenor (or Soprano) and Alto; any of the following numbers may be rendered as a Solo and Chorus: 42, 48, 66, 128, 160, 164. Among such as are suited for Duet and Chorus are Nos. 28, 34, 116, 182. Mixed Quartets will find use for Nos. 16, 19, 44, 84, 94, 102, 148, 175, 201, while Male Quartets will welcome Nos. 124, 146, 156 and 185.

Some of the short pieces will prove to be the choicest gems in the book, as nothing has been put in merely to fill out pages.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1895.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

SALVATION SONGS.

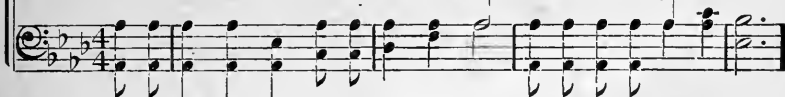
No. 1. OVER IN THE GLORY-LAND.

C. H. G.

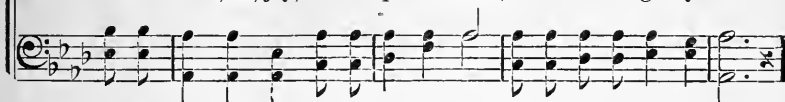
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We are on our way to a home on high, O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
2. We will join the song that the ransomed sing. O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
3. When the cares and tri-als of earth are past,—O-ver in the glo-ry-land;
4. With the lov'd ones gone to that shining shore, O-ver in the glo-ry-land;



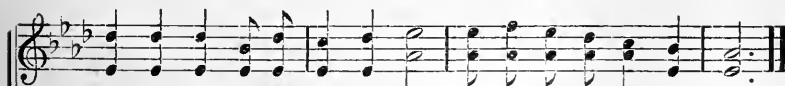
There we'll meet and rest, in the by and by, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
And for - ev - er praise our e - ter-nal King, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
Je - sus waits to crown us His own at last, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.
We shall meet, oh, joy, meet to part no more, O-ver in the glo-ry-land.



CHORUS.



O-ver in the glo - ry - land! O-ver in the glo - ry-land! There with



all the blest we shall meet and rest, O - ver in the glo - ry - land.



No. 2.

SCATTER SUNSHINE.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
 2. Slightest ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs; For the world wants
 3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re -

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
 pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed,

You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.
 You may help remove, With your songs, and courage, Sympathy and love.
 Thro' the ills of life, Scat - ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter sun - shine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
 Scat - ter smiles and

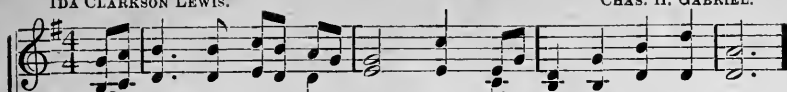
bright - en Ev - 'ry passing day, Ev - 'ry passing day..

No. 3.

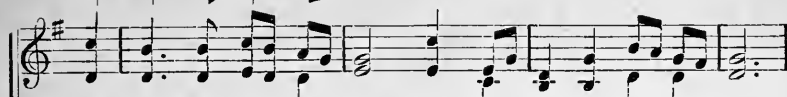
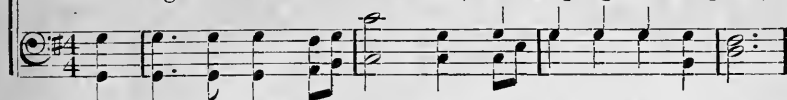
WHY I SING.

IDA CLARKSON LEWIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I sing be - cause I love Him— Be-cause to earth He came
 2. I sing be - cause I love Him; From sin He set me free;
 3. I sing be - cause I love Him, For keep-ing me in peace;



All those to save who trust Him, From end-less death and shame.
 He taught my soul to praise Him—Filled it with mel-o - dy.
 Un - til my eyes be - hold Him, My song shall nev - er cease.



CHORUS.



I sing..... be - cause I love.....
 I sing be - cause I love Him—Be - cause He died for



Him, Be - cause He died for me;.....
 me; I love Him be - cause He died for me, for me;



For this I shall a - dore Him Through all e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 4.

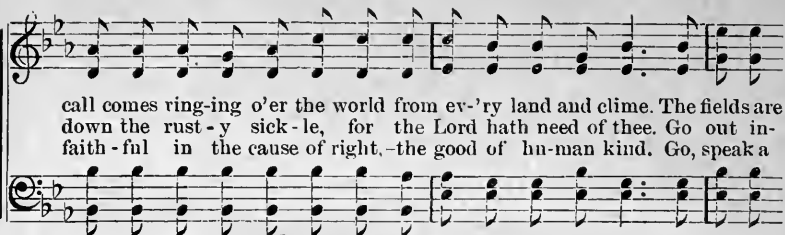
GATHER IN THE GRAIN.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

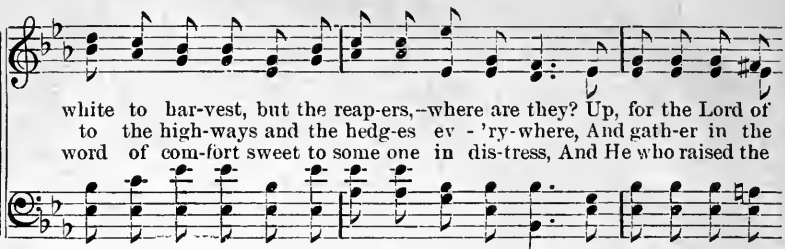
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, for, lo, 'tis har - vest time; The
 2. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, -a faith - ful reap - er be; Take
 3. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, -your du - ty is as - signed; Be

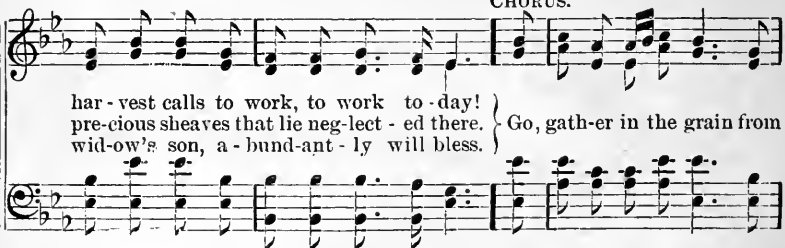


call comes ring - ing o'er the world from ev - 'ry land and clime. The fields are
 down the rust - y sick - le, for the Lord hath need of thee. Go out in -
 faith - ful in the cause of right, -the good of hu - man kind. Go, speak a

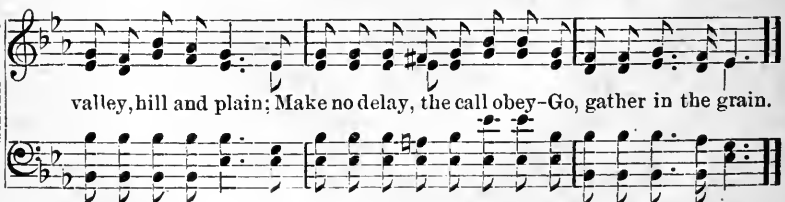


white to har - vest, but the reap - ers, -where are they? Up, for the Lord of
 to the high - ways and the hed - ges ev - 'ry - where, And gath - er in the
 word of com - fort sweet to some one in dis - tress, And He who raised the

CHORUS.



har - vest calls to work, to work to - day! }
 pre - cious sheaves that lie neg - lect - ed there. } Go, gath - er in the grain from
 wid - ow's son, a - bund - ant - ly will bless. }



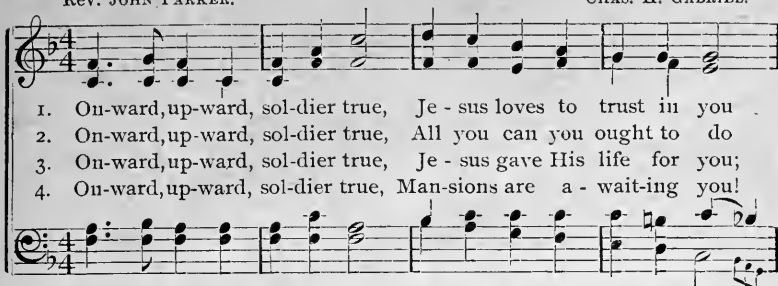
valley, hill and plain; Make no delay, the call obey - Go, gather in the grain.

No. 5.

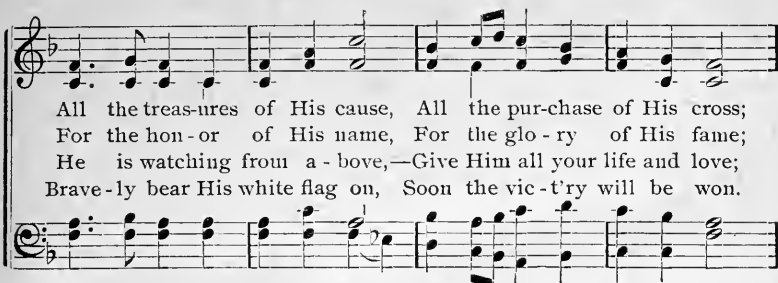
ONWARD, UPWARD.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

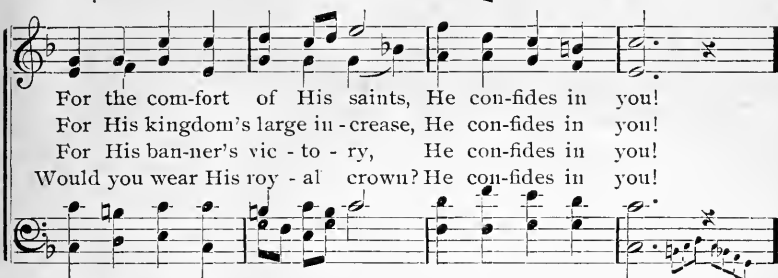
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. On-ward, up-ward, sol-dier true, Je - sus loves to trust in you
 2. On-ward, up-ward, sol-dier true, All you can you ought to do
 3. On-ward, up-ward, sol-dier true, Je - sus gave His life for you;
 4. On-ward, up-ward, sol-dier true, Man-sions are a - wait-ing you!



All the treas-ures of His cause, All the pur-chase of His cross;
 For the hon-or of His name, For the glo-ry of His fame;
 He is watching from a - bove,—Give Him all your life and love;
 Brave-ly bear His white flag on, Soon the vic-t'ry will be won.

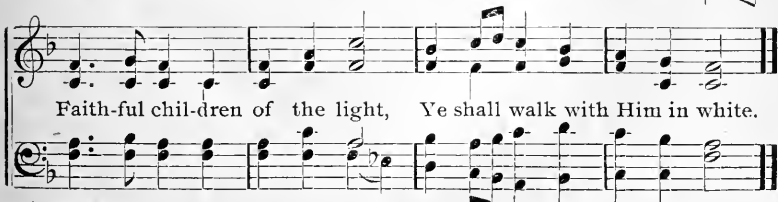


For the com-fort of His saints, He con-fides in you!
 For His kingdom's large in-crease, He con-fides in you!
 For His ban-ner's vic-to-ry, He con-fides in you!
 Would you wear His roy-al crown? He con-fides in you!

CHORUS.



Cour-age, sol-dier, Christ is near, He will con-quer, nev-er fear!



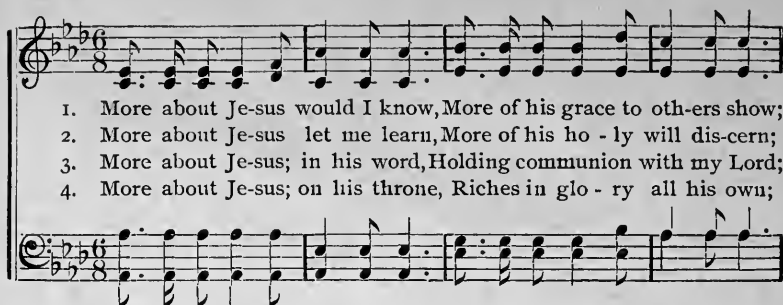
Faith-ful chil-dren of the light, Ye shall walk with Him in white.

No. 6.

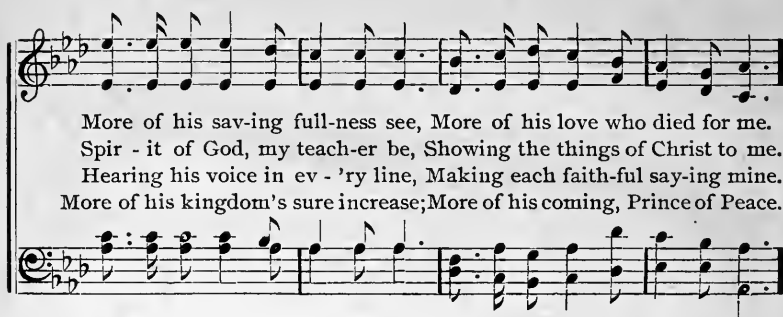
MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

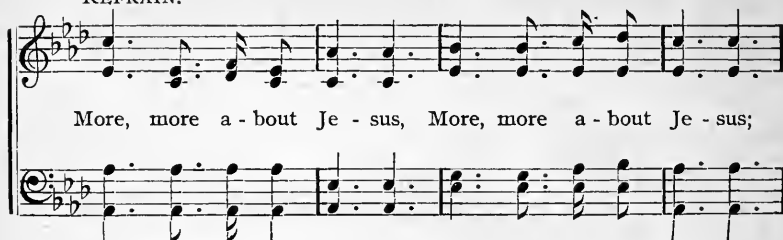


1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
 2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis-cern;
 3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
 4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;

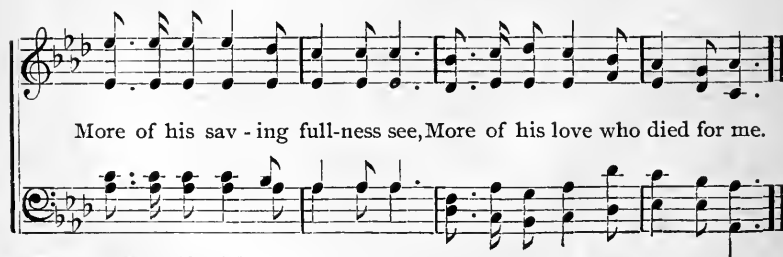


More of his sav-ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav - ing full-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

No. 7.

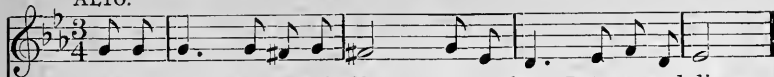
HE CARES FOR ME.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

(DUET FOR TENOR AND ALTO.)

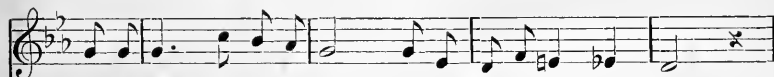
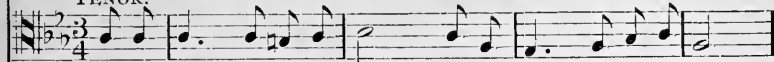
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ALTO.



1. He's my SHEPHERD, why should I Wor-ry lest I starve and die,—
2. He's my FA-THER, and His smile Is a - bove me all the while;
3. He's my SAVIOR; 'twas His love Brought Him from the courts a-bove
4. He's my FRIEND, He helps me bear Ev-'ry bur - den, ev-'ry care;

TENOR.



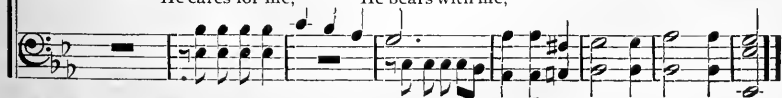
Lest green pastures fail to grow, And the water brooks to flow?
On His word I rest se-cure, For His promises are sure.
Down to earth to die in shame, Me, a sin-ner, to re - claim.
All my se - cret faults He knows, Yet His love to me o'er - flows.



REFRAIN.



He cares for me, He bears with me, My Shepherd, Father, Savior, Friend.
He cares for me, He bears with me,

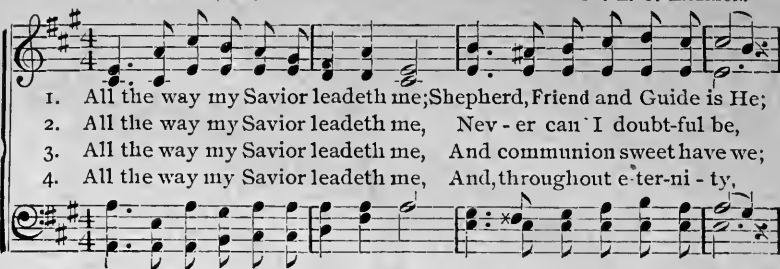


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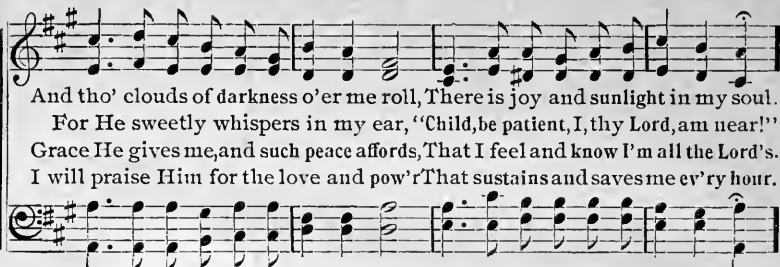
ALL THE WAY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

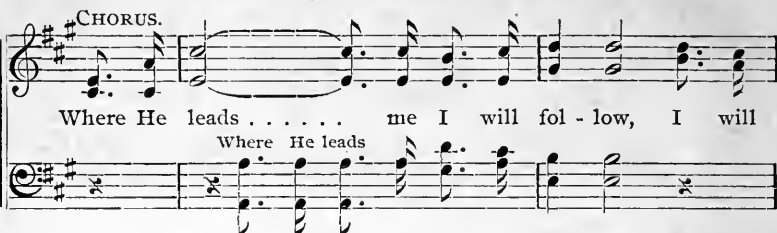


1. All the way my Savior leadeth me; Shepherd, Friend and Guide is He;
 2. All the way my Savior leadeth me, Nev - er can I doubt-ful be,
 3. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And communion sweet have we;
 4. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And, throughout e - ter - ni - ty,



And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.
 For He sweetly whispers in my ear, "Child, be patient, I, thy Lord, am near!"
 Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.
 I will praise Him for the love and pow'r That sustains and saves me ev'ry hour.

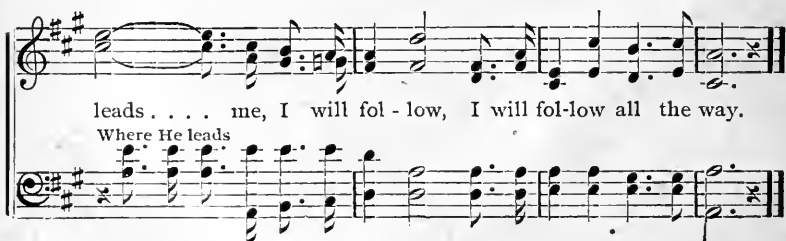
CHORUS.



Where He leads me I will fol - low, I will
 Where He leads



fol - - low all the way Where He
 I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way;

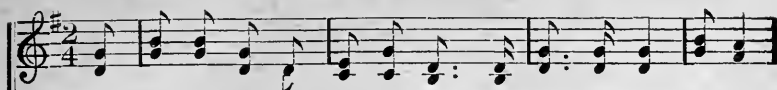


leads me, I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way.
 Where He leads

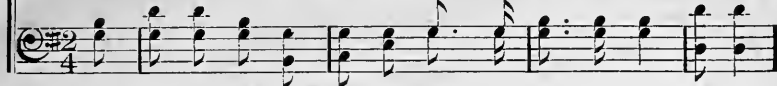

No. 9. THE VERY SAME JESUS.

L. H. EDMUNDS.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
 2. Come, feast up - on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
 3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
 4. Come, un - to him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus



As when he raised the wid - ow's son, The ver-y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver-y same Je - sus.
 As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver-y same Je - sus.
 As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver-y same Je - sus.




CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;

Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

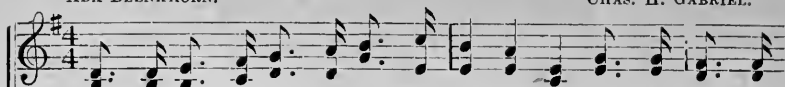


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5. Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when he hush'd the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.</p> | <p>6. Some day our raptured eyes shall see
 He's just the same Jesus;
 Oh, blessed day for you and me!
 The very same Jesus.</p> |
|---|--|

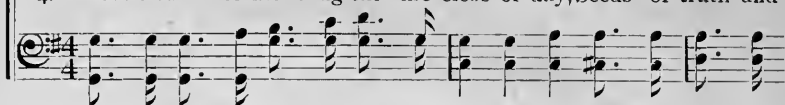
No. 10. SCATTER GOLDEN GRAIN.

ADA BLENKHORN.

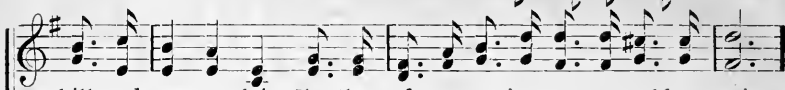
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



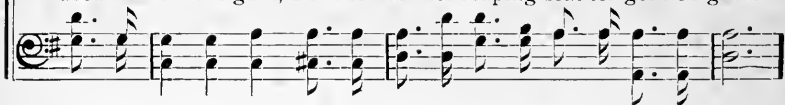
1. 'Tis the time of sow-ing, and the day grows late! Fields of rich - est
2. Tell the bro - ken hearted Christ can make them whole! To the liv - ing
3. Doth thy wea - ry spir - it fal - ter by the way? Cloud and storm and
4. From the dawn of morn-ing till the close of day, Seeds of truth and



prom-ise for Thy com-ing wait; In the qui - et val - ley, o - ver
fount-ains lead the thirst-y soul; Wipe the tears of care and sor - row,
darkness oft ob-sure the day? Free - ly tell it all to Je - sus,
kind-ness scat-ter by the way; At the time of reap - ing, great in-



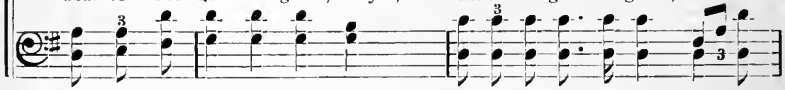
hill and o - ver plain, For the af - ter-reaping scat-ter gold-en grain.
tears that fall like rain, For the af - ter-reaping scat-ter gold-en grain.
He will soothe thy pain, For the af - ter-reaping scat-ter gold-en grain.
deed will be the gain, For the af - ter-reaping scat-ter gold-en grain.



CHORUS.



Scat-ter the grain, . . . scat-ter the gold - en grain, When the
Scat-ter the gold - en grain, yes, scat-ter the gold - en grain,



sun is shining, when descends the rain, Scatter the gold - en grain,
descends the rain Scatter the golden grain,



Scatter Golden Grain.

Scat-ter the gold - en grain, Rich will be the harvest, great will be the gain.
scatter the golden grain,

No. 11. CHIME ON, SWEET BELLS.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

With spirit.

1. Chime on, sweet bells, your mu-sic tells The bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry,
2. Chime on, sweet bells, the cho-rus swells Of hap-py voic-es blend-ing;
3. Chime on, sweet bells, your joy fore-tells The nev-er-end-ing mor-row;

The throne and crown for us laid down, When Je-sus veiled His glo-ry.
On wings of love songs rise a-bove, From grateful hearts as-cend-ing.
The gold-en dawn of this bright morn Breaks thro' the night of sor-row.

CHORUS.

Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Your mer-ry, merry peals re-sounding;

Re-joice to-day, the an-gels say, In grace and peace a-bound-ing.

No. 12.

THE CROSS.

Dr. BONAR.

J. R. DUNHAM.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

De-fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The winds of
 Its triumphs let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The grace of
 Our sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! So 'round the

hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown,
 God here shown, Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a-tone,
 cross we sing Of Christ, our of-fer-ing,—Of Christ, our liv-ing King,

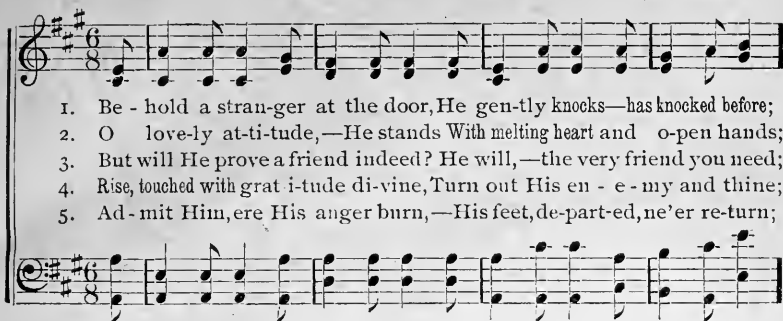
CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It ne'er shall suffer

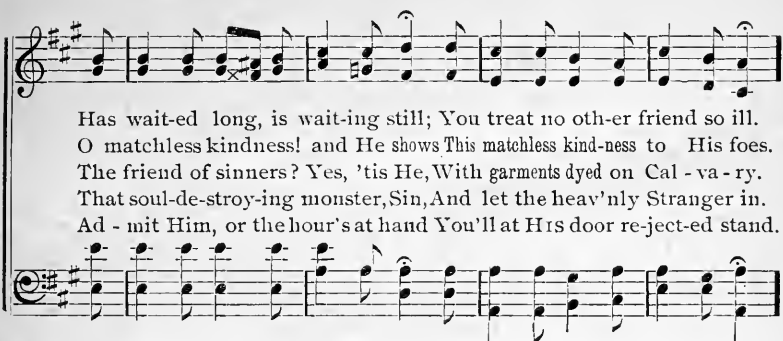
loss, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

No. 13. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

T. C. O'KANE.

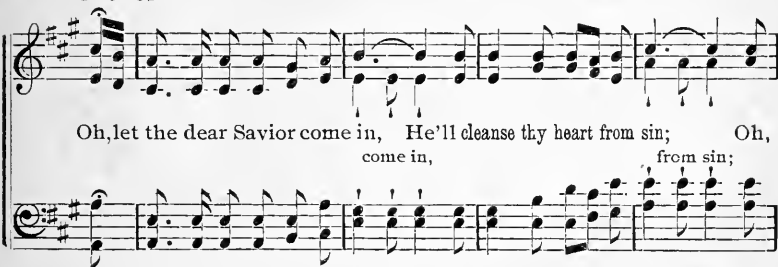


1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door, He gen-tly knocks—has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude,—He stands With melting heart and o-pen hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with grat i-tude di-vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His anger burn,—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

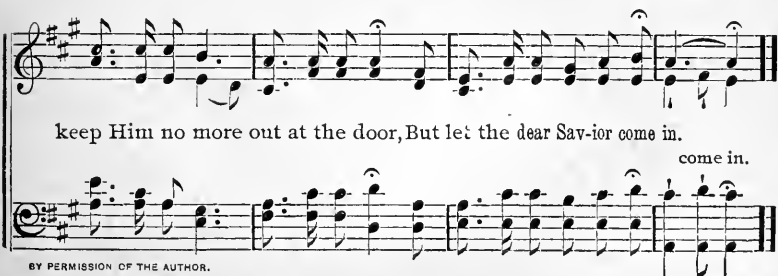


Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kind-ness to His foes.
 The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul-de-destroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
 Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.

CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;



keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Sav-ior come in.
 come in.

No. 14.

LIGHT DIVINE.

G. C. H.

GEO. C. HUGG,

Joyously.

1. There is sun-light in my soul, bless-ed sun-light! Cheering up life's
 2. There is sun-light in my soul, bless-ed sun-light! Love and praise be-
 3. There is sun-light in my soul, bless-ed sun-light! It will guide me

dark-some way; Oh, the bless-ed Lord of life, is that sun - light,
 yond con - trol; Oh, the bless-ed Lord of life, is that sun - light,
 safe - ly home; Oh, the bless-ed Lord of life, is that sun - light,

CHORUS.

Bless-ed sun-light of the soul. I am walk-ing in the light,

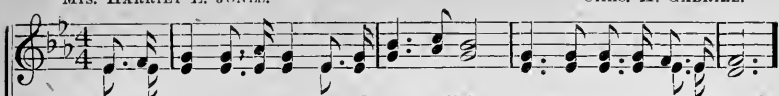
bless-ed sun - light! Where the clouds of love divine above me roll;
 Blessed, blessed light, Where the clouds of love di - vine above me roll,

I am walk - ing in the sun - light, Glorious sunlight of the soul.
 I am walking in the light, in the blessed, blessed light,

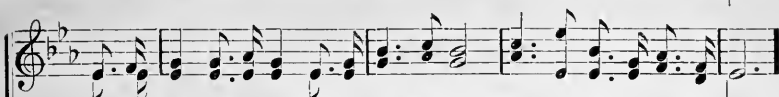
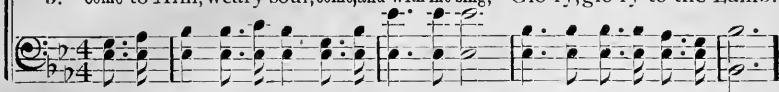
No. 15. AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

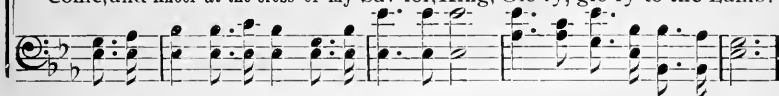
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



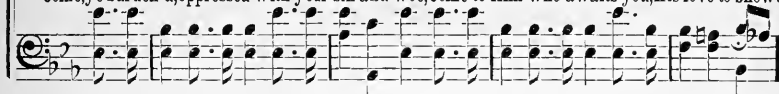
1. At the foot of the cross where I found the light, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
2. Oh, the love, tender love of the Cru-ci-fied! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
3. Come to Him, weary soul, come, and with me sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!



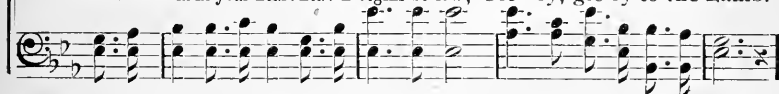
Oh, my heart it was filled with a glo-ry bright, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 'Twas for me, ev-en me, that the Sav-ior died, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 Come, and kneel at the cross of my Sav-ior, King, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!



In the depths of my soul was a joyful lay, When the dear Son of God wash'd my sins away,
 Oh, the song in my heart, Oh, the joy divine, When the Lord said to me, "Thou art surely mine!"
 Come, ye burden'd, oppress'd with your sin and woe, Come to Him who awaits you, His love to show.



And I first sang the song which I sing to-day, Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 And a glad voice within answered, "I am Thine," Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 For with Him in your heart heav'n begins be-low; Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!



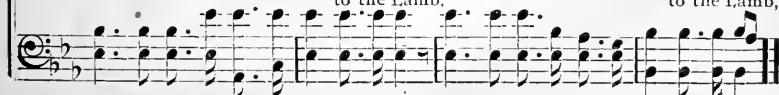
D.S.—At the foot of the cross where I found the light, Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!'

CHORUS.

D. S.



Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb, . . . Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb, . . .
 to the Lamb, . . . to the Lamb,

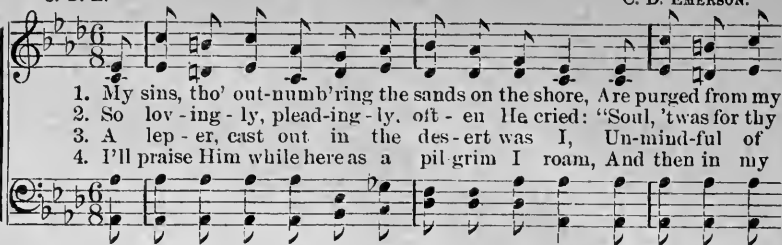


No. 16.

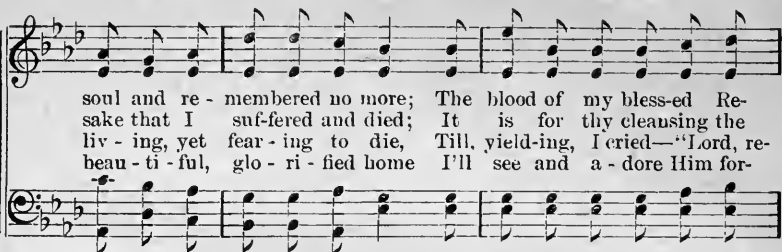
MY CLEANSING.

C. D. E.

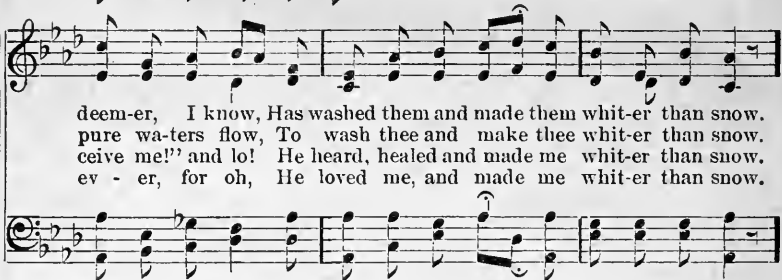
C. D. EMERSON.



1. My sins, tho' out-numb'ring the sands on the shore, Are purged from my
 2. So lov-ing-ly, plead-ing-ly, oft-en He cried: "Soul, 'twas for thy
 3. A lep-er, cast out in the des-ert was I, Un-mind-ful of
 4. I'll praise Him while here as a pil-grim I roam, And then in my



soul and re-mem-bered no more; The blood of my bless-ed Re-
 sake that I suf-fered and died; It is for thy cleans-ing the
 liv-ing, yet fear-ing to die, Till, yield-ing, I cried—"Lord, re-
 beau-ti-ful, glo-ri-fied home I'll see and a-dore Him for-

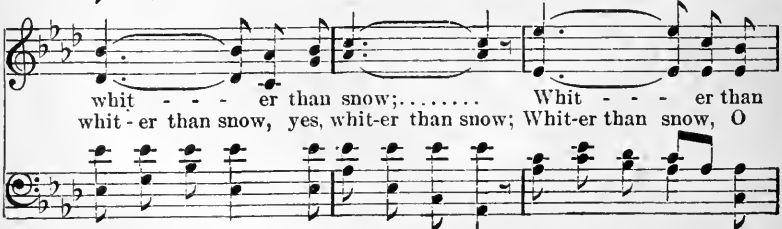


deem-er, I know, Has washed them and made them whit-er than snow.
 pure wa-ters flow, To wash thee and make thee whit-er than snow.
 ceive me!" and lo! He heard, healed and made me whit-er than snow.
 ev-er, for oh, He loved me, and made me whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

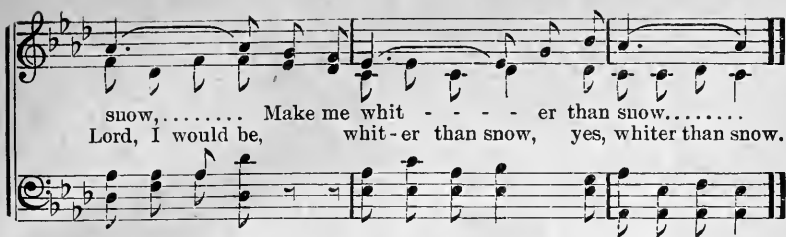


Whit- - - - er than snow;..... make me
 Whit-er than snow, O Lord, I would be,



whit- - - - er than snow;..... Whit- - - - er than
 whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Whit-er than snow, O

My Cleansing.

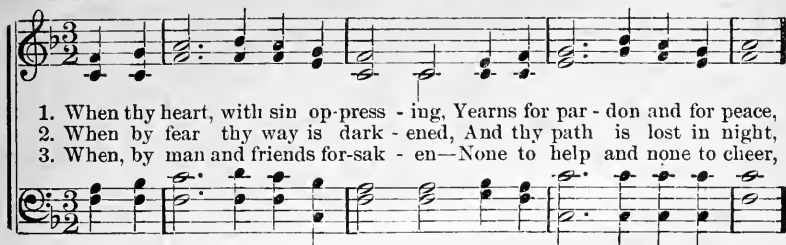


show,..... Make me whit - - - er than snow.....
 Lord, I would be, whit-er than snow, yes, whiter than snow.

No. 17. CAN YOU DOUBT HIM?

FRED WOODROW.

Dr. W. H. DOANE.



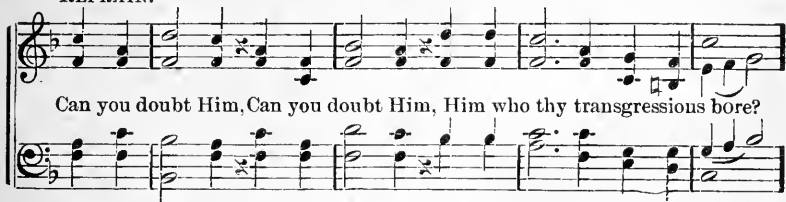
1. When thy heart, with sin op-press - ing, Yearns for par - don and for peace,
 2. When by fear thy way is dark - ened, And thy path is lost in night,
 3. When, by man and friends for-sak - en—None to help and none to cheer,

Rit.



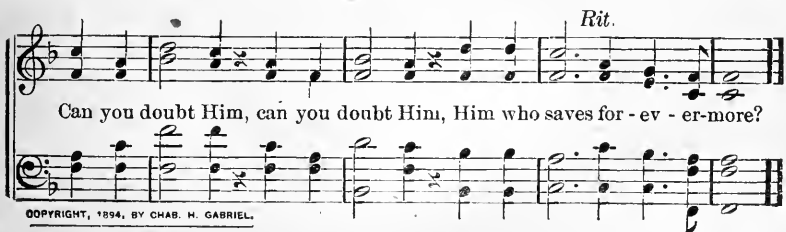
And the mer - cy Christ hath promised, Bids thy tears and doubtings cease:
 And the morn-ing He has promised, Dim-ly sheds its dawn-ing light:
 And the Mas-ter's shame en - dur - ing, Thou His heav - y cross must bear:

REFRAIN.



Can you doubt Him, Can you doubt Him, Him who thy transgressions bore?

Rit.

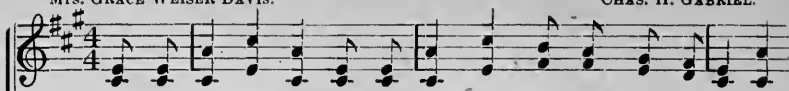


Can you doubt Him, can you doubt Him, Him who saves for - ev - er - more?

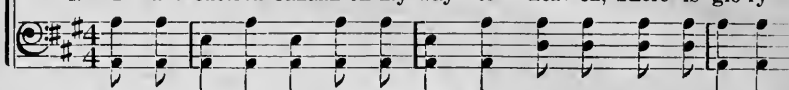

No. 18. THERE IS GLORY IN MY SOUL.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



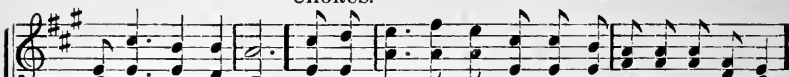
1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry
 2. Since He cleansed my heart, and gave love's blest fullness, There is glo-ry
 3. Since I walk with God hav ing sweet com - mun-ion, There is glo-ry
 4. I have entered Canaan on my way to heav-en, There is glo-ry

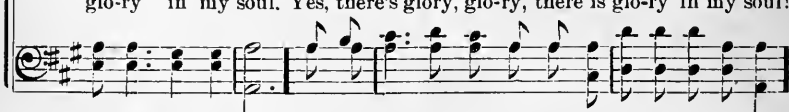

in my soul! Since I lost my bur-den and found God's fa-vor, There is
 in my soul! Since He keeps me ful - ly in lov-ing kind-ness, There is
 in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un-ion, There is
 in my soul! And I claim as mine all my God has giv-en, There is



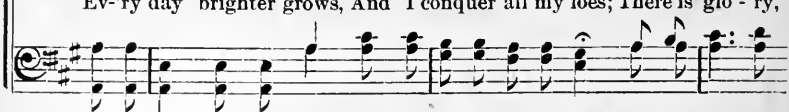

CHORUS.



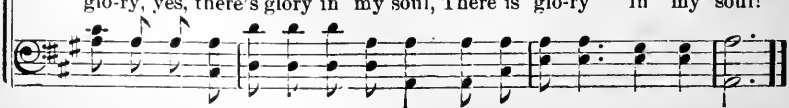
glo-ry in my soul. Yes, there's glory, glo-ry, there is glo-ry in my soul!

Ev-'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

glo-ry, yes, there's glory in my soul, There is glo-ry in my soul!



No. 19. JUST BEYOND THE RIVER.

FRED. WOODROW.

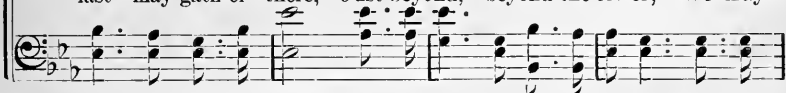
T. C. O'KANE.



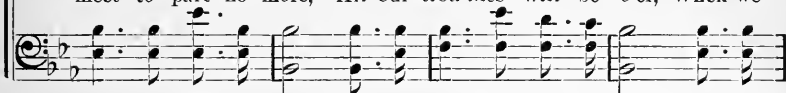
1. There's a cit - y bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er. All are
2. Sin and sor - row are no more, Just beyond, beyond the river; Death comes
3. There we shall with Je - sus meet, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; And the
4. In that cit - y bright and fair, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; All at



good and hap - py there, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; Streets of
not up - on the shore, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; None are
good in glo - ry greet, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; Lives whose
last may gath - er there, Just beyond, beyond the riv - er; We may



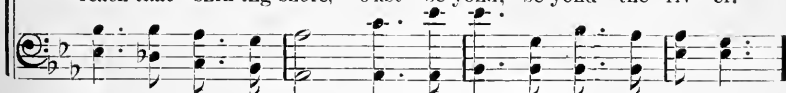
gold are shin - ing bright, An - gels walk the plains of light, And there
sad with want or care, Pain or sick - ness none shall bear, All are
tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old, Mar - tyrs
meet to part no more, — All our tron - bles will be o'er, When we



FINE.

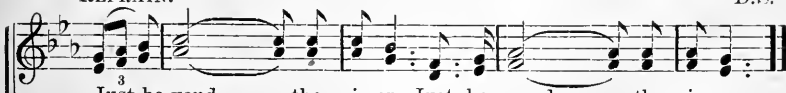


nev - er com - eth night, Just beyond, be - yond the riv - er.
hap - py "o - ver there," Just beyond, be - yond the riv - er.
with their crowns of gold, Just beyond, be - yond the riv - er.
reach that "shin - ing shore," Just beyond, be - yond the riv - er.

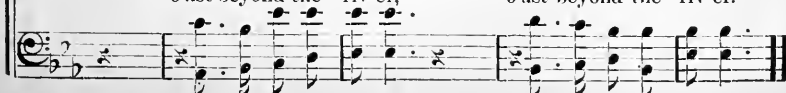


REFRAIN.

D.S.



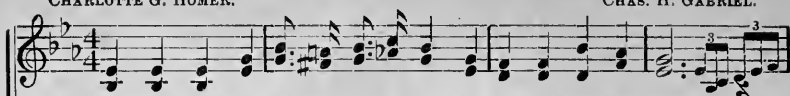
Just be - yond..... the riv - er, Just be - yond..... the riv - er.
Just beyond the riv - er, Just beyond the riv - er.



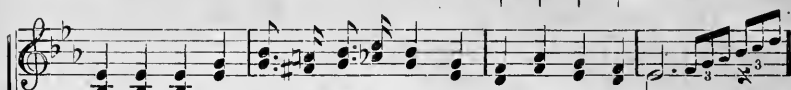
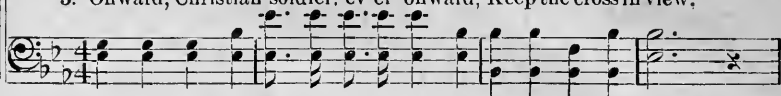
No. 20. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

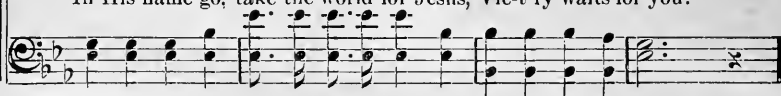
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



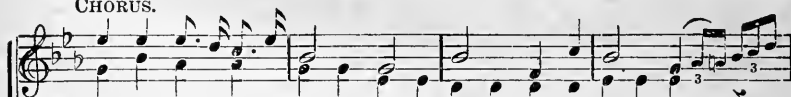
1. Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, At the King's command;
2. Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, Think not of re-treat;
3. Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, Keep the cross in view;



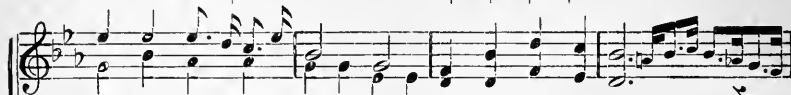
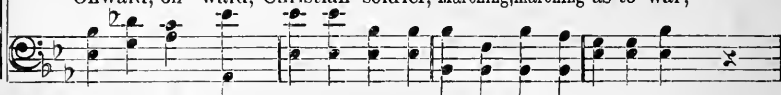
With the blood-stained banner floating o'er you, Go, possess the Land!
Brave-ly stand, and will-ing be to suf-fer Death, but not de-feat.
In His name go, take the world for Jesus, Vic-t'ry waits for you!



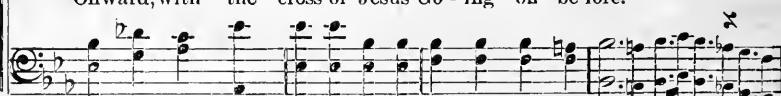
CHORUS.



"Onward, onward, Christian sol - dier, On - ward, press on - ward;
"Onward, on - ward, Christian soldier, Marching, marching as to war;



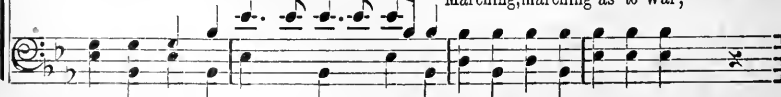
Onward, with the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore."
Onward, with the cross of Jesus Go - ing on be-fore."



With power.



"Onward, Christian soldier, ev-er onward, Marching as to war;
Marching, marching as to war;



"Onward, onward, Chris - tian soldier,

Onward, Christian Soldier.

Onward, onward, with the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore."

Onward, with the cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore."

No. 21.

PRAISE HIM.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Come be - fore Him with a song;
 2. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Just and mer - ci - ful is He,
 3. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, For His blood a - vails for sin!

For the Lord our God is ho - ly, — Prais - es un - to Him be - long.
 Strong and might - y to de - liv - er, — Un - to Him for ref - uge flee
 At the gate of mer - cy stand - ing, He in - vites the wand' - rer in.

CHORUS.

Praise Him! praise Him! Sing a - loud in ex - ul - ta - tion!

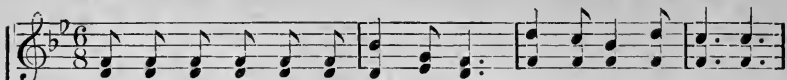
Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion!

No. 22.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

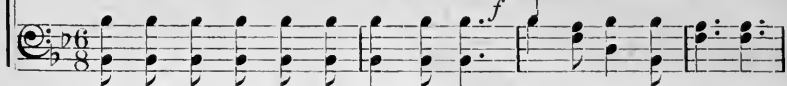
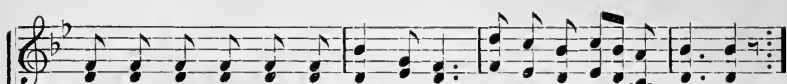
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly;
Come to that fount-ain, O drink and live, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly;

2. { Je - sus has promised a home in heav'n, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly;
Treasures un - sad - ing will there be given, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly;


3. { Je - sus has promised a robe of white, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly;
Kingdoms of glo - ry and crowns of light, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly;

Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give Freely to those that love Him. }
Come to that fount-ain, O drink and live, Flowing for those that love Him. }


Je - sus has prom-ised a home in heav'n, Freely to those that love Him. }
Treasures un - sad - ing will there be giv'n, Freely to those that love Him. }

Je - sus has prom-ised a robe of white Freely to those that love Him. }
King-doms of glo-ry and crowns of light, Freely to those that love Him. }

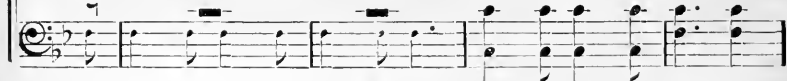


DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.




The Spir - it and the Bride say, come, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly;

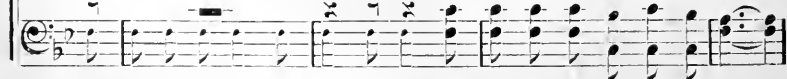


DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

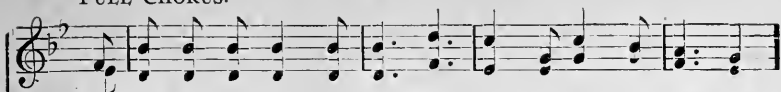


And He that is thirst-y let Him come And drink of the wa - ter of life.



The Water of Life.

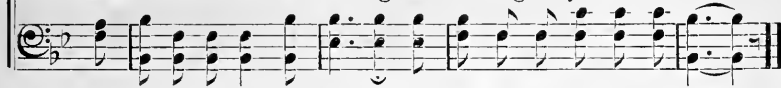
FULL CHORUS.



The fount-ain of life is flow-ing, Flow-ing, free-ly flow-ing;



The fountain of life is flow-ing. Is flow-ing for you and for me.



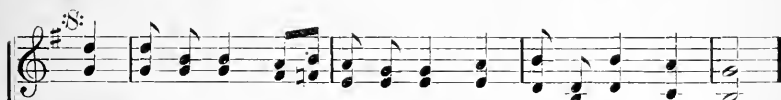
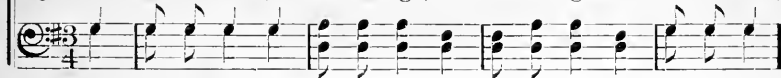
No. 23. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A-mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shad-ows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



One tho't re-mains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom re-minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!



D. S.—What need I fear when Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.

D. S.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 of me, of me,



No. 24.

CHRIST IS PASSING BY.

BIRDIE BELL.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Art thou sit - ting by the way-side, As the crowd goes surging by,
 2. Cry to Him for grace and par-don, He will nev-er say thee nay;
 3. Cast a-way thy worthless raiment, Take the robe that Christ will give;

Each one say - ing to His neighbor, "Dost thou know that Christ is nigh?
 Lift thy voice in humble pleading, As He pass-es by to-day;
 'Tis so pure, and fair, and love-ly,—Oh, in Him be-gin to live!

Bless - ed news! rise up to meet Him! Full sal - va-tion in Him find;
 Thou shalt hear the answ'ring chorus, "Rise! for Je - sus call-eth thee!
 In the Mas-ter's foot-steps follow, And thy heart with praises lift

Je - sus is the great Phy-si - cian, Sight He of - fers to the blind.
 Be of comfort! come with gladness, He hath hearken'd to thy plea!"
 To the Lord who healed and blest thee, At His feet pour out thy gift.

CHORUS.

Oh, a - rise! lift up thine eyes! Christ is
 Oh, a - rise! Lift up thine eyes!

Christ is Passing By.

pass - - ing by to-day! He will heal . . .
 Christ is pass - ing, pass - ing by to-day! . . . He will heal

thee, He will save thee, Ere He pass - - es by to-day.
 thee, He will save thee, Ere He pass - es by to-day.

No. 25. COME THOU, O TRAVELER.

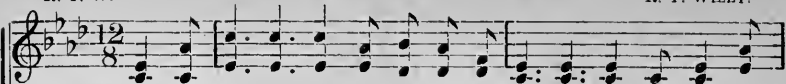
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

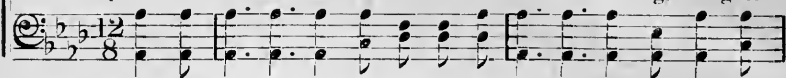
1. Come thou, O trav - 'ler blest, Seek - ing to be a guest
 2. Spread thou the Pas - chal feast; From E - gypt's bonds re - leased,
 3. Tem - ple, hence - forth, of Thine, Mark'd by Thy lin - tel sign,

With - in my soul; My heart, oppressed and sore, Throws o - pen
 Come, sup with me; On Thee I lean my head, Break Thou the
 Sprin - kled with blood; Loins gird - ed now I stand. Faith's staff with -

wide the door; Welcome for - ev - er - more: Take full con - trol.
 liv - ing bread, Pour Thou the wine once shed On Cal - va - ry.
 in my hand, To cross to Canaan's land, Death's an - gry flood.



1. { Oh, 'tis sweet to think of heaven - ly mausions yonder, Which the
Soon we'll cross the si - lent riv - er, and ne'er more wander, For our
2. { In our Father's home for - ev - er we'll dwell in gladness, And no
For the Lord will give us fullness of joy for sad - ness, And the
3. { Fa - ther, keep us faith - ful ev - er to this, our call - ing, Guide our
In - to Satan's snares de - liv - er our feet from fall - ing, Bring us



Sav - ior promised He was go - ing to pre - pare;

[Omit.

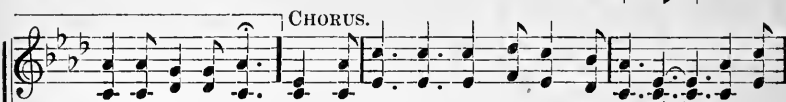
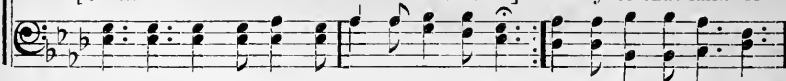
home of joy and peace shall
clouds of sor - row ev - er hang up - on our sky;

[Omit.

tears of earthly pain He'll
falt'ring feet to walk the straight and narrow way:

[Omit.

safe - ly to that land of

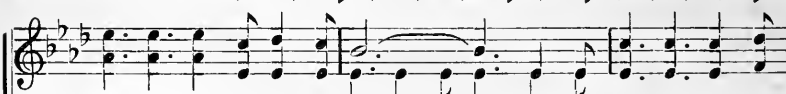


evermore be there.

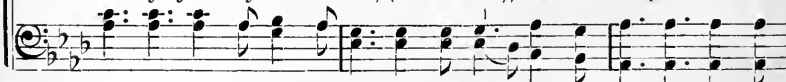
wipe from ev'ry eye.

ev - er - last - ing day.

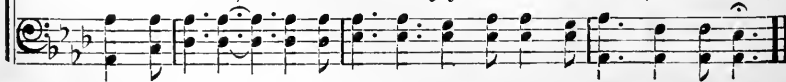
{ We shall soon pass o - ver in - to glo - ry; Soon our



earth - ly jour - ney will be o'er, (will be o'er,) Then we'll sing the love of



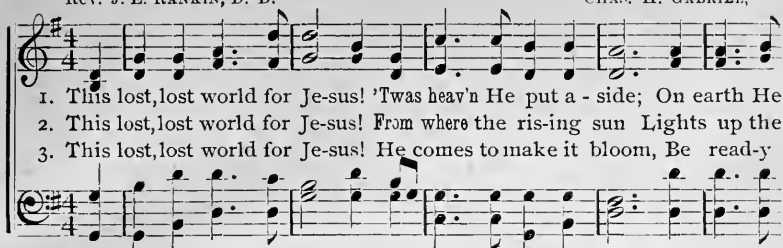
our Redeemer, In the land of joy for ev - er more (ev - er - more).



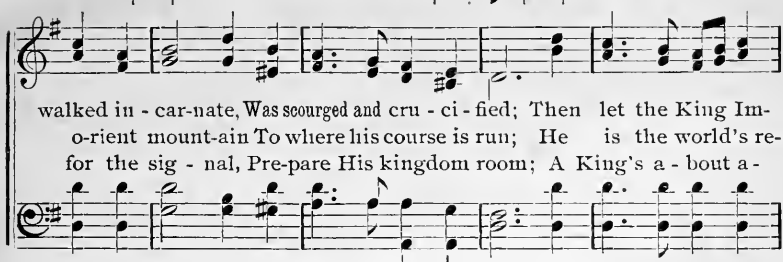
No. 27. THIS LOST WORLD FOR JESUS.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

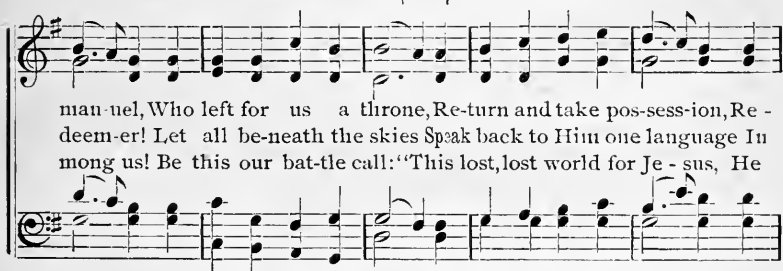
CHAS. H. GABRIEL,



1. This lost,lost world for Je-sus! 'Twas heav'n He put a - side; On earth He
2. This lost,lost world for Je-sus! From where the ris-ing sun Lights up the
3. This lost,lost world for Je-sus! He comes to make it bloom, Be read-y



walked in - car-nate, Was scourged and cru - ci - fied; Then let the King Im-
o-rient mount-ain To where his course is run; He is the world's re-
for the sig - nal, Pre-pare His kingdom room; A King's a - bout a -

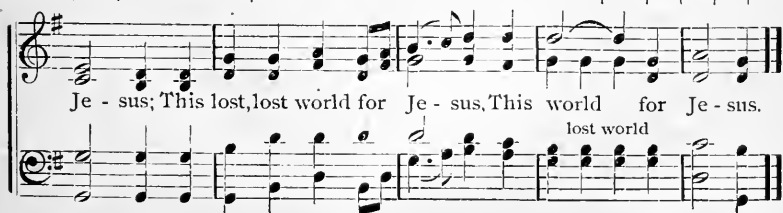


man-uel, Who left for us a throne, Re-turn and take pos-sess-ion, Re-
deem-er! Let all be-neath the skies Speak back to Him one language In
mong us! Be this our bat-tle call: "This lost,lost world for Je - sus, He

CHORUS.



turn and claim His own. This lost, lost world for Je - sus, This world for
praise and sac - ri - fice.
well de-serves it all. lost world



Je - sus; This lost,lost world for Je - sus, This world for Je - sus.
lost world

No. 28. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to me, ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

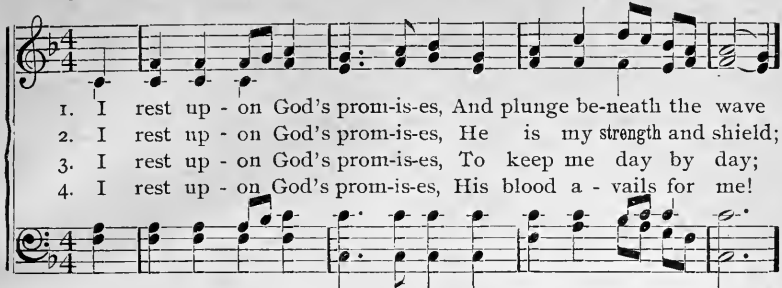
p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

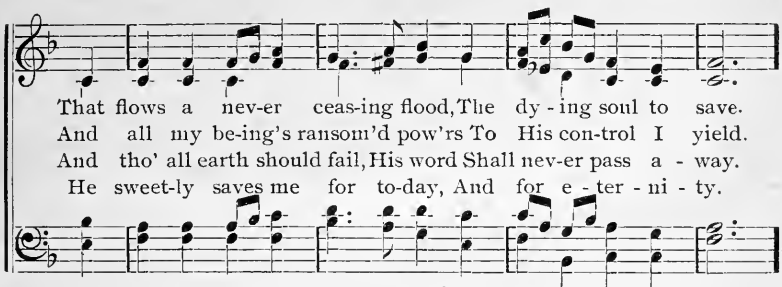
No. 29. RESTING ON GOD'S PROMISES.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

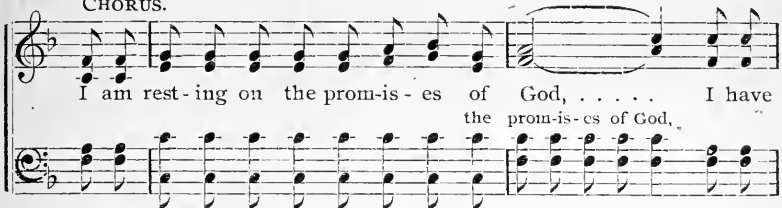


1. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, And plunge be-neath the wave
2. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, He is my strength and shield;
3. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, To keep me day by day;
4. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, His blood a - vails for me!

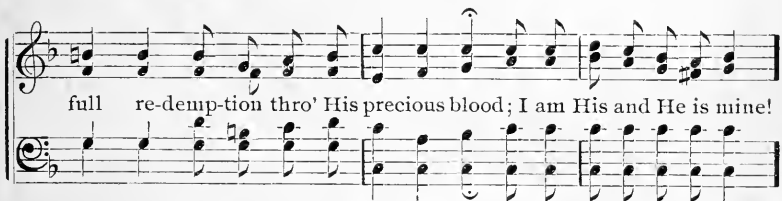


That flows a nev-er ceas-ing flood, The dy-ing soul to save.
And all my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs To His con-trol I yield.
And tho' all earth should fail, His word Shall nev-er pass a - way.
He sweet-ly saves me for to-day, And for e - ter - ni - ty.

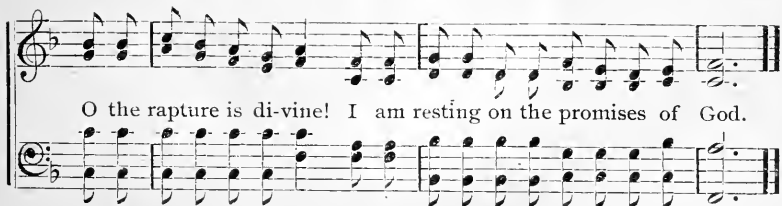
CHORUS.



I am rest-ing on the prom-is-es of God, I have
the prom-is-es of God,



full re-demp-tion thro' His precious blood; I am His and He is mine!



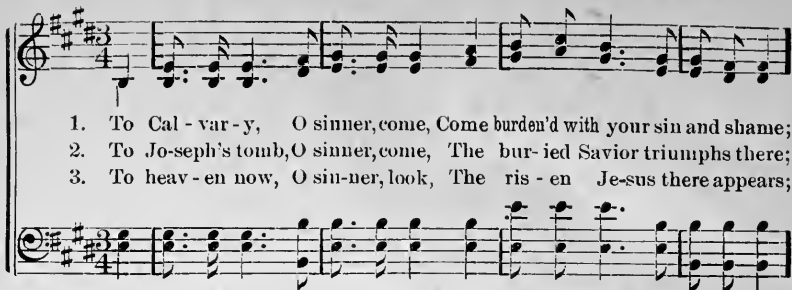
O the rapture is di-vine! I am resting on the promises of God.

No. 30.

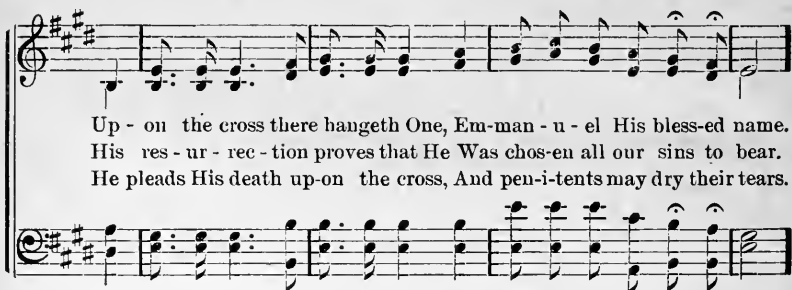
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

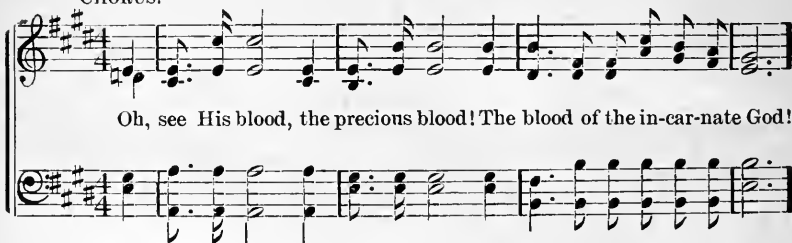


1. To Cal - var - y, O sinner, come, Come burden'd with your sin and shame;
 2. To Jo-seph's tomb, O sinner, come, The bur-ied Savior triumphs there;
 3. To heav-en now, O sin-ner, look, The ris-en Je-sus there appears;

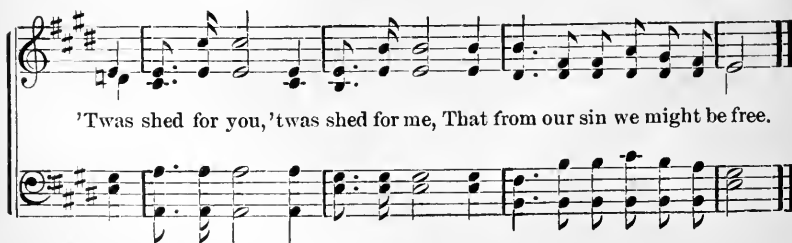


Up - on the cross there hangeth One, Em-man - u - el His bless-ed name.
 His res - ur - rec - tion proves that He Was chos-en all our sins to bear.
 He pleads His death up-on the cross, And pen-i-tents may dry their tears.

CHORUS.



Oh, see His blood, the precious blood! The blood of the in-car-nate God!

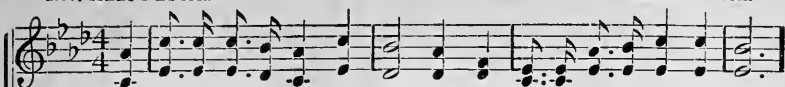


'Twas shed for you, 'twas shed for me, That from our sin we might be free.

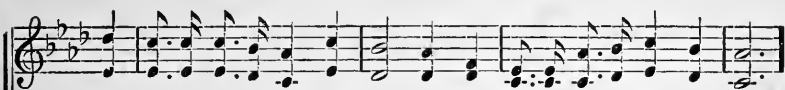
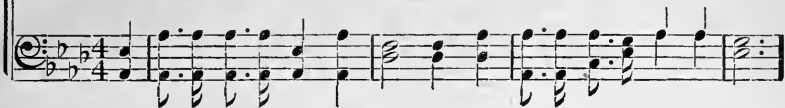
No. 31. CLEANSING IN THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

REV. ISAAC NAYLOR.

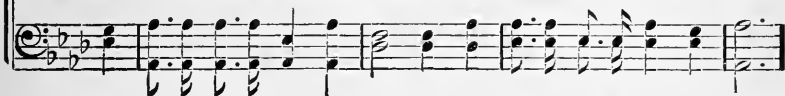
JAMES M. BLACK.



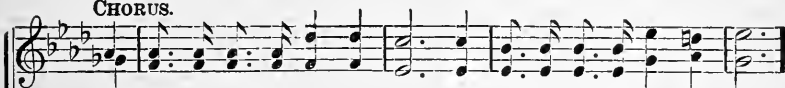
1. Oh! hast-en now to Calv'ry's mountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
2. "Come now, together let us rea-son, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
3. Your heart is full of sin and sadness, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
4. At morning, noon and night I'm singing, There's cleansing in the precious blood;



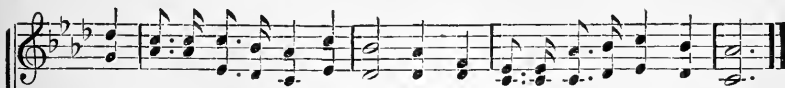
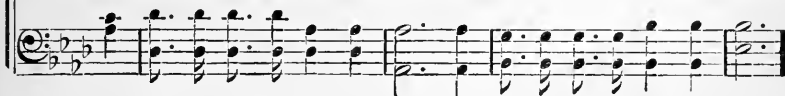
And plunge into the flowing fount-ain, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
Al-tho' your sins be red like crim-son, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
In Je-sus there is joy and gladness, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
Oh, let us keep the anthem ringing, There's cleansing in the precious blood.



CHORUS.



There's cleansing in the precious blood, Plunge now beneath the crimson flood;



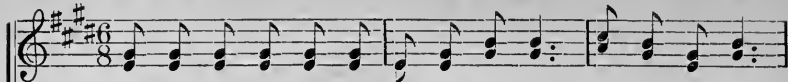
Con-fess-ing all your sins to Je-sus, There's cleansing in the precious blood.



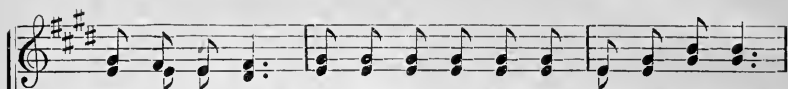
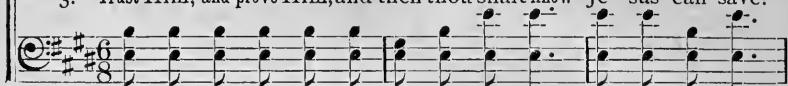
No. 32. JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

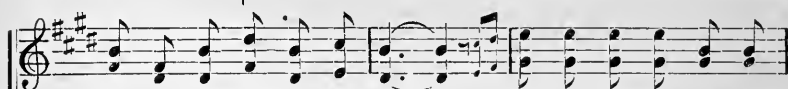
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Thou who art lost in the maz-es of sin, Je-sus can save!
2. Pre-cious the promise to those who be-lieve, Je-sus can save!
3. Trust Him, and prove Him, and then thou shalt know Je-sus can save!



Je-sus can save! Hark! He is ten-der-ly call-ing thee in,
 Je-sus can save! You may this mo-ment His cleansing re-ceive,
 Je-sus can save! They who to God thro' the dear Sav-ior go,



Je-sus is might-y to save! In from the darkness to
 Je-sus is will-ing to save! Come un-to Him for where
 Find He is long-ing to save! Still He is call-ing; O



walk in the light; In from the dangers that lurk in the night;
 else canst thou go? See! He is wait-ing His grace to be-stow;
 hear Him to-day! Quench not the spir-it that bids thee o-bey;



Into the sunshine of love, warm and bright, O He is mighty to save!
 Sins that are scarlet He'll wash white as snow, O He is will-ing to save!
 Haste, to the fount of His mer-cy a-way, Je-sus is long-ing to save!



Jesus is Mighty to Save.

CHORUS

Je - - sus is mighty to save, might - y to save;
Je-sus is might-y, is might-y to save, Je-sus is might-y, is might-y to save;

They who will trust Him shall find evermore, Je-sus is mighty to save.

No. 33.

HALLELUJAH.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -

lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah! ha - le - lu - jah! A - men.

No. 34. THE GLAD GOOD NEWS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. "With an ev - er-last-ing love," came the message from a-bove,—
2. Tho' un-mind - ful we have been, and have wandered on in sin,
3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de-part,

"I have loved thee." God hath spoken, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
Still His voice is ev - er speak-ing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
And ac-cept the gracious blessing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)

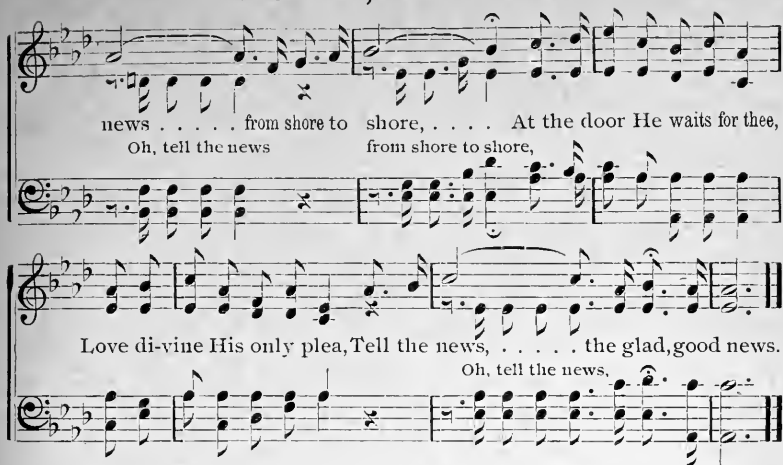
Heark-en, soul, un-to His voice, and for - ev - er-more re-joice
He, re-ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
"With an ev - er-last-ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,

That His word can-not be bro-ken, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
And thy soul in mer-cy seek-ing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
And with joy His name con-fess-ing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)

CHORUS.

Tell the news, the glad good news, Tell the
Oh, tell the news. the glad good news,

The Glad, Good News.



news from shore to shore, At the door He waits for thee,
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore,

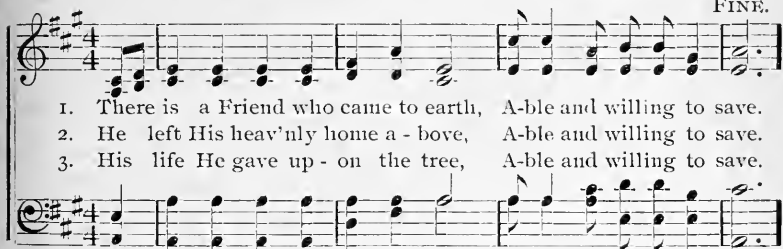
Love di-vine His only plea, Tell the news, the glad, good news.
Oh, tell the news,

No. 35. ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE.

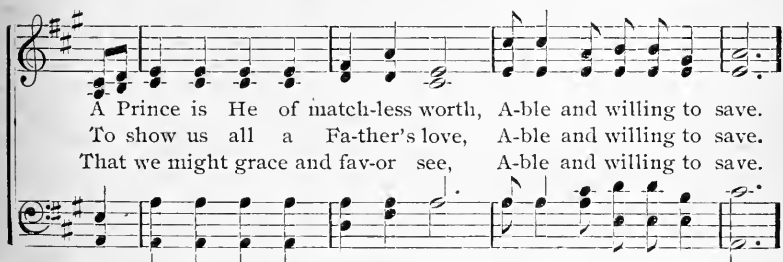
FRED. A. FILLMORE.

FINE.



1. There is a Friend who came to earth, A-ble and willing to save.
2. He left His heav'nly home a - bove, A-ble and willing to save.
3. His life He gave up - on the tree, A-ble and willing to save.

D. C.—A Prince is He, of matchless worth, A-ble and willing to save.



A Prince is He of match-less worth, A-ble and willing to save.
To show us all a Fa-ther's love, A-ble and willing to save.
That we might grace and fav-or see, A-ble and willing to save.

CHORUS.

D. C.

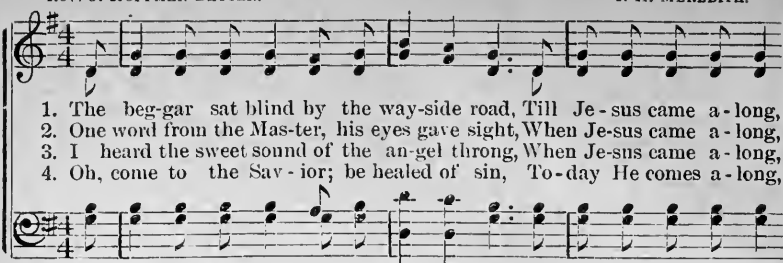


He saves to the ut-most! For all His life He gave;

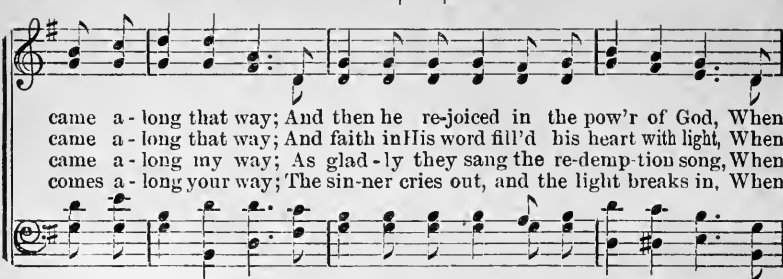
No. 36. WHEN JESUS CAME MY WAY.

Rev. J. HOFFMAN BATTEN.

I. H. MEREDITH.

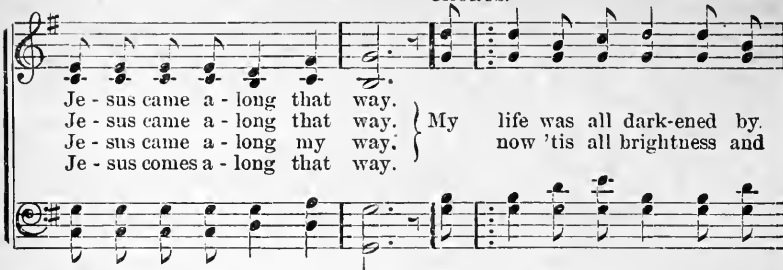


1. The beg-gar sat blind by the way-side road, Till Je-sus came a-long,
 2. One word from the Mas-ter, his eyes gave sight, When Je-sus came a-long,
 3. I heard the sweet sound of the an-gel throng, When Je-sus came a-long,
 4. Oh, come to the Sav-ior; be healed of sin, To-day He comes a-long,



came a-long that way; And then he re-joiced in the pow'r of God, When
 came a-long that way; And faith in His word fill'd his heart with light, When
 came a-long my way; As glad-ly they sang the re-demp-tion song, When
 comes a-long your way; The sin-ner cries out, and the light breaks in, When

CHORUS.



Je-sus came a-long that way.
 Je-sus came a-long that way.
 Je-sus came a-long my way.
 Je-sus comes a-long that way.

My life was all dark-ened by
 now 'tis all brightness and




guilt and sin, Till Je-sus came a-long, came a-
 peace with in. [Omit.]





long my way; But Since Je-sus came a-long my way.

Rev. WM. APPEL.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In the face of sin and wrong, That has cursed our race so long,
 2. In the face of sin and wrong, That has o - ver-come the strong,
 3. In the face of sin and wrong, That has blight-ed hope and song,
 4. In the face of scorn and jeers, In the face of taunts and sneers,


Changed the day to dark-est night, Will you stand for the right?
 Quench'd the truth, and ho - ly light, Will you stand for the right?
 Wast - ed homes once fair and bright, Will you stand for the right?
 In the strength of Je - sus' might; Will you stand for the right?





CHORUS.




Yes, we'll stand for the right, We will
 We'll stand for the right,

stand for the right, We will stand,
 We will stand for the right, We will

stand for the right, Ev - er firm-ly we will stand for the right.

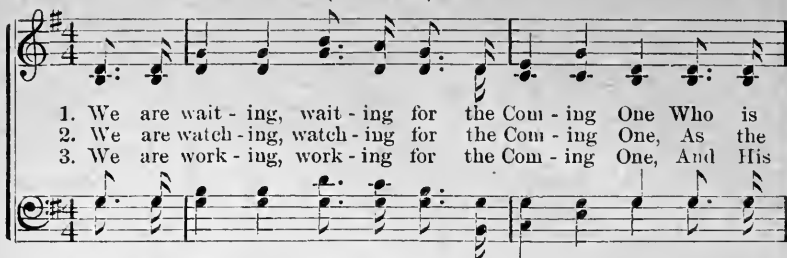


No.38. WAITING, WATCHING, WORKING.

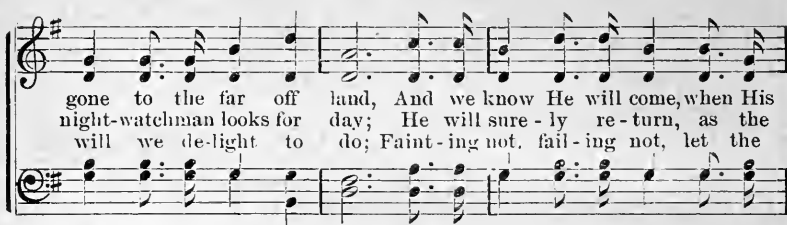
Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

REF:— { 1st. stanza, Dan. 12: 12.
2d. stanza, Rev. 16: 15.
3rd. stanza, Matt. 24: 46.

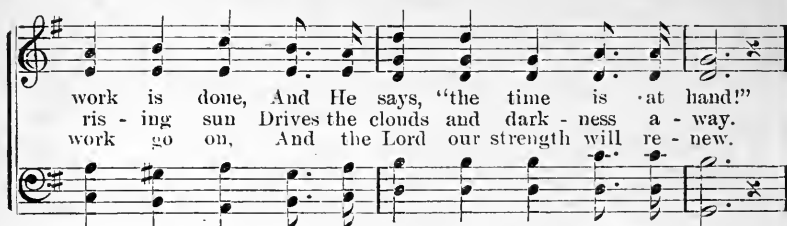
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We are wait - ing, wait - ing for the Com - ing One Who is
2. We are watch - ing, watch - ing for the Com - ing One, As the
3. We are work - ing, work - ing for the Com - ing One, And His

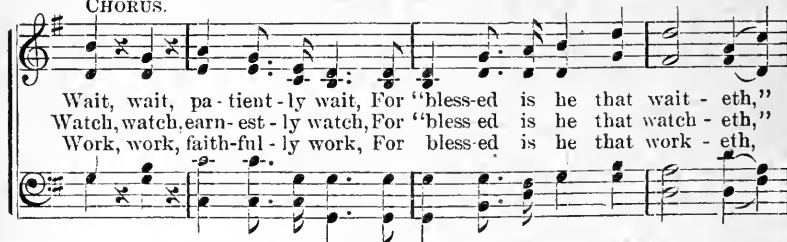


gone to the far off land, And we know He will come, when His
night-watchman looks for day; He will sure - ly re - turn, as the
will we de-light to do; Faint - ing not, fail - ing not, let the

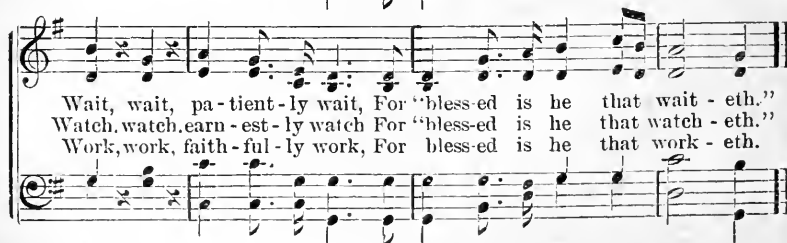


work is done, And He says, "the time is at hand!"
ris - ing sun Drives the clouds and dark - ness a - way.
work go on, And the Lord our strength will re - new.

CHORUS.



Wait, wait, pa - tient - ly wait, For "bless - ed is he that wait - eth,"
Watch, watch, earn - est - ly watch, For "bless - ed is he that watch - eth,"
Work, work, faith - ful - ly work, For bless - ed is he that work - eth,



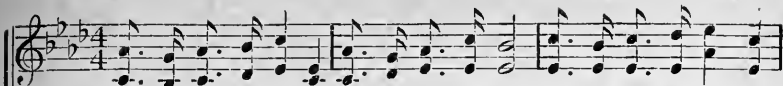
Wait, wait, pa - tient - ly wait, For "bless - ed is he that wait - eth."
Watch, watch, earn - est - ly watch For "bless - ed is he that watch - eth."
Work, work, faith - ful - ly work, For bless - ed is he that work - eth.

No. 39.

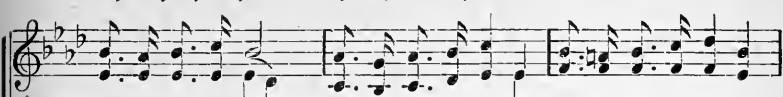
JESUS REIGNS.

E. E. HEWITT.

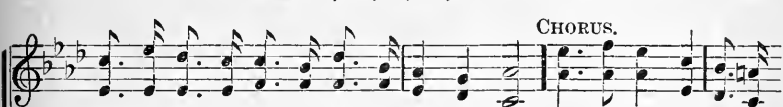
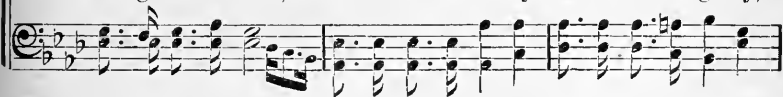
CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1. Je - sus reigns forever, mighty Vic-tor still; Tempest, wave and sunshine
2. Je - sus reigns forever, blessed Prince of Peace; Thro' the world's dominions
3. Je - sus reigns forever on His heav'nly throne; Yield Him glad allegiance,

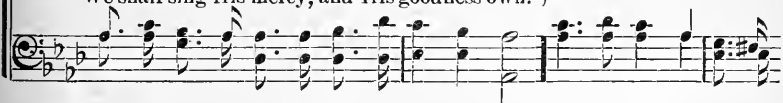


shall His word fulfill; Pardon and sal-va-tion, Joy and con-sol-a-tion,
may His word increase; By His grace unfailing, O - ver sin prevailing,
serv-ing Him a - lone; When the finished sto-ry Shall record His glo-ry,

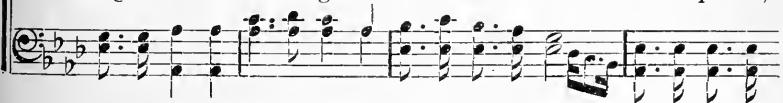


CHORUS.

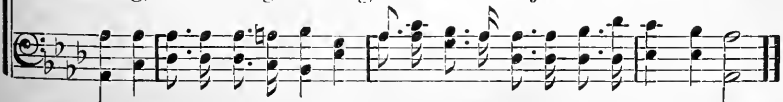
Bless the hap-py peo - ple who o - bey His will. }
Won-der-ful His kingdom, nev-er-more to cease. } Jesus reigns, our mighty
We shall sing His mercy, and His goodness own. }



King for-ev - er! Jesus reigns! transcendent is His love. Let our praises,



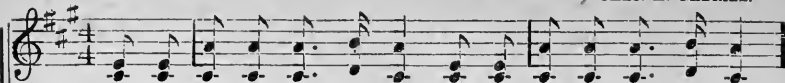
blending, Join the song unending, Swell the hallelujahs of the world a-bove.



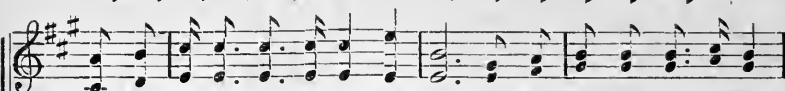
No. 40. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

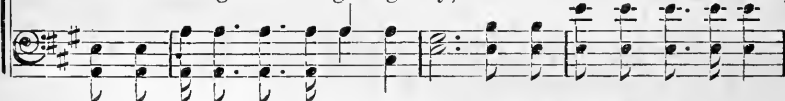
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I am hap-py ev-'ry day, I am hap-py all the way,
2. Li-ons oft seem in the way-Straight a-head I keep, and pray,
3. I re-joice e'en when I'm sad, For His promise makes me glad,
4. Such bap-tisms of His love! Such a-noint-ings from a-bove,



Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,-
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a vic-to-ry is gained,
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm,-
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Je-sus comes and walks with me;



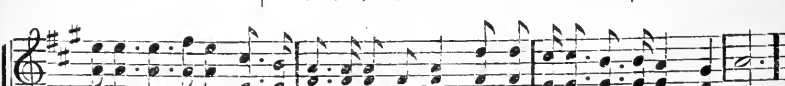
Trust-ing still, I march along, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 For I find the lions chained, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 More in Him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.



CHORUS.



Walking in the King's highway! I am walking in the King's highway! I am
 highway!



happy in the Lord. I am trusting in His word, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.



No. 41.

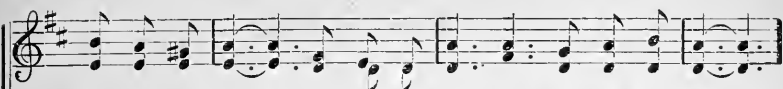
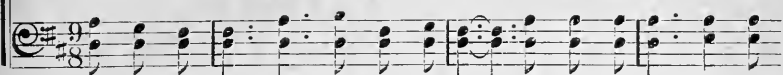
BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

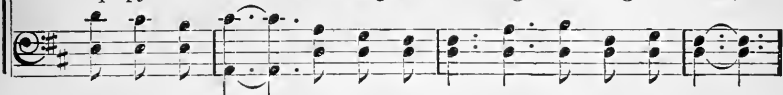
MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, Per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, All is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior, am



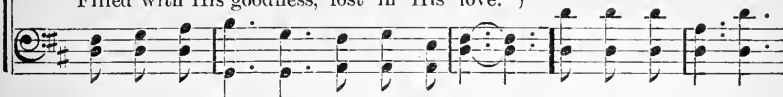
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God,
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest, Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,



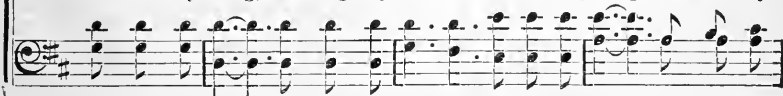
CHORUS.



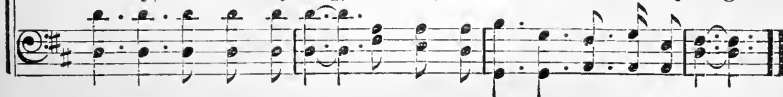
Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood.
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry,
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long: This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.



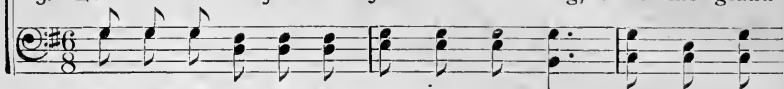
No. 42. BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE BLEST.

E. E. HEWITT.

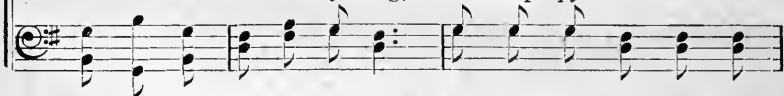
REV. ISAAC NAYLOR.



1. Speed on thy way, O thou an - gel of Time! Soon will the
2. Earth has its cross - es, but heav - en its crown; Life's ma - ny
3. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus our King, Thro' the grand



bells of the e - ven-tide chime; But when the shad - ows of
bur - dens for - ev - er laid down; No sor - row pass - es the
halls of e - ter - ni - ty ring; O hap - py hour when we



night fall a-round, Sweet-ly the songs of the ransomed re - sound.
bright, jeweled walls; In these fair mansions no tear ev - er falls.
join the re - frain, Sing-ing the praise of the Lamb that was slain.



CHORUS.



Beautiful home! beautiful home! Home of the glorified, home of the blest;



Beautiful home! beautiful home! There with their Savior the wea-ry shall rest.



No. 43.

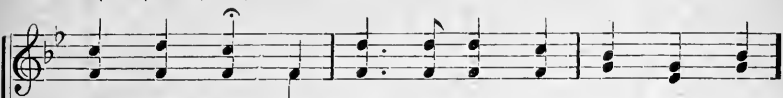
LEAVE IT TO HIM.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



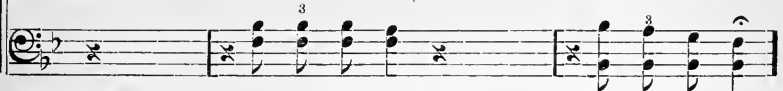
1. Why go a - round with troub - led soul! There's One that makes the
2. How - ev - er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy
3. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Dark and un - scrut - a -
4. Sure He who sets the mount - ain fast, When all earth's clouds are



wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll:—
dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light,
ble to thee, He rules on high your des - ti - ny,—
driv - en past, Will jus - ti - fy His ways at last,



Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.....
Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.



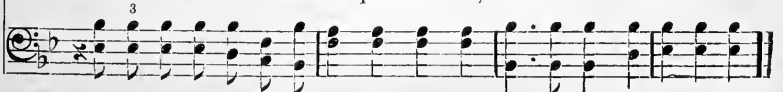
CHORUS.



Leave it to Him..... who knoweth all Him who
Leave it to Him who knoweth all, Leave it to Him,



marks..... the sparrow's fall,..... Who list - ens to the raven's call,
Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,

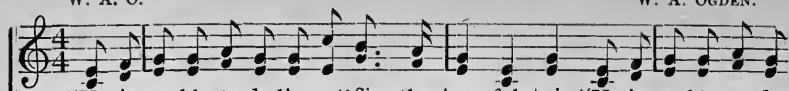


No. 44.


ABLE TO DELIVER.

W. A. O.

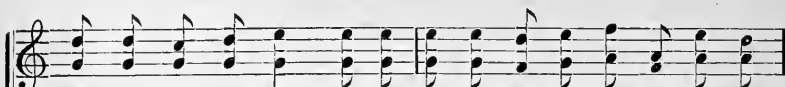
W. A. OGDEN.



1. "He is a - ble to de-liv-er," Sing the joy - ful strain, "He is a - ble to de-
 2. He is a - ble to de-liv-er From the chains of sin, He is a - ble to de-
 3. He is a - ble to de-liv-er From the foeman strong, He is a - ble to de-

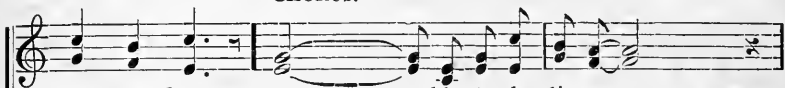


liv - er," Tell it out a - gain, "He is a - ble to de-liv - er" All that
 liv - er, Shout the joy - ful strain, He is a - ble to de-liv - er, See how
 liv - er, All the jour-ney long, He is a - ble to de-liv - er, Trust Him




come to Him in faith, He is a - ble to de - liv - er E - ven
 pa - tient - ly He stands, He is a - ble to de - liv - er Thee with
 bold - ly, nev - er fear, He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Let the

CHORUS.

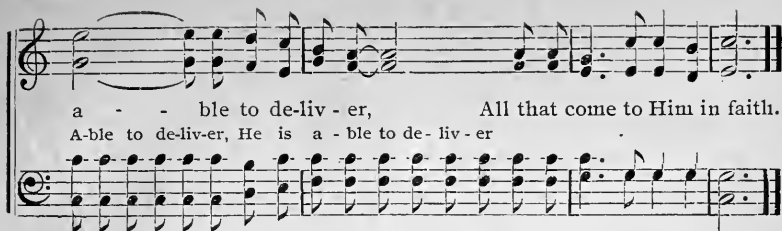


un - to death. A - - - ble to de - liv - er,
 will - ing hands.
 na - tions hear. A - ble to de-liv - er, He is a - ble to de-liv-er,



A - - - ble to de - liv - er, He is
 A - ble to de - liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er,

Abie to Deliver.

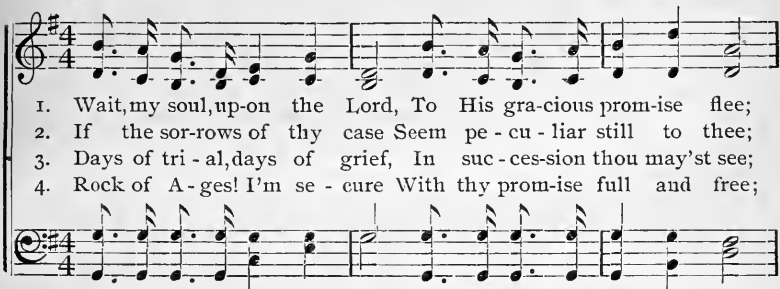


a - - ble to de-liv - er, All that come to Him in faith.
A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a - ble to de- liv - er

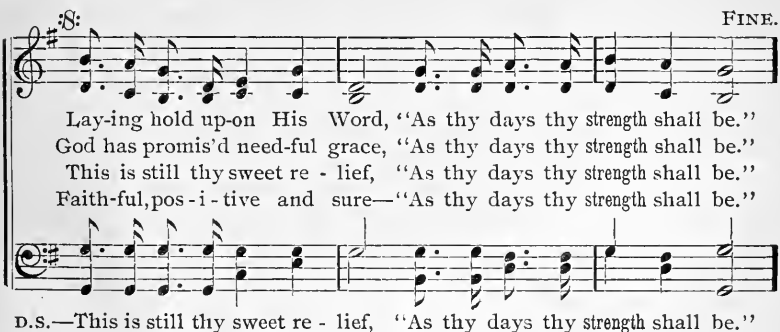
No. 45. AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

WM. F. LLOYD.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER.



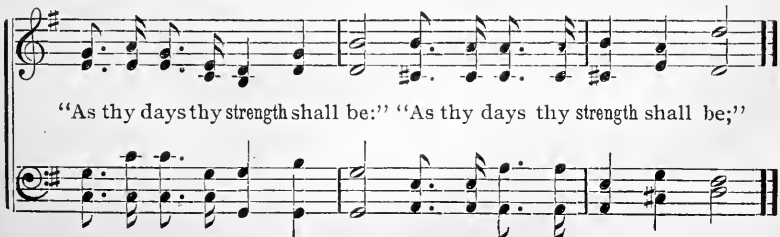
1. Wait, my soul, up-on the Lord, To His gra-cious prom-ise flee;
2. If the sor-rows of thy case Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee;
3. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - ces-sion thou may'st see;
4. Rock of A - ges! I'm se - cure With thy prom-ise full and free;



8: FINE.
Lay-ing hold up-on His Word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
God has promis'd need-ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Faith-ful, pos - i - tive and sure—"As thy days thy strength shall be."
D.S.—This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

CHORUS.

D. S.

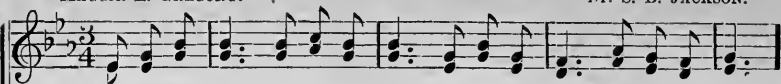


"As thy days thy strength shall be:" "As thy days thy strength shall be;"

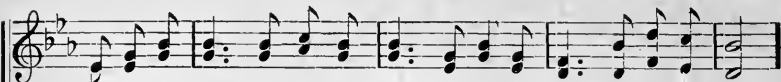
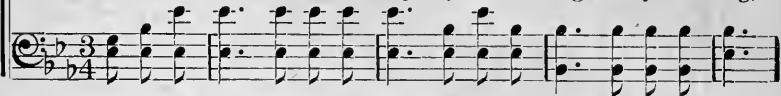
No. 46. JOY OF CONSECRATION.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

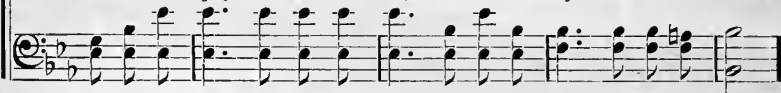
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



1. What blessed peace the tho't affords When we can say we're all the Lord's!
2. What joy it is our Lord to serve, When we are His with-out re-serve!
3. To Thee, dear Christ, our wills we bring, Thy love we mag - ni-fy and sing,



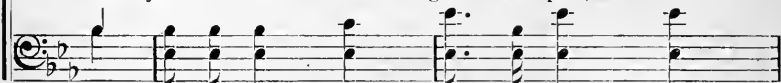
And when in con - se-cra-tion sweet, Our wills are laid at Je-sus' feet.
When we can say from in-most soul, His blood doth make us fully whole.
And feel what joy the tho't affords, Since we can say we're all the Lord's.



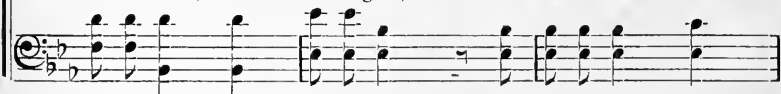
CHORUS.



Be - yond the fear of grief and pain, To live is
Be - yond the fear of grief and pain, To



Christ, to die is gain, Cleansed are our hearts from sin and
live is Christ, to die is gain, Cleansed are our hearts from



car-nal pride, When we with Christ are cru - ci - fied.
car - nal pride, When we with Christ are cru - ci - fied.



No. 47.

ON THE ROCK.

FRED WOODROW.

C. C. CASE.

1. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, The Rock that shall en - dure, Un - shak - en by
 2. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, We view the tranquil soul, Untroubled by
 3. Standing on the Rock of A - ges, No need have we to fear, God ban - ish - es

the tem - pest, E - ter - nal, firm and sure; There is a safe re - treat, A
 the tem - pest, Or surg - ing billows' roll; Be dangers what they may, And
 our sor - row, God wipes a - way our tear; We're watching, we believe, We

refuge strong and free, A - mid the stormy billows Of life's tempestuous sea.
 break the waves of care, A - mid the wild com - mo - tion, We stand in safe - ty there.
 trust His promise sure, That crowns of joy are wait - ing For all His saints se - cure.

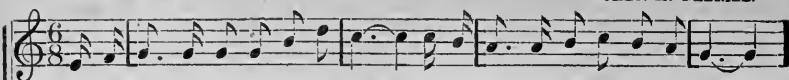
CHORUS.

Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, Standing on the Rock of A - ges,
 Standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock,

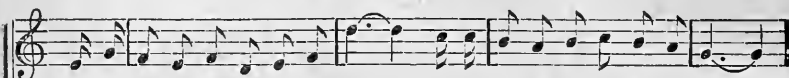
Stand - - ing, stand - - ing, No need have I to fear.
 Standing on the Rock, I am standing on the Rock,

THOMAS WATSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



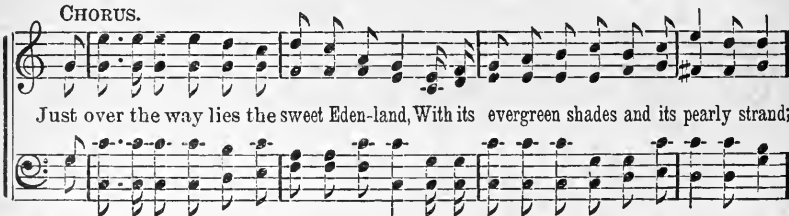
1. There's a beautiful E-den of rest, Free from all the dark shadows of care;
2. It is there where the lov'd ones have gone, Who have travel'd o'er Faith's gladsome way;
3. We will reach that sweet Eden some day, If we walk in the light of His love;



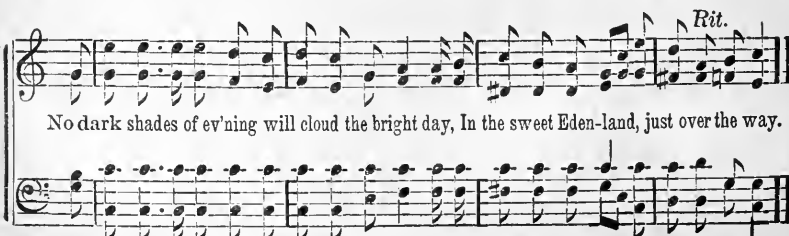
And the weary and ransom'd are blest, In the joy of God's love over there.
 Now with angels they sing the new song, In the light of the undying day.
 And we'll reap the reward of our faith, As we praise Him forever a - bove.



CHORUS.



Just over the way lies the sweet Eden-land, With its evergreen shades and its pearly strand;



No dark shades of ev'ning will cloud the bright day, In the sweet Eden-land, just over the way.

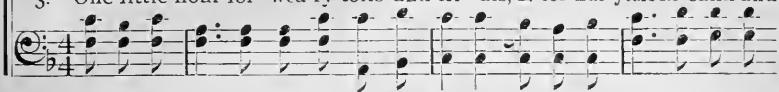
No. 49. CAN YE NOT WATCH ONE LITTLE HOUR?

JESSIE H. BROWN.

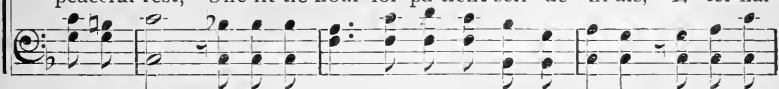
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



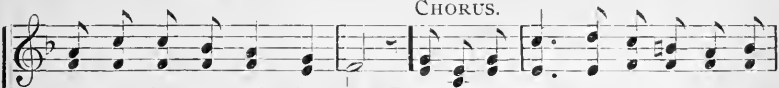
1. One little hour for watching with the Master, E-ter-nal years to walk with
2. One little hour to suf-fer scorn and loss-es, E-ter-nal years be-yond earth's
3. One little hour for wea-ry toils and tri - als, E-ter-nal years for calm and



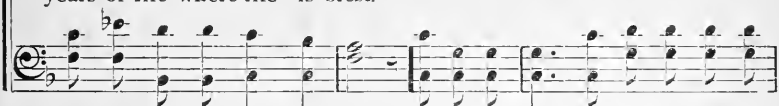
Him in white; One lit-tle hour to bravely meet dis-as-ter, E-ter-nal
cru-el frowns; One lit-tle hour to car-ry heav-y cross-es, E-ter-nal
peaceful rest; One lit-tle hour for pa-tient self-de-ni-als, E-ter-nal



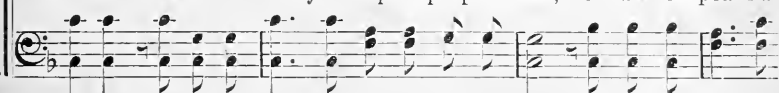
CHORUS.



years to reign with Him in light. Then souls, be brave and watch until the
years to wear un-fad-ing crowns.
years of life where life is blest.



mor-row! A-wake! a - rise! your lamps of purpose trim; Your Savior speaks a-



cross the night of sor-row; Can ye not watch one little hour with Him?



No. 50. THE MASTER IS CALLING.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

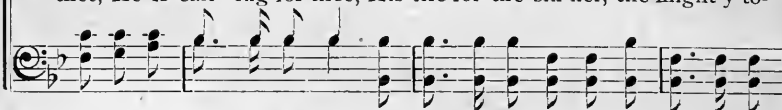
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



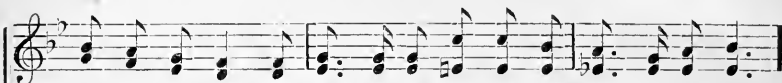
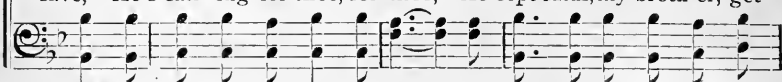
1. My broth-er, the Mas-ter is call-ing for thee, Call-ing for
2. The Mas-ter is call-ing, O make Him your choice; Call-ing for
3. The Mas-ter is call-ing, the Mas-ter who gave—Call-ing for



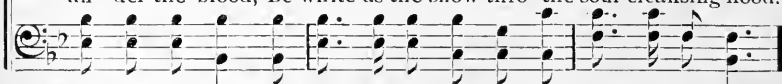
thee, He is call-ing for thee; The full-ness of rich-es He of-fers you
thee, He is call-ing for thee; If you will accept Him, your soul will re-
thee, He is call-ing for thee; His life for the sin-ner, the might-y to-



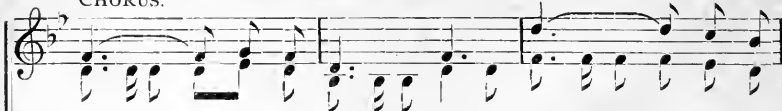
free,—He's call-ing for thee, for thee; He lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly
joice,—He's call-ing for thee, for thee; He's wait-ing so pa-tient-ly
save,—He's call-ing for thee, for thee; Ac-cept Him, my broth-er, get



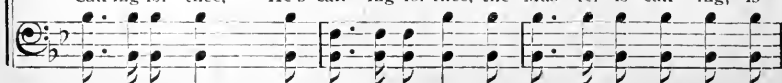
calls you to-day, O will you ac-cept Him? how can you de-lay!
now to re-ceive; O fly to Him, brother, look up and be-lieve.
un-der the blood, Be white as the snow thro' the soul-cleansing flood.



CHORUS.



Call - - ing for thee, He's call - - ing for
Call-ing for thee, He's call-ing for thee, the Mas-ter is call-ing, is



The Master is Calling.



thee! . . . O haste to His feet and in pen-i-tence bow, For He's
call - ing for thee!

call - - - ing now; . . . Call - - - ing for
call - ing He's call - ing thee now, just now; Call - ing for thee, He is

thee, . . . He is call - - ing for thee . . . So
call - ing for thee, The Mas - ter is call - ing, is call - ing for thee, So

lov - ing-ly, ten - der-ly call - - ing for thee. . . .
lov - ing-ly, ten - der-ly call - ing, He's call - ing for thee, for thee.

No. 51. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;

As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee away.

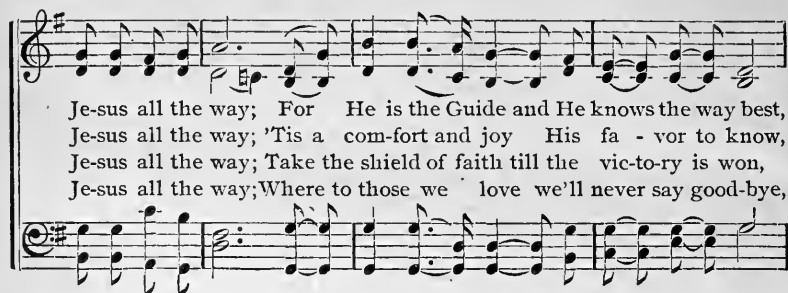
No. 52. KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

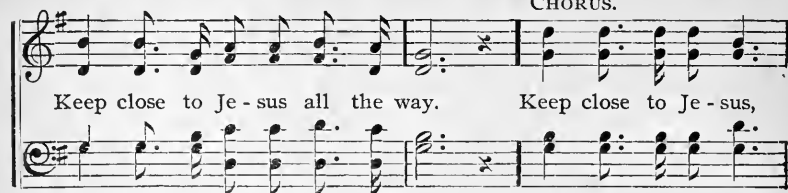


1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Nev - er mind the storms or tri - als as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e - - vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and by, Keep close to



Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide and He knows the way best,
 Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
 Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
 Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

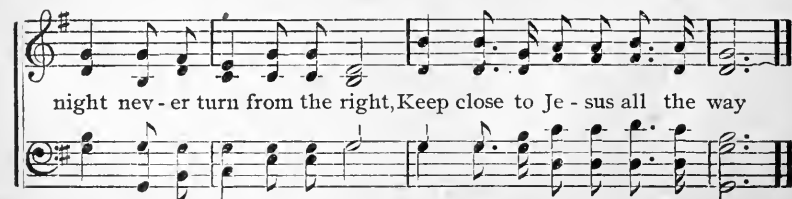
CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Jesus all the way; By day or by





night nev - er turn from the right, Keep close to Je - sus all the way

No. 53. SOWING AND REAPING.

E. E. HEWITT.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

- 
1. We are toil - ing on, oft in bar - ren fields, While the clouds the
 2. We are toil - ing on, and the work seems hard, And we wea - ry
 3. We are toil - ing on, and the seed is sown, Free - ly scattered
 4. We are toil - ing on, but the night draws near, Hap - py sun - set



sky o'er cast; But the seed of life will a har - vest yield, When the
by the way; But the Master's eye will our treasures guard, They shall
all a - round; But what joy at last, when the grain is grown, And the
clear and bright; Soon the morning dawns and His voice we'll hear, And we'll


CHORUS.




sow - ing time is past. Then we'll come with re - joic - ing to the
bloom in end - less day.
reap - er's songs re - sound.
walk with Him in white.



gar - ners bright, Where no sor - row the heart ev - er grieves; Yes, we'll



come with rejoicing and with songs of delight, Bearing our golden sheaves.



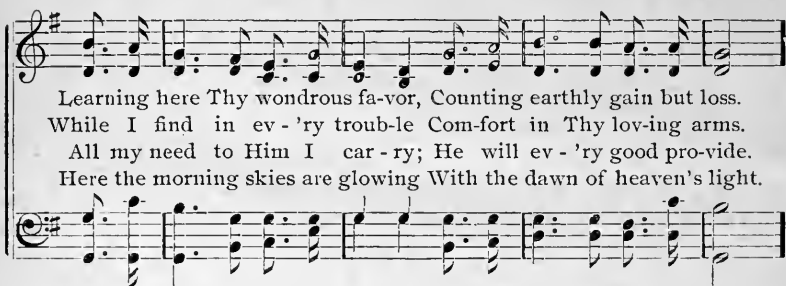
No. 54. THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. E. HEWITT.

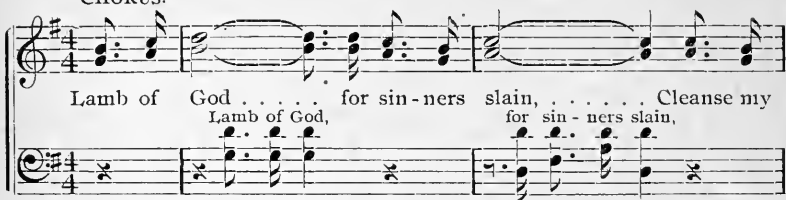


1. Thou hast died for me, my Sav-ior, Let me lin - ger at Thy cross;
 2. May this world, a fleet-ing bub-ble, Lose its false il - lu-sive charms,
 3. O 'tis bless-ed thus to tar - ry, At my Sav-ior's wounded side;
 4. Here I view the fount-ain flow-ing, That shall make my garments white;



Learning here Thy wondrous fa-vor, Counting earthly gain but loss.
 While I find in ev - 'ry troub-le Com-fort in Thy lov-ing arms.
 All my need to Him I car - ry; He will ev - 'ry good pro-vide.
 Here the morning skies are glowing With the dawn of heaven's light.

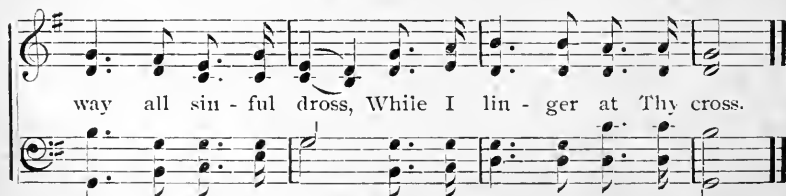
CHORUS.



Lamb of God for sin - ners slain, Cleanse my
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain,



soul from ev - 'ry stain; Take a -
 Cleanse my soul from ev - 'ry stain, from ev - 'ry stain;



way all sin - ful dross, While I lin - ger at Thy cross.

No. 55.

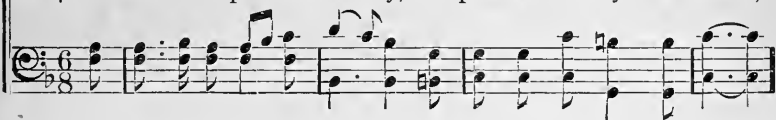
MORE LIKE JESUS.

J. M. S.

J. M. STILLMAN.



1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol-low him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen-tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low-ly, Like Je - sus our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;



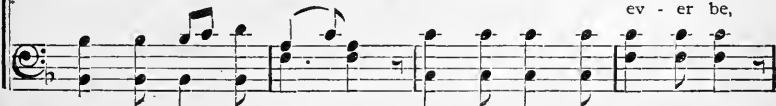
I want to be true and faith-ful, And ev-'ry command o - bey.
 To com-fort the brok-en heart-ed, With sweet words of tenderness.
 I want to be strong and earnest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
 I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.



REFRAIN.



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be,
 ev - er be,



More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me.

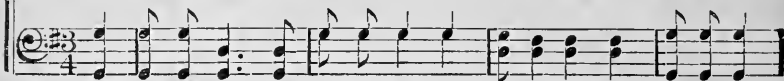


THOMAS MACKELLER.

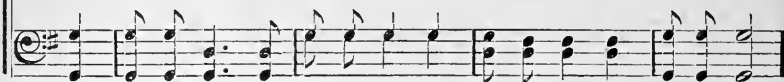
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I did not ask the rea-son why The Lord of life came here to die,
2. The bur-den that with - in me lay I saw not how to put a-way,
3. I took the cross He bade me take, To bear it for His gracious sake;
4. That loving One who spake to me, The ver-y God in Christ is He!



Un - til I found I need - ed one To do what Je - sus Christ hath done.
 Till One un-seen spake ten-der-ly—"Take up thy cross and fol-low me."
 A will-ing pow'r unknown before, Each passing day possessed me more.
 O that the world would ask Him why The Lord of life came here to die!



REFRAIN.



Near-er still near-er, Draw me near - - er to Thee,
 Near-er, Lord, still near - er, near-er, Draw me near-er, near-er to Thee, to Thee,



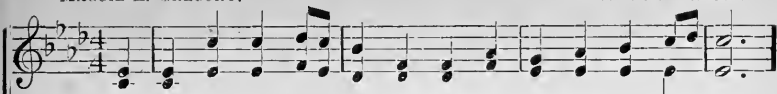
Near - - er to Thee, still near - - er to Thee.
 Near-er, Lord, draw me near - er, near - er, still near-er, near - er to Thee.



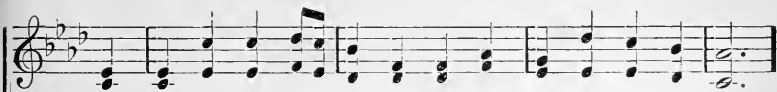
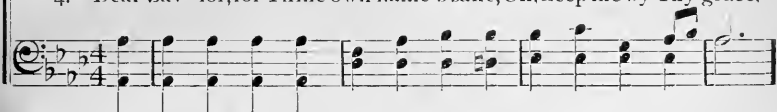
No. 57. CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

REV. I. N. MCHOSE.



1. Oh, Je - sus, go not from my sight, Nor let me stray from Thee;
2. Thou blessed Christ, help me to cling Un - to Thy might-y arm;
3. Oh, let the brightness of Thy love Shine 'round me like the sun;
4. Dear Sav - ior, for Thine own name's sake, Oh, keep me by Thy grace.



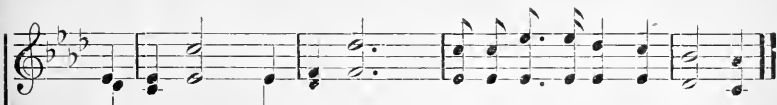
Oh, keep me ev - er, by Thy might, From sin de - liv - er me.
For un - der - neath Thy shelt'ring wing, No e - vil thing can harm.
And in it may I live and move, Un - til my journey's done.
Till in Thy like - ness I a - wake, And see Thee face to face.



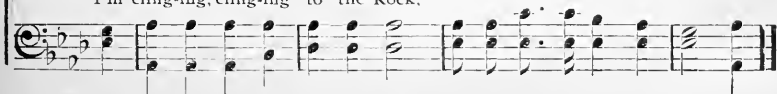
CHORUS.



I'm cling-ing, I'm cling-ing, What tho' the tem-pest rag - es,
I'm cling-ing, cling-ing to the Rock.

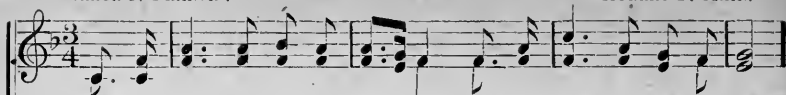


I'm cling-ing, still cling-ing, Clinging to the Rock of A - ges.
I'm cling-ing, cling-ing to the Rock.

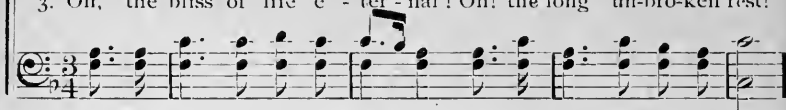


GRACE J. FRANCES.

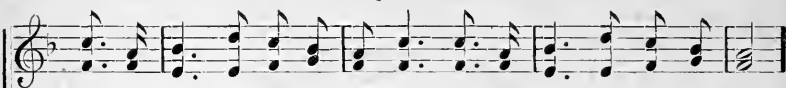
HUBERT P. MAIN.



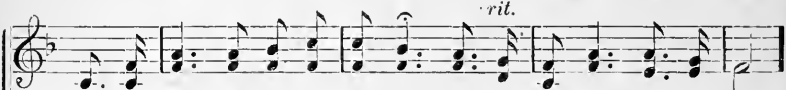
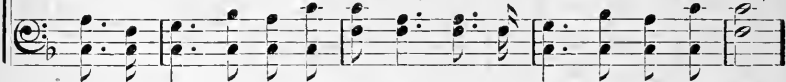
1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na-tal skies,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end;
3. Oh, the bliss of life e - ter - nal! Oh! the long un-bro-ken rest!



Dis-tant beams, like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad sur-prise;
 Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor, Ere the evening shades descend;
 In the gold - en fields of pleasure, In the re - gion of the blest;



And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
 Then we'll lay us down to slum-ber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 But to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be - fore His throne to fall,



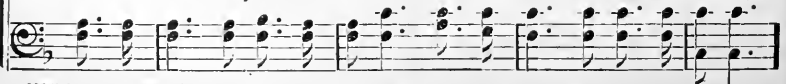
In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer - land of song.
 In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
 There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweet-er far than all.



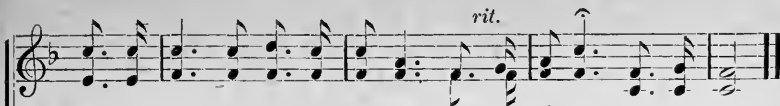
CHORUS



On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, no more to sev-er;



Bright Forever.



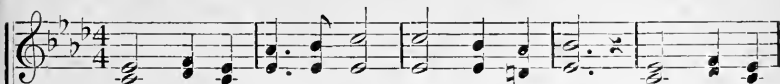
In the bright, the bright for-ev - er, In the sum-mer-land of song.



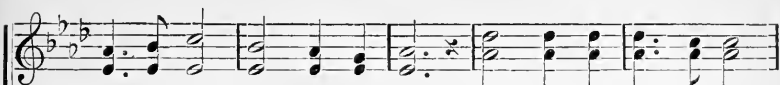
No. 59. MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

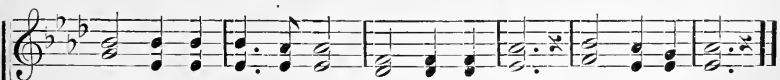
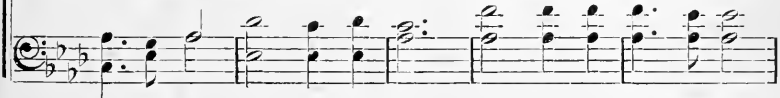
Dr. W. H. DOANE.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the



pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,
 part - ing cry My heart shall rise; This still its pray'r shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!



F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
 2. Thou, the ref - uge of my soul When life's stormy billows
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly

way; I am safe when by thy side,
 roll, I am safe when thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end - less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in thy love a-bide. Lead me, lead me,
 All my hopes on thee re - ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a-way
 I would in thy love a-bide.

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.... Gen - tly down the stream of
 lest I stray;

rit e dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way. (all the way.)

1. Once a - gain I want to hear it, Sto - ry sweet and sto - ry old;
 2. Once a - gain the song as - cend - ing To the Lord who died for me,
 3. Once a - gain, oh, tell the sto - ry Of the glo - ry yet to be,

Sweet - er than the sweetest mu - sic, Rich - er far than gems and gold;
 Let me feel that He is hear - ing! How I long His face to see!
 O'er the walls of shin - ing jas - per, O'er the bright and crys - tal sea;

Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto - ry of the Sav - ior's love,
 Mer - cy, mer - cy, like a fountain, Springing up and run - ning o'er,
 I will list - en, I will praise Him, And, a - mid a world of care,

FINE.
 Known on earth, and known in glo - ry. Sweet be - low, and sweet a - bove.
 Life and love for thirst - y mill - ions, Life and love for mill - ions more!
 Bear the cross with - out re - pin - ing, Thinking of the glo - ry there!

D.S.—First on earth, and first in glo - ry, Still the best and still the same.

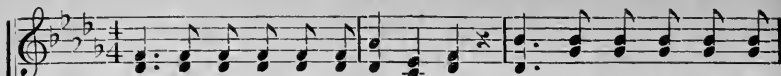
CHORUS.

D.S.

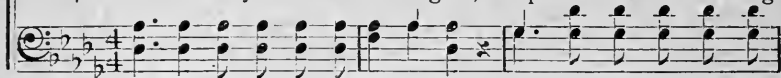
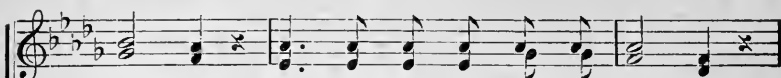
Tell it to me, tell it to me Once a - gain the old, old Name,
 Tell it to me, tell it to me,
 Tell it to me, tell it to me,

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

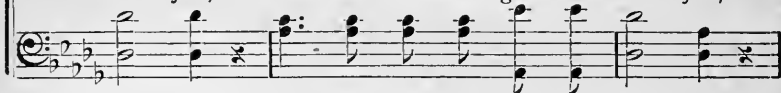
W. G. TOMER.




1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing



hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms - un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore - you,




CHORUS.



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet Till we
 meet, till we meet, Till we meet,




meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,



No. 63.

PURITY.

Dr. E. H. STOKES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thou art pure, O God, my Fa - ther, Like Thy-self, may I be pure;
 2. Thou art pure, O, Ho - ly Sav - ior, White-robed, spotless, I would be;
 3. Thou art pure, E - ter - nal Spir - it, Breathe Thy Spir - it in - to mine;
 4. Fa - ther, Son, E - ter - nal Spir - it, Ev - er bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

Doubt-ing Lev - er, but the rath - er, Make me of my cleans-ing sure.
 Free from sin, O, bless - ed fa - vor, Make, O make me pure like Thee.
 Let me now, from Thee, in - her - it Per - fect pu - ri - ty di - vine.
 Faith o'er-comes my doubts' demer - it, I take Thee, O take Thou me.

CHORUS.

Make me pure, All - Per - fect Fa - ther, Thou art a - ble, cleanse me so:—
 4th v. Praise, O praise, All - Per - fect Fa - ther, Thou hast cleansed me, this I know;

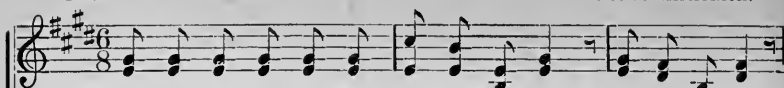
That I may be, hence, for - ev - er, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow;
 Keep, O keep me, hence, for - ev - er, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow,

Make me pure, O make me pure, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow.
 Keep, O keep me ev - er pure, Whi - ter than the Vir - gin Snow.

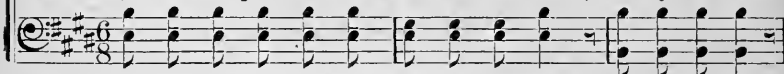
No. 64. MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

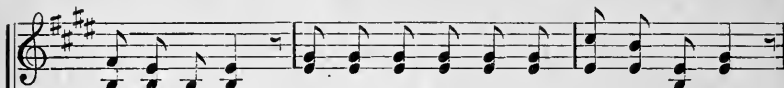
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je - sus His mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mount - ains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of His good - ness, His pa - tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,



REF.—Je - sus, the Sav - ior is look - ing for thee, Look - ing for thee,

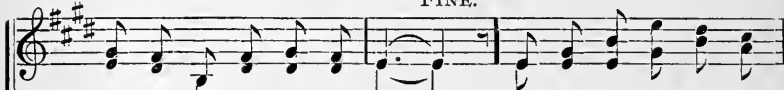


mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
 mer - cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"
 mer - cy is free: Plead - ing thy cause with His Fa - ther a - bove,
 mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive,

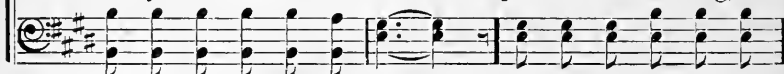


look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

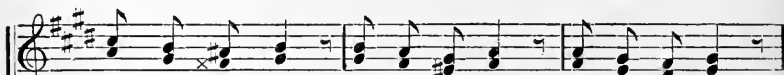
FINE.



Mer - cy is bound - less and free. If thou art will - ing on
 Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Thou art in dark - ness, O
 Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Come and re - pent - ing, O
 Mer - cy is bound - less and free. Je - sus is wait - ing, O



Call - ing and look - ing for thee.



Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
 come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
 give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
 hear Him pro - claim, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.



Mercy is Boundless and Free.

D. C. Refrain.

Life ev-er-last-ing thy soul may receive, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Je - sus is waiting, He'll save you to-night, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Cling to His mer-cy, be-lieve on His name, Mer-cy is boundless and free.

No. 65.

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN,

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, be-neath that flood, beneath that flood,
 2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains }
 The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. }

CHORUS.

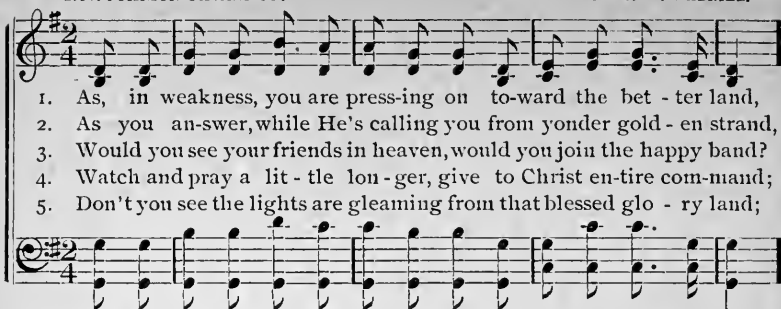
Oh, glo-ri-ous fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way!

- 3 Thou dying Lamb. ||: Thy precious blood, :||
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God, :||
 Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream, :||
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love ||: love has been my theme, :||
 And shall be till I die.

No. 66. LET JESUS HOLD YOUR HAND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. As, in weakness, you are press-ing on to-ward the bet - ter land,
 2. As you an-swer, while He's calling you from yonder gold - en strand,
 3. Would you see your friends in heaven, would you join the happy band?
 4. Watch and pray a lit - tle lon - ger, give to Christ en-tire com-mand;
 5. Don't you see the lights are gleaming from that blessed glo - ry land;



If you want a gra-cious bless-ing, - let Je - sus hold your hand.
 If you want to keep from fall-ing, - let Je - sus hold your hand.
 Take the bless-ed prom-ise giv - en— let Je - sus hold your hand.
 Day by day you will grow stronger— let Je - sus hold your hand.
 Would you be where they are beaming?— let Je - sus hold your hand.

REFRAIN.



Let Je - sus hold your hand, let Je - sus hold your hand!



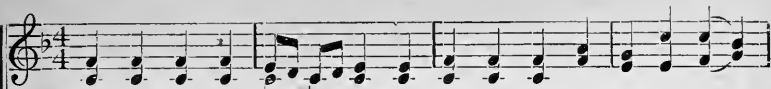
If you want a gra-cious bless-ing, let Je - sus hold your hand.
 If you want to keep from fall-ing, let Je - sus hold your hand.
 Take the bless-ed prom-ise giv - en— let Je - sus hold your hand.
 Day by day you will grow stronger— let Je - sus hold your hand.
 Would you be where they are beaming? let Je - sus hold your hand.

No. 67.

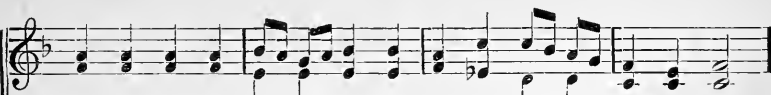
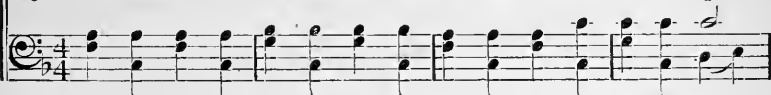
FOLLOW JESUS!

FRED WOODROW.

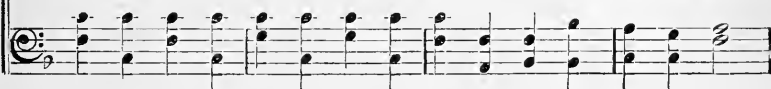
W. A. OGDEN.



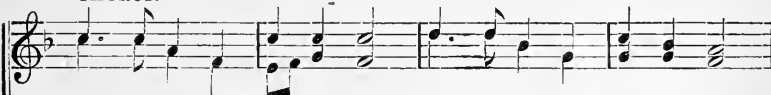
1. Fol-low Christ where He may lead you, In the bat-tle or the storm;
2. Where the banners bright are waving In the war with death and sin,
3. Fol-low Christ where He may lead you, In the work of faith and love;
4. Seek-ing out the lost and wea-ry, In the depths of sin and shame;
5. Wit-ness of a ris-en Sav-ior, Partners in His scorn and pain,



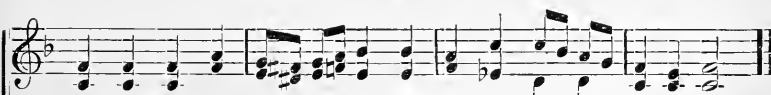
O'er the hills of light and darkness, In the midnight or the morn.
Where the hosts of God are mov-ing, Peace and vic-to-ry to win.
Pour-ing in the wounds of sorrow, Oil of glad-ness from a-bove.
Breath-ing in-to lives of darkness, Mu-sic of the Sav-ior's name.
All your sor-rows, all your loss-es, End in ev-er-last-ing gain.



CHORUS.



Fol-low Je-sus, sol-dier true! Nev-er lay His ban-ner down!



Fol-low Je-sus! fol-low Je-sus! On-ward to the promised crown



MARY B. PECK.

JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.



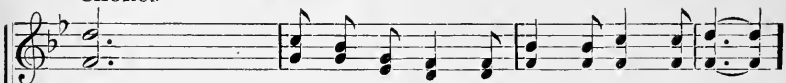
1. When dark'ning shadows 'round me fall, And light and hope seem gone,
2. His eye can pierce the dark - est cloud, His arm all dan - ger stay;
3. When sorrows come with crushing blow O'er my de - fence - less head,
4. So cheer - ful - ly I'll trav - el on Thro' life's dark, thorn - y way;



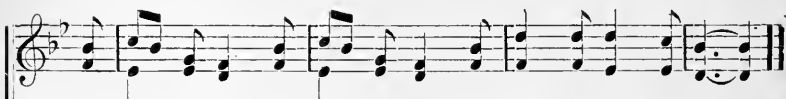
There is one tho't my heart up - holds: It is, I'm not a - lone.
 He waits for neith - er look nor word, Our troub - les to al - lay.
 I trem - ble not; for well I know Who by my side doth tread.
 I'll fear no ill, I'm not a - lone, While Je - sus is my stay.



CHORUS



No, nev - er a - lone, Can Je - sus' fol - lowers be;
 No, not a - lone,



He's ev - er near! why should we fear? Our Guide and Hope is He.

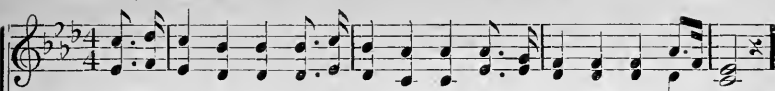


No. 69.

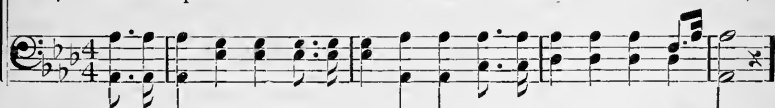
DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Dr. W. H. DOANE.



1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. Oh, the pure delight of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea,



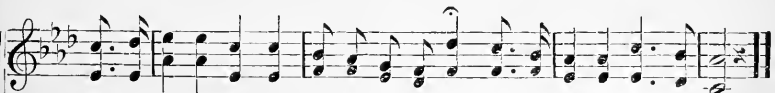
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



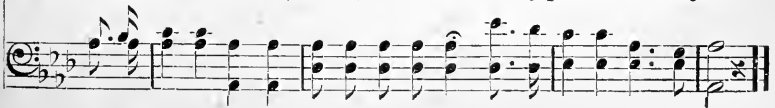
CHORUS.



Draw me near - er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,




Draw me nearer, near-er, nearer, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side.

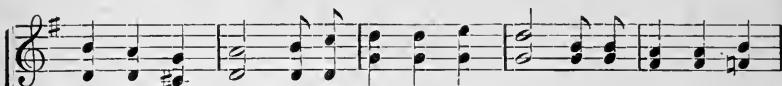


GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

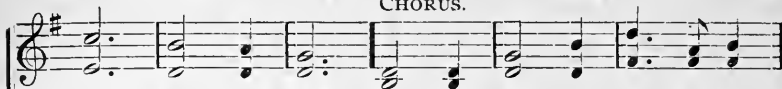


1. 'Twas for love Je - sus came from the sky, And for love did He
 2. 'Tis for love He is plead-ing on high, And for love that He
 3. 'Tis in love that He deals with a soul; 'Tis in love that He
 4. Soon His love we shall more ful - ly know; Soon His love He will




suf - fer and die; Love, that all He might save From the pow'r of the
 calls you and I; Love will save us from sin— Pur-i - fy us with-
 pardons,—makes whole,—That for sorrow,gives joy Earth can never de -
 more rich - ly show; Soon His grace we shall see, And our prais-es shall


CHORUS.



grave,— Won - drous love. O, such love, such won - der - ful
 in,— Won - drous love.
 stroy,— Won - drous love.
 be— "Won - drous love!"



love, That bro't my dear Lord from a - bove; O such
 from a - bove;

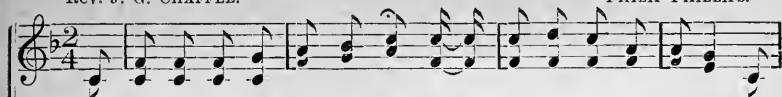


peace, a - bid-ing and sweet—In Je - sus it is com - plete!

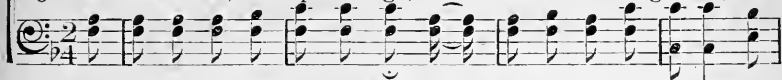
No. 71. CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

REV. J. G. CHAFFEE.

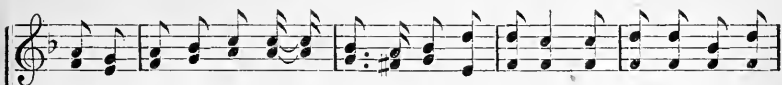
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. I'm trying to climb up Zi-on's hill, For the Savior whispers, "Love me;" Tho'
2. I know I'm but a lit - tle child, My strength will not protect me; But
3. Then come with me, we'll up-ward go, And climb this hill to-geth-er; And



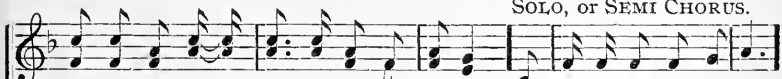
all be-neath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright above me. Then upward
then I am the Savior's Lamb, And He will not neglect me. Then all the
as we walk we'll sweetly talk, And sing as we go thither. Then mount up



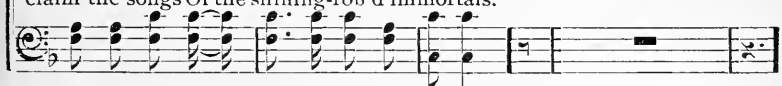
still to Zi-on's hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before shines
time I'll try to climb This ho - ly hill of Zi-on, For I am sure the
still God's ho - ly hill, Till we reach the pearly portals, Where raptured tongues pro-



SOLO, or SEMI CHORUS.



more and more, As it nears the gold-en cit-y. I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
way is pure, And on it comes no "li-on."
claim the songs Of the shining-rob'd immortals.



DUET, or 2d SEMI CHORUS. FULL CHORUS



I'm climbing up Zi-on's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zi-on's hill.

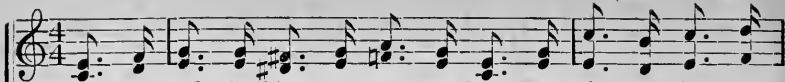


No. 72.

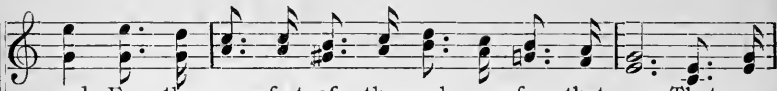
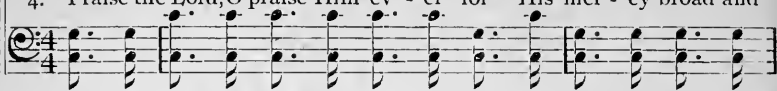
WHOSOEVER WILL.

IDA M. BUDD.

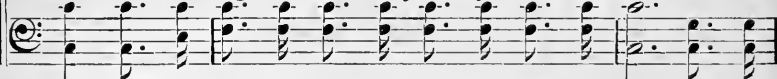
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



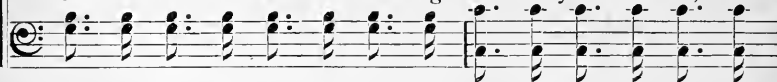
1. I am glad the blest as - sur - ance has been giv - en in His
2. O ye doubt - ing ones that lin - ger while the mo - ments speed a -
3. There are souls that sit in dark - ness deep and cheer - less as the
4. Praise the Lord, O praise Him ev - er for His mer - cy broad and



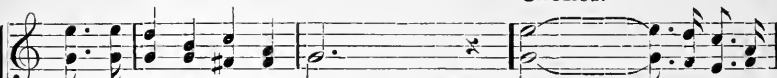
word, For the com - fort of the souls a - far that roam, That no way, Bear - ing all the liv - ing t'ward their fi - nal home; Wait no grave, In the lands that lie be - yond the o - cean's foam; Send to free, We will sing as on we jour - ney t'ward our home; For the



price have we to pay to share the love of Christ, our Lord, But long - er, for His lov - ing voice as - sures from day to day, That them the gos - pel mes - sage, that our Christ is strong to save, And fount - ain of His love is flow - ing still for you and me, And



CHORUS.

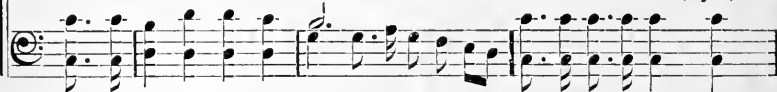


"Who - so - ev - er will may come."

Who - - so - ev - er

Who - so - ev - er will.

Who - so - ev - er will, yes,



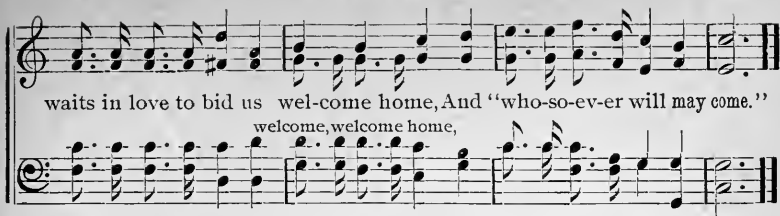
will,

Who - - so - ev - er will; He

who - so - ev - er - will, The Sav - ior now is call - ing: "Who - so - ev - er will;"



Whosoever Will.

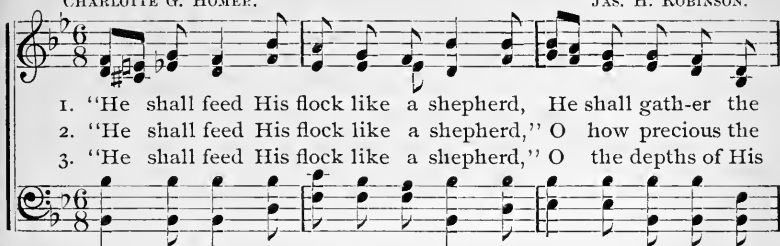


waits in love to bid us wel-come home, And "who-so-ev-er will may come."
welcome, welcome home,

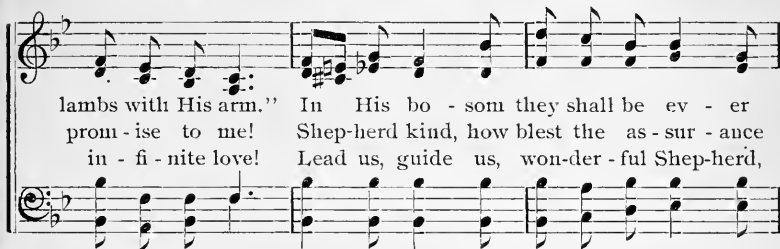
No. 73. HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

JAS. H. ROBINSON.

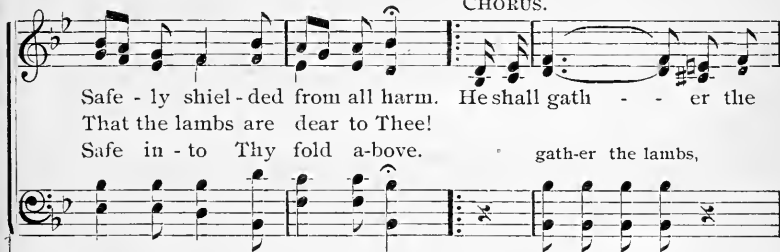


1. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gath-er the
2. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," O how precious the
3. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," O the depths of His

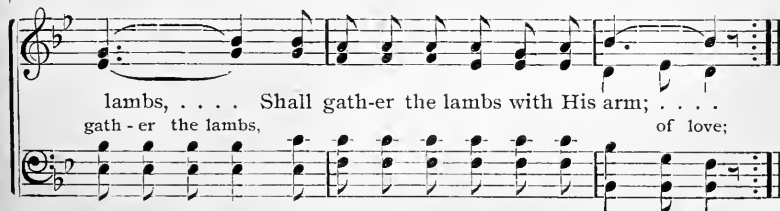


lambs with His arm." In His bo - som they shall be ev - er
prom - ise to me! Shep-herd kind, how blest the as - sur - ance
in - fi - nite love! Lead us, guide us, won - der - ful Shep-herd,

CHORUS.



Safe - ly shiel - ded from all harm. He shall gath - - er the
That the lambs are dear to Thee!
Safe in - to Thy fold a - bove. gath-er the lambs,



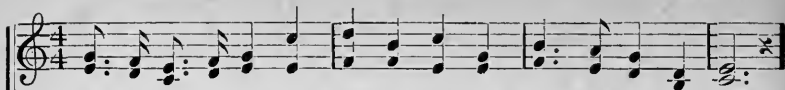
lambs, Shall gath-er the lambs with His arm;
gath - er the lambs, of love;

No. 74.

HERE AM I, SEND ME!

W. E. PENN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



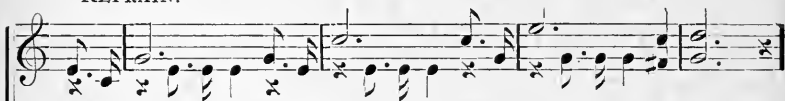
1. Ear-ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav - ior, Sam - uel like I'd be;
2. Ear-ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav - ior, I would come to Thee;
3. Ear-ly in the morning, bless-ed Sav - ior, I would live for Thee;



Leav-ing ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 Bring-ing all my earth-ly treas-ure, say - ing: Here am I, send me!
 So that I may ev - er more be say - ing: Here am I, send me!



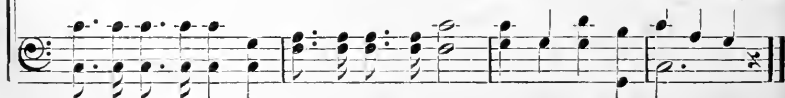
REFRAIN.



Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!
 Here am I, here am I, Here am I, send me!



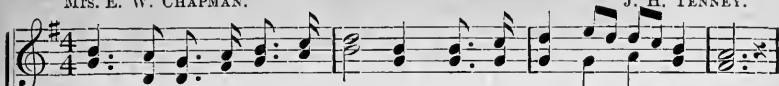
Read-y for Thy serv-ice Ev-er would I be, Here am I, send me!
 send me.



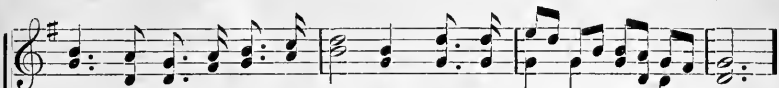
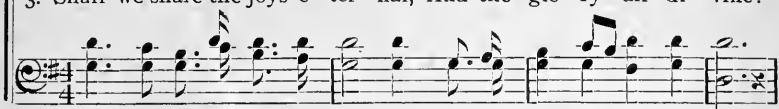
No. 75. THE MANSIONS YONDER.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

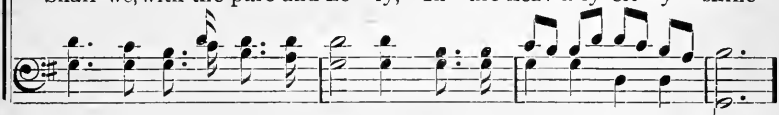
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Shall we reach the home in glo - ry When the years of life are gone?
2. Shall we see the blessed Sav - ior, Radiant with e - ter - nal light,
3. Shall we share the joys e - ter - nal, And the glo - ry all di - vine?



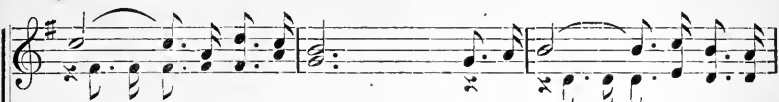
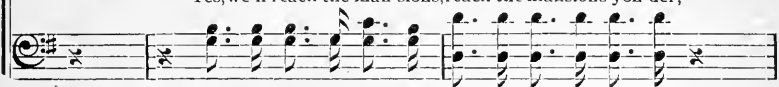
Shall we sing the dear old sto - ry With redeem'd ones round the throne?
 With Him dwell in heav'n for - ev - er, Clothed in robes of pur - est white?
 Shall we, with the pure and ho - ly, In the heav'n - ly cit - y shine?



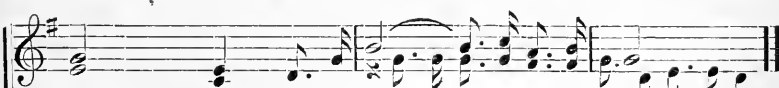
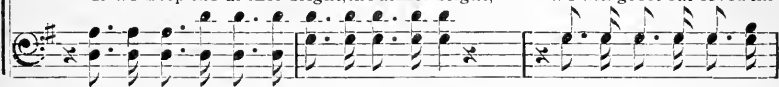
CHORUS.



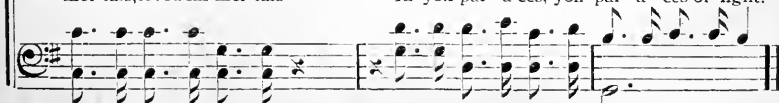
Yes, we'll reach . . . the mansions you - - der; If we
 Yes, we'll reach the man-sions, reach the mansions you-der;



keep . . . the armor bright, We will greet . . . our loved im-
 If we keep the ar-mor bright, the armor bright, We will greet our loved im-



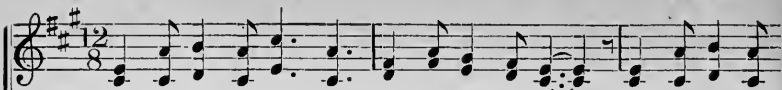
mor - - tals In yon pal - - a-ces of light.
 mor-tals, loved im-mor-tals In yon pal - a-ces, yon pal - a-ces of light.



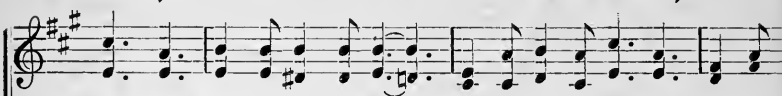
No. 76. COME TO THE CRIMSON FOUNTAIN.

E. E. HEWITT.

C. D. EMERSON.



1. Trust the precious prom-ise Made so long a - go, Come and Christ will
2. 'Tis no hard commandment, But a gen-tle word, Giv-en for our
3. Come, then, humble heart-ed, Sink beneath the wave Flowing on so



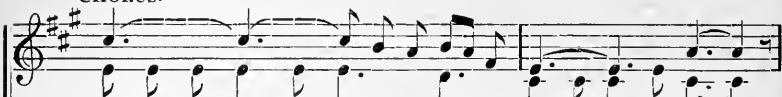
make thee Whit-er than the snow. Still in wondrous mercy, Flows the
 heal-ing Thro' the a-ges heard. Come, who-so is will-ing, Come with
 free-ly, Con-trite souls to save. List-en to the Sav-ior, Haste to



cleans-ing flood; Seek the roy-al fount-ain, Fill'd with Jesus' blood.
 all thy sin; Seek the roy-al fount-ain, Wash, and be thou clean.
 en-ter in; On-ly do His bid-ding, Wash, and be thou clean.



CHORUS.



Come to the crim-son fount - - ain,
 Come to the crim-son fount - - ain, Come, O come to - day,



To the fount-ain, come to - day;
 Come to the crim-son fount - ain, come, O come to - day;



Come to the Crimson Fountain.

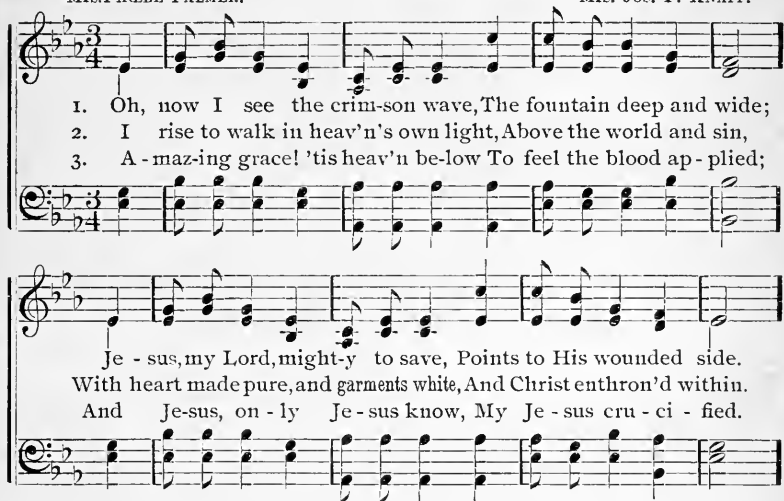


Come to the crimson fount - - ain, And
Come to the crim-son fount - ain, Wash thy sins a - way,
wash thy sins a - - way.
Come to the fount-ain, and wash thy sins a - way.

No. 77. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

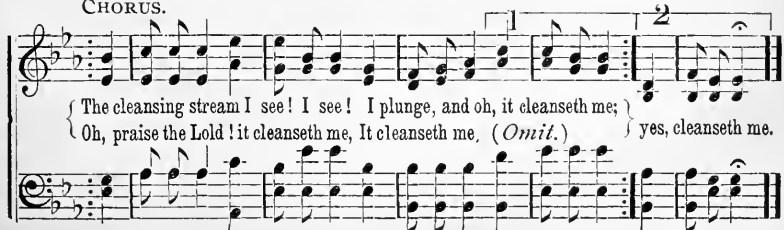
Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin,
3. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap-plied;
Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wounded side.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.
And Je-sus, on - ly Je-sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.



{ The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me;
Oh, praise the Lold ! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, (*Omit.*) } yes, cleanseth me.

E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a bless-ing for me, When my Sav-ior I see, On the
 2. There's a bless-ing for me, Grace a-bund-ant and free, When I
 3. There's a bless-ing for me, When to Je-sus I flee; Ev'-ry

cross where He died for my sin; There the life-giv-ing tide
 bow at the blood-sprinkled throne; For the Lord giveth there
 bur-den He helps me to bear; He will dou-ble my joy,

To my soul is ap-plied, And His Spir-it breathes pardon with-in.
 Pre-cious answers to pray'r, When I trust in His promise a-lone.
 All my foes will de-destroy, Till at last, in His glo-ry I share.

CHORUS.

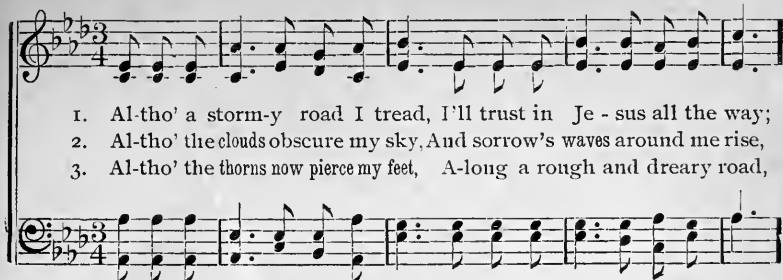
A bless-ing for me, Yes, a bless-ing for me;

Through Je-sus, my Sav-ior, A bless-ing for me.

No. 79. I'LL BEAR THE CROSS.

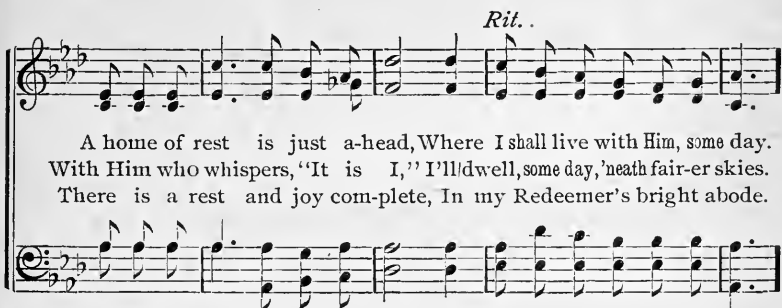
Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

Rev. W. S. NICKLE.



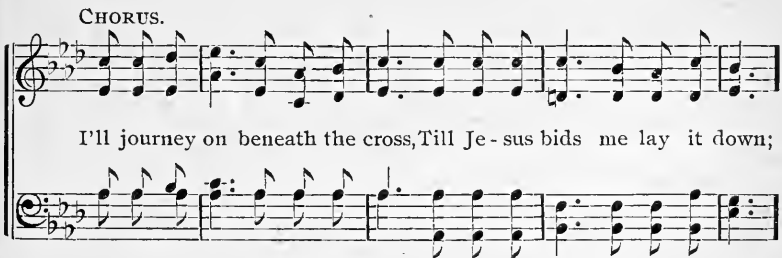
1. Al-tho' a storm-y road I tread, I'll trust in Je - sus all the way;
2. Al-tho' the clouds obscure my sky, And sorrow's waves around me rise,
3. Al-tho' the thorns now pierce my feet, A-long a rough and dreary road,

Rit.



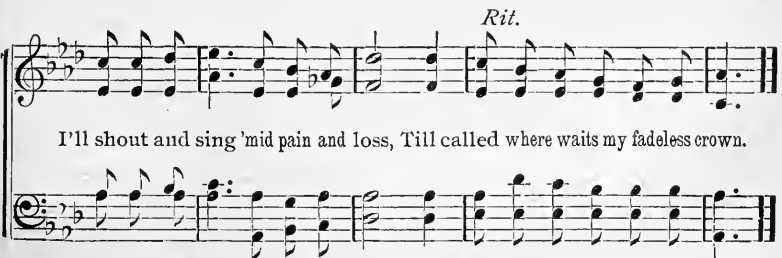
A home of rest is just a-head, Where I shall live with Him, some day.
With Him who whispers, "It is I," I'll dwell, some day, 'neath fair-er skies.
There is a rest and joy com-plete, In my Redeemer's bright abode.

CHORUS.



I'll journey on beneath the cross, Till Je - sus bids me lay it down;

Rit.

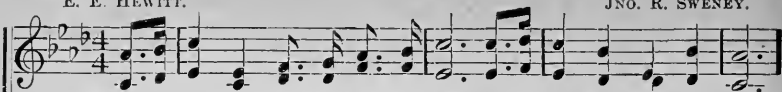


I'll shout and sing 'mid pain and loss, Till called where waits my fadeless crown.

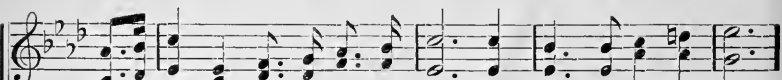
No. 80. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu'-sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in 'a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - shine,
sun - shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,



While the peace - ful hap - py mo - ments roll; When
hap - py mo - ments roll;



Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



No. 81.

ROLLING ON.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



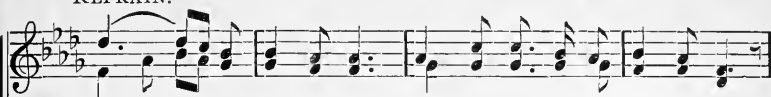
1. We're borne along the waves of time, The years are roll-ing on; . . .
2. So ma-ny drift-ing down the stream, The years are roll-ing on; . . .
3. What pros-pect of the hav-en fair? The years are roll-ing on; . . .
4. Come, wea-ry soul, and tempest toss'd, The years are roll-ing on; . . .
5. Be guided by his wounded hand—The years are roll-ing on; . . .
roll-ing on;



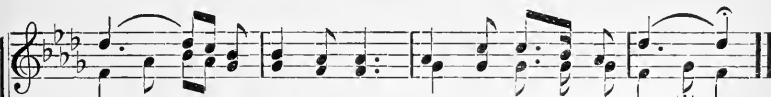
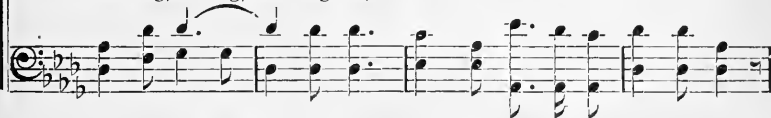
Though tear-drops fall, or joy-bells chime, The years are rolling on. . . .
 They live as in an i-dle dream, The years are rolling on. . . .
 What hope that we shall anchor there? The years are rolling on. . . .
 Look up to Him who saves the lost! The years are rolling on. . . .
 Oh, hast-en to the promised land—The years are rolling on. . . .
 roll-ing on



REFRAIN.



Roll - ing, roll-ing on, Roll-ing on to the boundless sea;
 Roll-ing, roll-ing, roll-ing on,



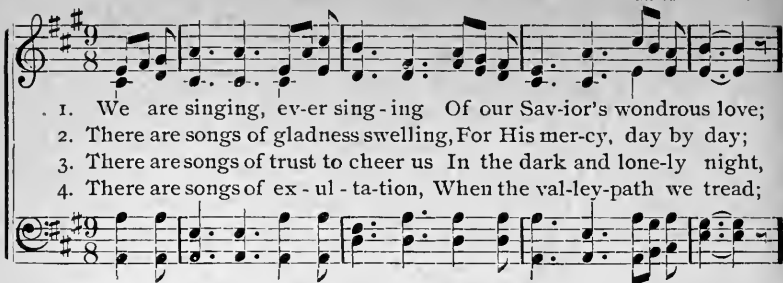
Roll - ing, roll-ing on, To e - ter - ni - ty! . . .
 Roll-ing, roll-ing, roll-ing on, Roll-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty!



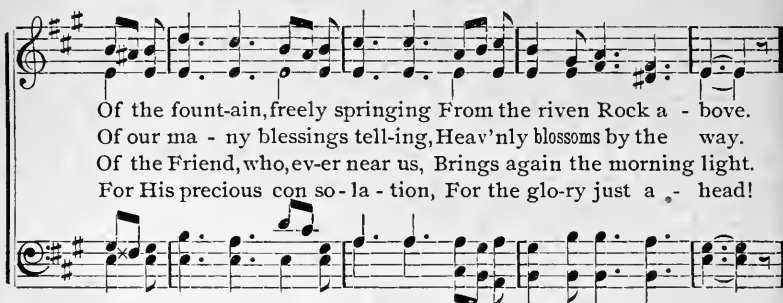
No. 82. THE MUSIC OF THE KINGDOM.

E. E. HEWITT.

R. A. GLENN.

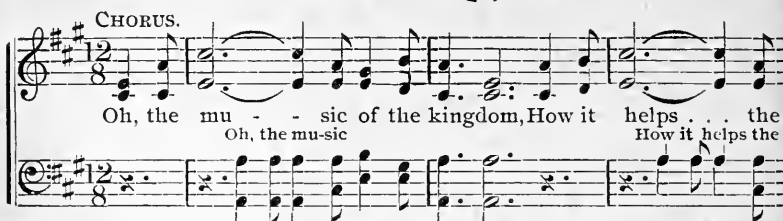


1. We are singing, ev-er sing-ing Of our Sav-ior's wondrous love;
2. There are songs of gladness swelling, For His mer-cy, day by day;
3. There are songs of trust to cheer us In the dark and lone-ly night,
4. There are songs of ex-ul-ta-tion, When the val-ley-path we tread;



Of the fount-ain, freely springing From the riven Rock a - bove.
 Of our ma - ny blessings tell-ing, Heav'nly blossoms by the way.
 Of the Friend, who, ev-er near us, Brings again the morning light.
 For His precious con-so-la-tion, For the glo-ry just a - head!

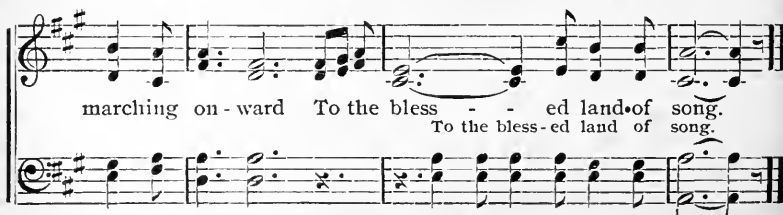
CHORUS.



Oh, the mu - sic of the kingdom, How it helps . . . the
 Oh, the mu-sic How it helps the



soul a - long, As we're march - ing,
 soul, It helps the soul a - long, As we're marching,



marching on - ward To the bless - ed land of song.
 To the bless-ed land of song.

No. 83.

THE MARANATHA CRY.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { O there is much to make us sad in this dark world of ours! The serpent's
 2. { But we must nev-er yield to grief, or, fall-ing, hopeless lie: We'll fling our
 3. { What tho' the hosts of hell are strong and bold in what they say, The Lord of
 4. { The Vic-tor of the cross and tomb is seated now on high; We'll fling our
 5. { Out of this world of sinners lost, grace saves a countless throng; And earth it-
 6. { When, therefore, trials crowd our way, and foes the right defy, We'll fling our

trail is oft - en seen a-mong its fairest flow'rs.
 ban-ner to the [*Omit.*] breeze, and "Maranatha" cry.
 hosts is on our side, we're sure to win the day!
 ban-ner to the [*Omit.*] breeze, and "Maranatha" cry.
 self shall be renewed, redeemed from ev'ry wrong
 ban-ner to the [*Omit.*] breeze, and "Maranatha" cry.

CHORUS.

Our Lord reigneth! glo-ry be un-to His name, Our Lord reigneth,
 Our dear Lord reigneth! Our dear Lord reigneth,
 now and ev-er-more the same; Tho' friends forsake and foes assail, They
 cannot o-ver us prevail; We'll fling our banner to the breeze, and "Maranatha" cry.

No. 84.

HE CARETH FOR ME!

MRS. GRACE WIESER DAVIS.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

Met. 60 = ♩

1. As our heav-en - ly Fa - ther the spar-row's fall doth know,...
 2. As our heav-en - ly Fa - ther for lil - ies too doth care, ...
 3. As our heav-en - ly Fa - ther the grass doth clothe so well;...
 4. Takeno thought for the mor - row; thy heav'n-ly Fa - ther knows...

As wav - ing leaf on the tree-top He notes as it fall-eth low,
 Doth clothe with ex - qui-site beau - ty in pur - i - ty, oh, so fair;
 As e'en the ti - ni - est in - sect He sees in its pu - ny cell;
 The things that ye stand in need of, He in - fin - ite mer - cy shows;

As e'en thy hairs are num - bered, let this thy com - fort be,....
 As spar-rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,....
 So, pre - cious soul, He not - eth thy life's mi - nut - est care,....
 Seek first for God's own king - dom set up with - in thy heart,

Much more, O precious lov'd one, thy Fa - ther cares for thee....
 Much less will He for - get thee; thou shalt be safe - ly led.....
 And, praise His name, He deign - eth thy bur - dens all to bear....
 And all things shall be add - ed; then "choose the bet - ter part."..

He Careth for Me!

p CHORUS. *f* *Cres.* *ff*

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy-self each day!

f *p* *Cres.* *Dim.* *p*

He cares for me! He cares for me! In all things, and al-way.

No. 85.

THY WILL BE DONE.

A special contribution by the author of "My Country, 'tis of thee."

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thy way, O God, is best, Thy way,—not mine; Pa-tient be-
 2. I know Thy wise de-sign,—Thy will is mine; From earth-ly
 3. Clay in the pot-ter's hand,—Thy will is mine; 'Tis Thine the
 4. Sor-row, or joy be sent,—Thy will is mine; In all Thy

neath Thy rod, Quick to o-bey Thy nod, Because Thou art my God,—
 dross re-fine, Shape to the Mould divine, My soul shall ne'er re-pine,—
 vase to make, Or Thine, dear Lord, to break, Thine, or to give,—or, take,—
 woe I see,—What-e'er my lot may be, I trust my all to Thee,—

Thy will,—not mine; Because Thou art my God,—Thy will,—not mine.
 Thy will,—not mine; My soul shall not re-pine,—Thy will,—not mine.
 Thy will,—not mine; Thine, or to give,—or, take,—Thy will,—not mine.
 Thy will is mine; I trust my all to Thee,—Thy will is mine.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. At the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea, There are ho - ly ones a -
 2. At the land-ing, on the far - ther shore, My Re - deem - er stands to
 3. At the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea, Is a man - sion that was

wait - ing me; I can see a - cross the tide, To the oth - er side,
 bear me o'er; I can see His form di - vine, In its glo - ry shine,
 built for me; I shall soon be fer - ried o'er, To the far - ther shore,

REFRAIN.

To the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea. At the land - - ing,
 At the land-ing, on the far - ther shore.
 To the man - sion that was built for me. At the landing, at the landing,

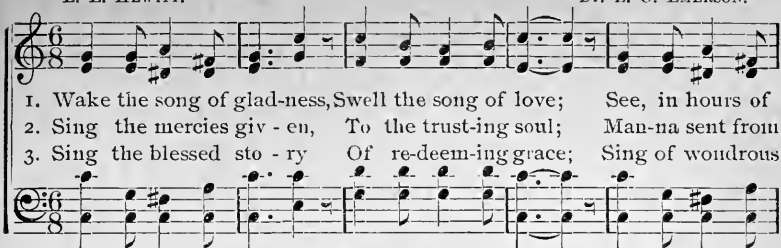
by the crys - tal sea, At the land - ing, at the land - ing; At the

land - - ing, by the crystal sea, By the crys - - tal sea.
 landing, at the landing, by the crystal sea, At the landing, by the crystal sea.

No. 87. WAKE THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

E. E. HEWITT.

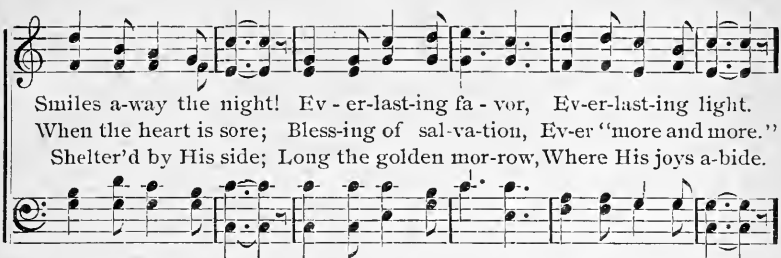
Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. Wake the song of glad-ness, Swell the song of love; See, in hours of
 2. Sing the mercies giv - en, To the trust-ing soul; Man-na sent from
 3. Sing the blessed sto - ry Of re-deem-ing grace; Sing of wondrous



sad - ness, Crys - tal light a - bove. Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus,
 heav-en, — Streams that free-ly roll. Ten - der con - so - la - tion,
 glo - ry, When we see His face. Brief the day of sor - row,

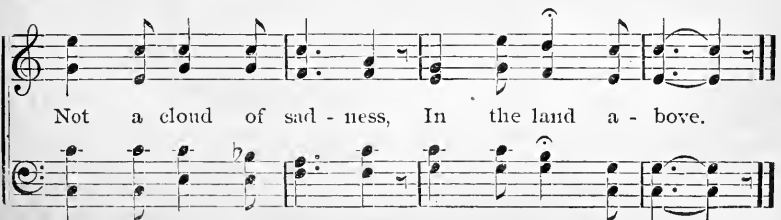


Smiles a-way the night! Ev - er-last-ing fa - vor, Ev-er-last-ing light.
 When the heart is sore; Bless-ing of sal - va - tion, Ev-er "more and more."
 Shelter'd by His side; Long the golden mor-row, Where His joys a-bide.

CHORUS.



Wake the song of glad - ness, Swell the song of love!

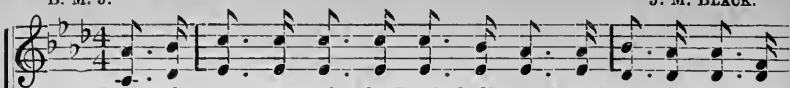


Not a cloud of sad - ness, In the land a - bove.

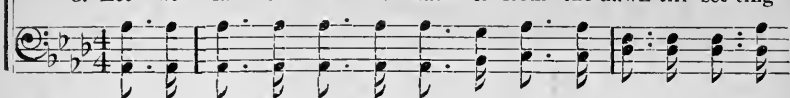

No. 88. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

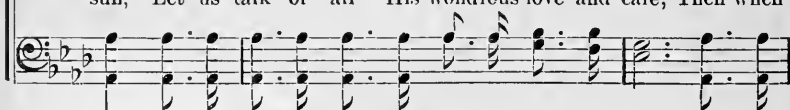

J. M. BLACK.



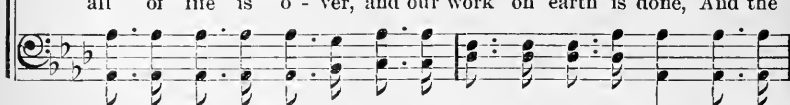
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting

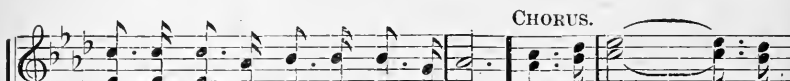
more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
 rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

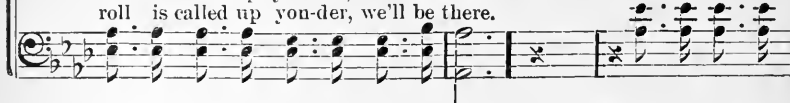

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
 chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the




CHORUS.



roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
 roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
 roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.

called up yon - der, When the roll..... is called up
 called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

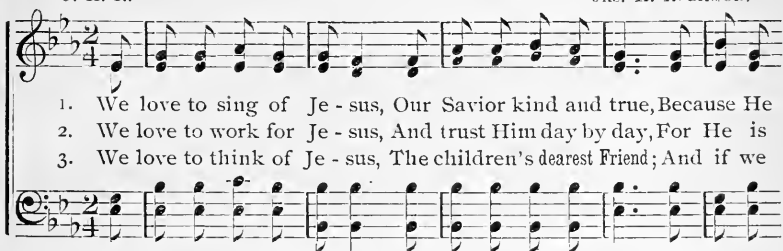


Yon - - der, When the roll is called up
 Yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
 yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 89. JESUS, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

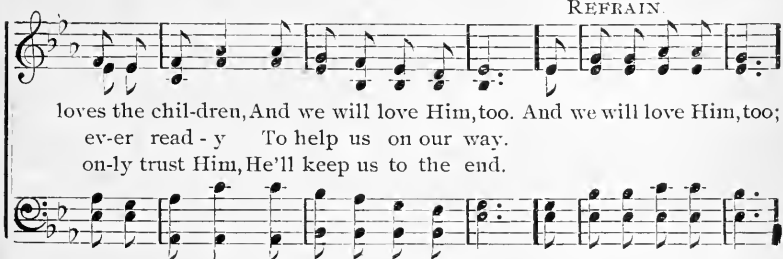
J. H. R.

JAS. H. ROBINSON.

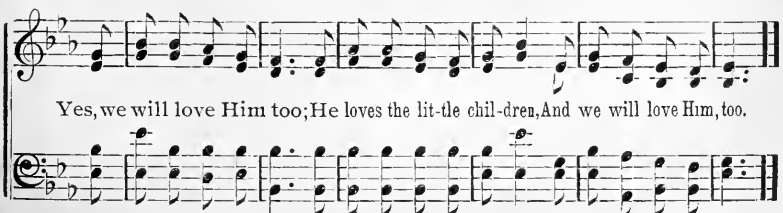


1. We love to sing of Je - sus, Our Savior kind and true, Because He
 2. We love to work for Je - sus, And trust Him day by day, For He is
 3. We love to think of Je - sus, The children's dearest Friend; And if we

REFRAIN.



loves the chil-dren, And we will love Him, too. And we will love Him, too;
 ev-er read - y To help us on our way.
 on-ly trust Him, He'll keep us to the end.

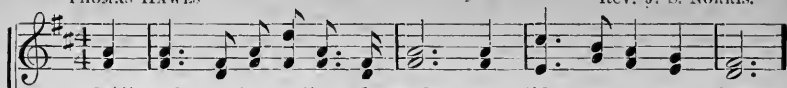


Yes, we will love Him too; He loves the lit-tle chil-dren, And we will love Him, too.

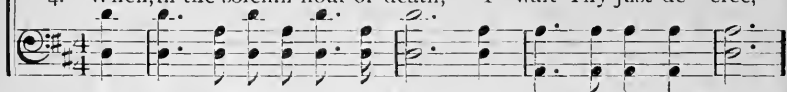

No. 90. DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

THOMAS HAWES

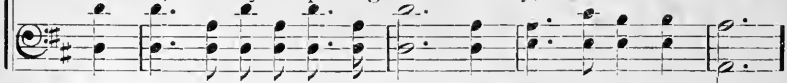
REV. J. S. NORRIS.



1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my eyes to Thee;
2. If, for Thy sake, up-on my name Re-proach and shame shall be,
3. When worn with pain, disease and grief This fee-ble bod - y see,
4. When, in the solemn hour of death, I wait Thy just de - cree,

In all my conflicts, all my woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.
 I'll hail re-proach and welcome shame, If Thou re-mem-ber me.
 Grant pa-tience, rest, and kind relief; Hear and re-mem-ber me.
 Sav - ior, with my last parting breath I'll cry, "Re-mem-ber me."



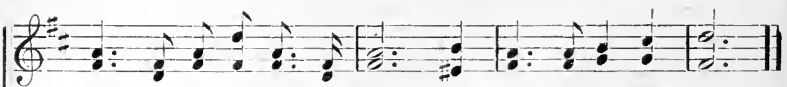
CHORUS.




Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me, Dear
 Dear Lord, dear Lord, re - mem - ber me,




Lord, re - mem - ber me; In
 Dear Lord, dear Lord, re - mem - ber me;

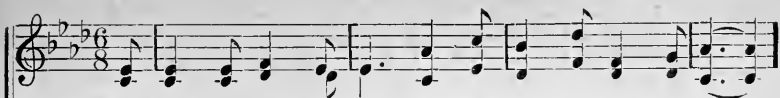
all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.



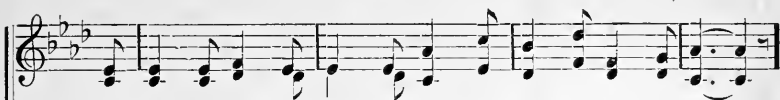
No. 91. WAITING FOR THE CROWN.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.



1. Mine is the Christian's war - fare, I bat - tle for the cross;
2. Mine is the Christian's jour - ney, I'm trav - ling home to God,
3. Mine is the Christian's triumph I'm trust - ing in His grace;



I hold a - loft His ban - ner bright, — It shall not suf - fer loss.
And just be - yond the hills of life Is His di - vine a - bode,
He'll come in glo - ry, by and by, And I shall see His face.



CHORUS.



Wait - ing for the crown, Wait - ing for the crown, . . .
the crown, glo - ri - ous crown.

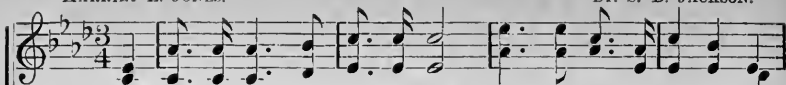


I'm wait - ing for the crown of life, Safe in heav'n for me.

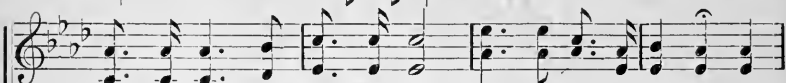


HARRIET E. JONES.

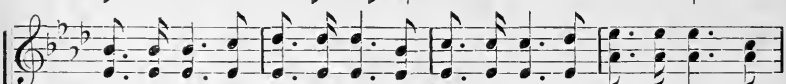
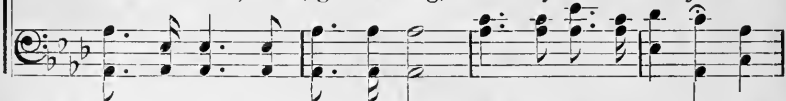
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



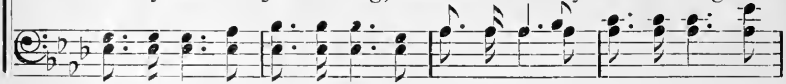
1. To save the world the Sav-ior came, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! Yes,
2. He came to call the wand'ers in, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! By
3. Come, brother, come and join our song, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! We're



all may live thro' His dear name, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! He
 love di-vine the lost to win, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! The
 bound for home; come, go a - long, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! Your



came to cleanse the guilt-y soul, He came to make the wounded whole, And
 might-y Lord to save is He, The chief of sin-ners His may be; All,
 ev - 'ry sin to Je-sus bring; So rich in mer-cy is our King He'll



ev - er more hold sweet con-trol, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 all may come, yes, e - ven me; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 par-don all, and you may sing "Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!"



D. S.—all the world His love pro-claim, "Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!"

CHORUS.

D. S.



O glo-ry, glo-ry to His name, To earth for me the Savior came. Let



C. D. EMERSON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. { O christian, gird the ar - mor on, And press the fight with sin! }
 2. { Go forth a-against the hosts of wrong, Go forth our cause to win; }
 3. { O christian, gird the ar - mor on, And hast-en to the field; }
 4. { A - gainst the pow'rs of darkness go, De-ter-mined not to yield! }
 5. { O christian, gird the ar - mor on, The world is watching thee; }
 6. { With pray'r and sup pli-ca-tion press A - long to vic - to - ry! }

The con-flict wild-ly rag - es, No long-er, then, de - lay,
 Clad in a full sal - va - tion, The Spir-it's sword in hand,
 Be loy - al to His serv - ice, His truth to all pro-claim;

But, trust-ing in Je-ho-vah's might, Go! watch, and fight, and pray.
 From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry go! It is the Lord's command.
 God loves a val - iant war - ri - or, Then go in Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! they are marching on, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the
 Hal - le-lu-jah, Hall-le-lu - jah,

Lord! The ar-mies of the liv-ing God are march-ing on.
 praise the Lord! marching, marching on.

No. 94.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Arr. by C. H. G.

1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears,.... Could my tears for-ev-er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet - - ing breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the
 Could my zeal no lan - - - guor know, These for
 When my eyes shall close in death, When I

Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

wa - - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
 sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Rit.

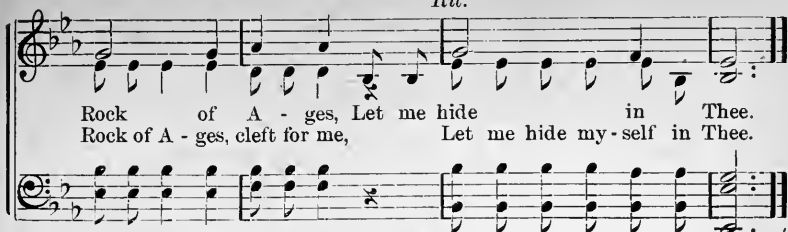
Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-self in Thee,
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide, oh, let me hide in Thee,

Rock of Ages.

Rit.

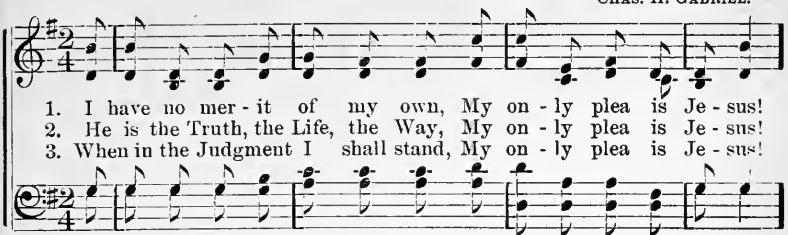


Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 95.

JESUS SAVES ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I have no mer - it of my own, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
2. He is the Truth, the Life, the Way, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
3. When in the Judgment I shall stand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!



I'm saved by Him and Him a - lone, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
It fills my soul with joy to say, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
I shall be safe at God's right hand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!

CHORUS.



Je - sus saves me, I am hap - py on my homeward
Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,

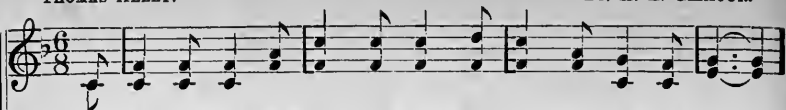


way! Yes, Je - - sus saves me, Glo - ry to His name!
Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,

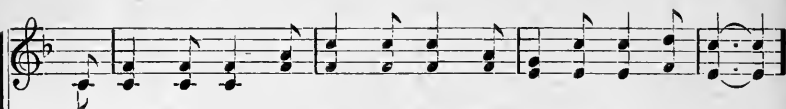
No. 96. KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

THOMAS KELLY.

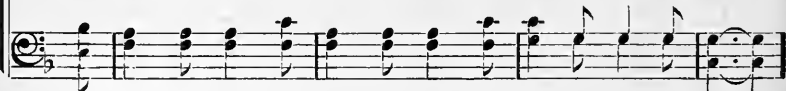
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glory now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af-fords Is un - to Je - sus giv'n;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
5. They suf - fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove;



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow!
The King of kings and Lord of lords—He reigns o'er earth and heav'n!
To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.
Their name, an ev - ev - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
Their ev - er - last - ing joy to know The myst'-ry of His love.



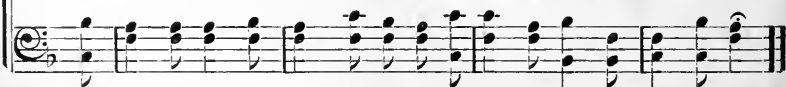
CHORRS.



He's King of kings, Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! He's Lord of lords, Oh, praise His name!



The Lamb of God, who brought salvation, Endured the cross with all its shame.

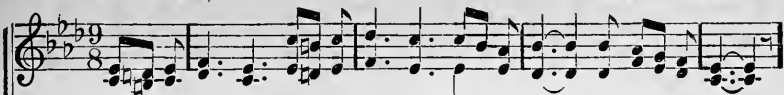


No. 97.

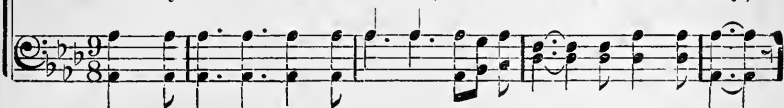
LOVE OF GOD.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

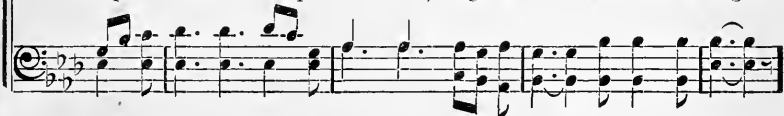
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I have sinned, O God, my Sav-ior, Sinned in tho't, and word, and deed,
2. Bows my soul in deep-est sad-ness, Tears of sor - row fill my eyes;
3. Par - don! Oh, the bless-ed treasure! Par-don full, and par-don free!
4. Ho - ly Love! Di-vine E - mo-tion, Broad-er than the broad-est sky;



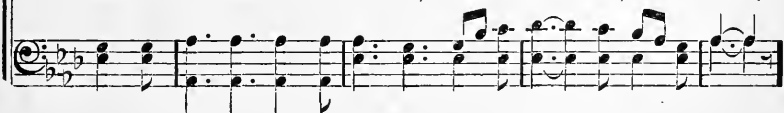
Long despised Thy highest fa - vor, And Thy calls re-fused to heed.
 What can turn my grief to glad-ness? "Come to me," the Lord re - plies.
 Love di-vine, be - yond all measure, Comes and sweetly speaks to me.
 Deep - er than the deep-est o - cean, High - er than the heavens high.



CHORUS.



Pre-cious Je - sus came to save us, Friend of sin - ners, Je - sus came;



Freely came to ful - ly save us, Bless-ed be His ho - ly name.



CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

ASA HULL.

1. O sol-dier brave, in strength a - rise, E - quip with sword and shield;
 2. A - bove the noise and din of strife, Thy Lead-er's voice rings out;
 3. Go for-ward! not in hu - man strength, But in Je - ho-vah's might;

The trump-et-blast rings thro' the skies, And calls thee to the field!
 While ans-w'ring mil-lions of the foe, In their de - ris-ion shout,—
 For who thus goes shall put, at length, A thou-sand foes to fight!

The hosts of sin and wrong. In phal-anx deep and strong,
 To arms with - out de - lay! In strength di - vine, a - way!
 Guard well each se - cret place; With cau - tion run the race;

Con-tend to sway the world to - day, That should to Christ be - long!
 Up! meet the foe, give blow for blow, And you shall win the day.
 In Je - sus find your strength of mind, And full sus-tain-ing grace.

D.S. A - rise, a - way! the call o - bey! The Lord hath need of thee.

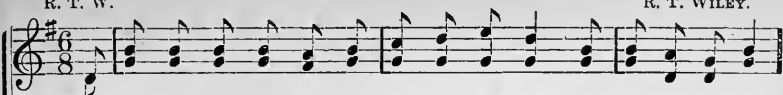
CHORUS.

D. S.

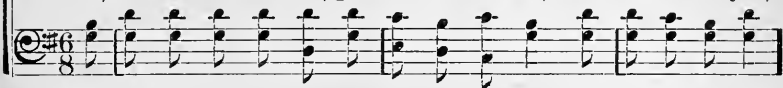
Strong in the Lord ... of hosts, Press on to vic - to - ry;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,

R. T. W.

R. T. WILEY.



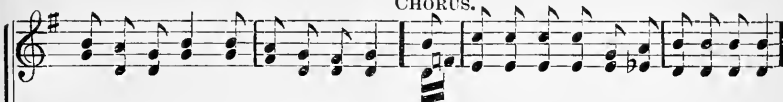
1. The Sav-ior de-scend-ed from glo - ry a - bove, De-scend-ed for you,
2. He bore all the sor-row, the grief and the shame, He bore it for you,
3. He suf-fered on Cal - va - ry, shrouded in gloom, He suffered for you,
4. Oh, come to this Sav-ior, give heed to the call; His "come" is for you,



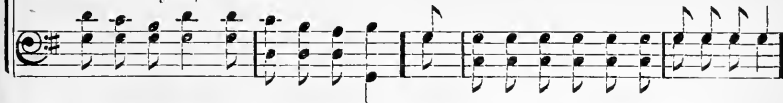
de-scend-ed for me, To save a lost world in His won-der-ful love, Poor
He bore it for me; In pa-tience en-dur-ing, tho' all without blame, For
He suffered for me; He died, and His bod - y was laid in the tomb, For
praise God 'tis for me; With Him is sal - va-tion and par-don for all, For



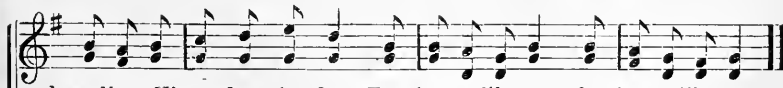
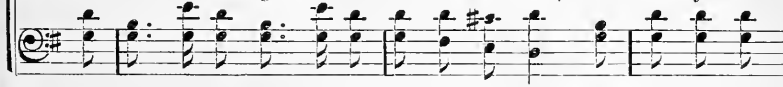
CHORUS.



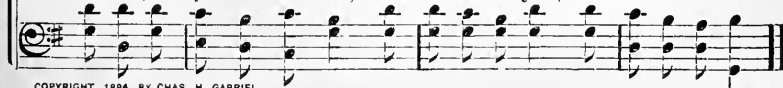
sinners like you, poor sinners like me.
sinners like you, for sinners like me.
sinners like you, for sinners like me. } All honor and glory be unto His name,
sinners like you, for sinners like me.



Our Je - sus, whose goodness is ev - er the same; His mer-cy is



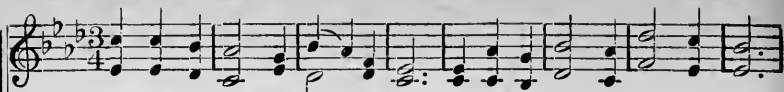
boundless, His pardon is free, For sinners like you, for sinners like me.



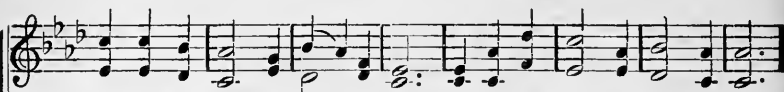
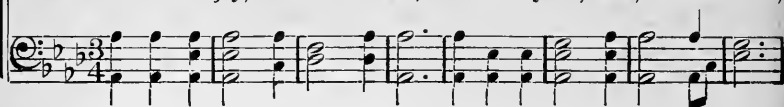
No. 100. COME, POWER OF GOD.

Rev. Dr. E. H. STOKES.

WM. G. FISCHER.



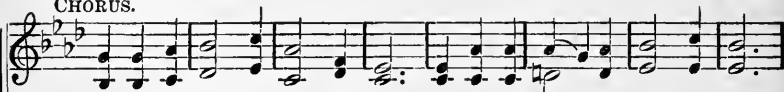
1. Come, pow'r of God, come pow'r divine; Come to this throbbing heart of mine;
2. Come, for I need Thee, need Thee now; Come soothe my heart, and bathe my brow;
3. Noth-ing I crave on earth but Thee, Nothing; O give Thyself to me;
4. It is not joy, so much I crave, But 'tis Thyself; Lord, come and save,



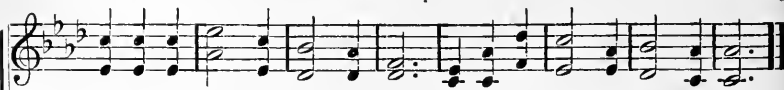
Come, still my spir - it, come to me; Come, pow'r of God, bring lib-er - ty.
Come, O Thou bless-ed Lord di-vine, And lift this sink-ing heart of mine.
I can-not live, I dare not die Without the fa - vor of Thine eye.
Oh, save me ful - ly, save me now; Come cleanse my heart, and seal my brow.



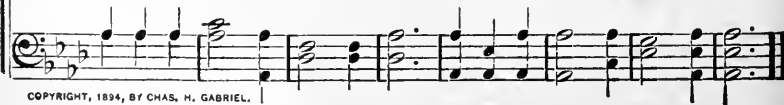
CHORUS.



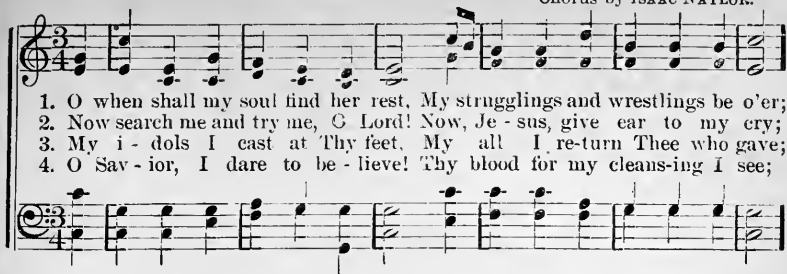
Come, pow'r of God, consume my sin; Oh, come and make me pure with-in;



Come, Spirit, come, O come to me; Bring life, and pow'r, and vic-to - ry.



Chorus by ISAAC NAYLOR.

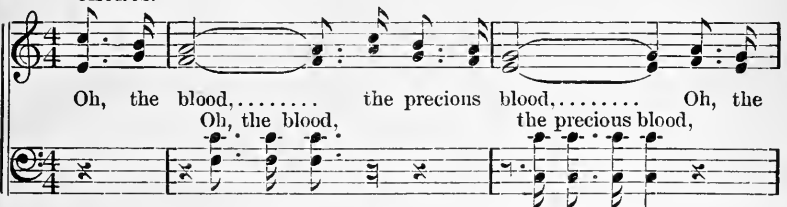


1. O when shall my soul find her rest, My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er;
 2. Now search me and try me, O Lord! Now, Je - sus, give ear to my cry;
 3. My i - dols I cast at Thy feet, My all I re - turn Thee who gave;
 4. O Sav - ior, I dare to be - lieve! Thy blood for my cleans - ing I see;

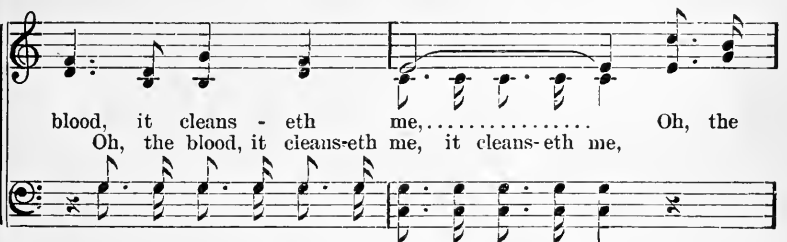


My heart by my Sav - ior possessed, By fear - ing and sin - ning no more?
 See! help - less I cling to Thy word, My soul to my Sav - ior draws nigh!
 This mo - ment the work is com - plete, For Thou art al - might - y to save.
 And, ask - ing in faith, I re - ceive Sal - va - tion full, pres - ent and free!

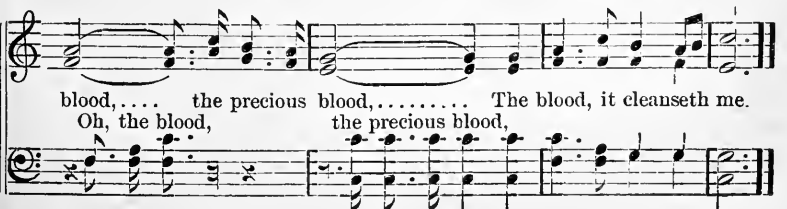
CHORUS.



Oh, the blood,..... the precious blood,..... Oh, the
 Oh, the blood, the precious blood,



blood, it cleans - eth me,..... Oh, the
 Oh, the blood, it cleans - eth me, it cleans - eth me,



blood,.... the precious blood,..... The blood, it cleanseth me.
 Oh, the blood, the precious blood,

PAUL GERHARDT.

Arr. with additional melody, by C. H. G.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornful
2. What languages shall I borrow, To thank Thee, dear-est Friend, For this, Thy

ly surrounded With thorns Thy on-ly crown; O sacred Head, what
dy-ing sor-row Thy pit - y with-out end? O make me Thine for-

glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine; Yet tho' dispised and go - ry,
ev - er; And should I fainting be, Lord, let me nev-er, nev-er,

Rit.
I joy to call Thee mine, What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was
Out-live my love to Thee, Be near me when I'm dy-ing; O

all for sin-ners' gain: Mine, mine was the transgression, But
show Thy cross to me; And for my res - cue fly - ing,

O Sacred Head.

Thine the dead - ly pain; Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I resume Thy
Come, Lord and set me free, These eyes, new faith receiving From Jesus shall not

place; Look, on me with Thy fav-or, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
move, For he who dies be - liev-ing, Dies safe - ly thro' Thy love.

Sing after 2d stanza only, then D. S. al Fine.

O show Thy cross to me. Come, Lord, and set me free!
O show Thy cross to me, Come, Lord, and set me free!

No. 103.

LITTLE STARS.

REV. WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

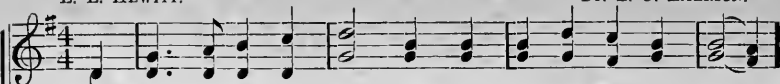
1. Lit-tle stars can sweet-ly twink-le, Lit-tle flow-ers gai - ly bloom;
2. Lit-tle eyes can brightly spark-le, Lit-tle feet can quickly walk;
3. Lit-tle girls can fol-low Je - sus, Lit-tle boys can have His mind;

Lit-tle drops can fill the o - cean, Lit-tle blossoms shed per-fume.
Lit-tle hands can be quite helpful, Lit-tle tongues can sing and talk.
Lit-tle hearts can love their Sav ior, Lit-tle souls be true and kind.

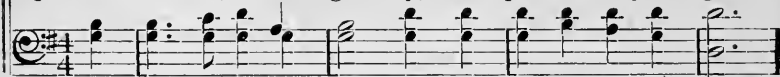

No. 104. PRESS ONWARD, HEIRS OF GLORY.

E. E. HEWITT.



Dr. L. O. EMERSON.




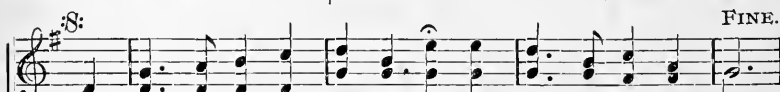
1. Press on-ward, heirs of glo - ry! What tho' the way be steep!
 2. True fel - low-ship in Je - sus, Have they who love his name;
 3. Press on-ward, heirs of glo - ry, His pal - ace is your goal;


Your Fa - ther's ev - er - last - ing arms Will sure - ly save and keep;
 They sing His all - a - bound - ing grace, His might - y love pro - claim.
 Let songs of joy and shouts of praise Re - vive the drooping soul.

An - gel - ic guards sur - round you, Sweet voic - es urge you on;
 To - geth - er let us fol - low His foot - steps left be - low;
 The gold - en bells of E - den, In chimes of glad - ness ring;


In nev - er fail - ing ar - mor clad, The vic - t'ry will be won.
 His gen - tle smile, His word of cheer, Will keep the heart a - glow.
 Press on - ward 'till in robes of white You stand be - fore the King.




D. S.—Wide o - pen stands the gold - en gate To let the vic - tors in!

CHORUS.

D. S.



Press on - ward, press on - ward, Strong in the fight with sin!
 Press on - ward, press on - ward,



No. 105.

WE ARE MARCHING.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. We're a band of hap - py chil - dren, And our Lead - er true and bold,
 2. Marching on - ward, ev - er on - ward, To the land of light a - far,
 3. Tho' we're lit - tle, we are val - iant, We o - bey our Cap - tain's call,

Yes, our Lead - er true and bold, Is the Prince of that fair coun - try
 To the land of light a - far; To the fair and glorious cit - y
 We o - bey our Cap - tain's call; And we'll halt not in our marching

CHORUS.

Just be - yond the gates of gold. We are marching, for - ward, forward march - ing,
 Just be - yond the gates a - jar.
 Till the reb - el standards fall.

With our ban - ner bright, our ban - ner bright un - furled: We are fol - low - ing,

fol - low - ing, fol - low - ing our Leader On to save a dy - ing world.

No. 106. THE MEETING IN THE AIR.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you heard of the ap-point-ment for a meet-ing in the air?
2. You have heard on earth sweet singing, but no sing-ing such as here;
3. On the res - ur - rec - tion morning this great meet-ing will take place;

Some of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion are ex - spect - ed to be there.
You have heard vic - to - rious shouting, but no shouts so loud and clear;
And the King whose name is Je - sus, will per - fect His wondrous grace;

In the gar - ments of sal - va - tion, young and old will be arrayed, —
For they all are made im - mor - tal, who a - round the Sav - ior stand;
He will bid His ho - ly an - gels go and gath - er all His own;

D.S.—Yes, we've had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have promised to be there,

FINE.

Made from heav-en's roy - al pat - tern, and the robes will nev - er fade.
They have left the gloom - y por - tals for the prom - ised bet - ter land.
And in these, His roy - al chariots, they will mount up to the throne.

And with bounding hearts are waiting for the meet-ing in the air.

CHORUS.

We have had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have promised to be there,

The Meeting in the Air.

D.S.

And with bounding hearts are waiting for the meet ing in the air;

No. 107.

NEARER HOME.

PHOEBE CAREY.

H. A. HENRY.

Slowly.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. Near-er my Fa - ther's house Where ma - ny man-sions be;
 3. Near-er the bound where we Must lay our bur - dens down;
 4. Oh! if my mor - tal feet Have al - most gained the brink,
 5. Fa - ther! per - feet my trust, That I may rest, in death,

I'm near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.
 Then I am near - er home To - day, than e'en I think.
 On Christ my Lord, a - lone, And thus re - sign my breath.

CHORUS.

I'm near - er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my heav'nly home,

I'm near - er my heav'nly home to-day Than ev-er I've been be - fore.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
 2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
 3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome
 4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly

spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
 wide; A place of hon - or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
 thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To - mor - row may nev - er be.
 strife; Come, feast upon the love of God, And drink ev - er - last - ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . the in - vi - ta - tion, Come, "who - - so - ev - er
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,

will;" Praise God for full sal -
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For

va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er - will."
 "who - so - ev - er will."

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

1. If you have lost in the bat-tle of life, Do you
 2. Let go your sin and the Sav - ior own, If you
 3. From sin and fear you will then be freed, When you
 4. A robe and crown, and a vic - tor's palm, When you

want the vic - to - ry? If sin has you un - der in the strife,
 want the vic - to - ry? The en - e - my will be o-ver-thrown,
 get the vic - to - ry; The Lord will sup-ly your ev - 'ry need,
 get the vic - to - ry; And af - ter the storm a peaceful calm,—

CHORUS.

Do you want the vic - to - ry? The vic - to - ry! the
 And you'll get the vic - to - ry!
 When you get the vic - to - ry.
 When you get the vic - to - ry.


vic - to - ry! Do you want the vic - to - ry? Just look to the

Lord, and trust His word, And you'll get the vic - to - ry.

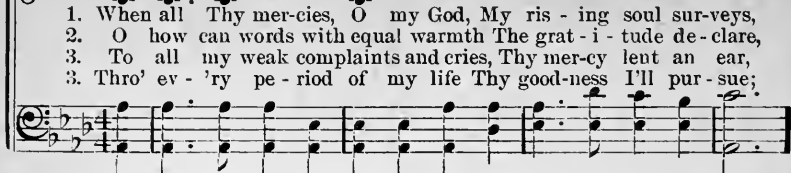

No. 110. THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.

J. ADDISON.

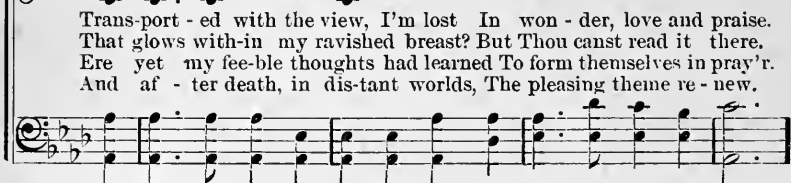
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
 2. O how can words with equal warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,
 3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,
 3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur-sue;

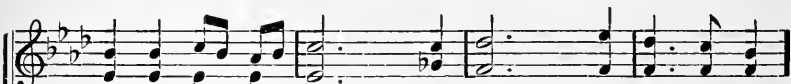
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
 That glows with-in my ravished breast? But Thou canst read it there.
 Ere yet my fee-ble thoughts had learned To form themselves in pray'r.
 And af - ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleasing theme re - new.



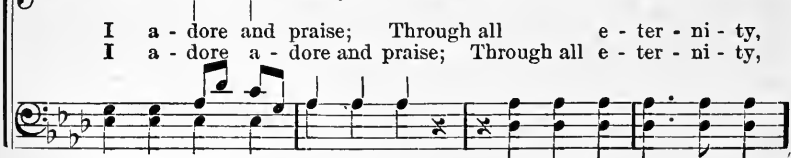
CHORUS.



Through all e - ter - ni - ty, through all e - ter - ni - ty Will
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Through all e - ter - ni - ty Will

I a - dore and praise; Through all e - ter - ni - ty,
 I a - dore a - dore and praise; Through all e - ter - ni - ty,



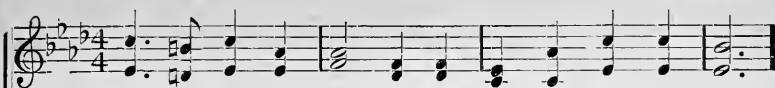

Through all e - ter - ni - ty, A joy - ful song I'll raise.
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty,



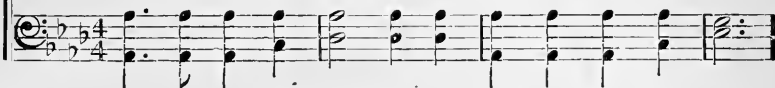
No. 111. ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

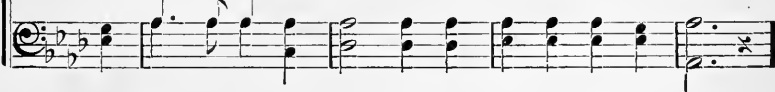
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. All the world for Je - sus! Be this our ear - nest aim:
2. All the world for Je - sus! Let each one pray and give,
3. All the world for Je - sus! We'll give, at His be - hest,
4. All the world for Je - sus! And Je - sus for the world!



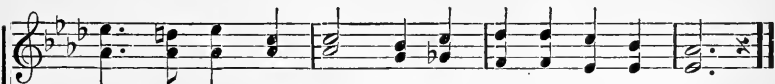
To spread the bless-ed ti - dings Of Him who once was slain.
Un - til re-mot-est na-tions Shall look to Him and live.
To raise the poor and help-less, Till all have Christ confessed.
For - ev - er be His ban - ner Of vic - to - ry un-furled.



CHORUS.



All the world for Je - sus, Let ev - 'ry crea-ture sing;

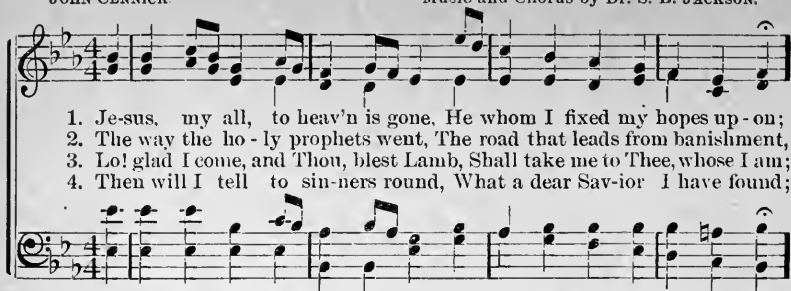


All the world for Je - sus, Our great e - ter - nal King.

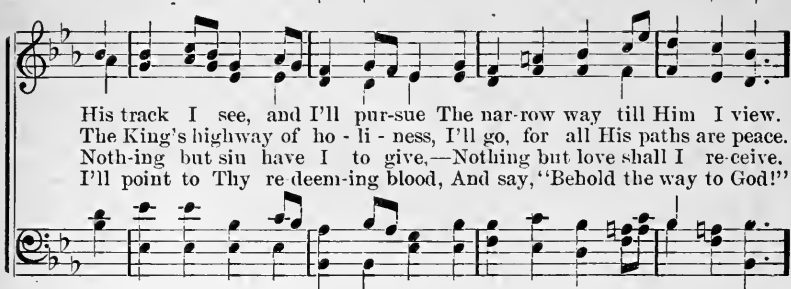


JOHN CENNICK

Music and Chorus by Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

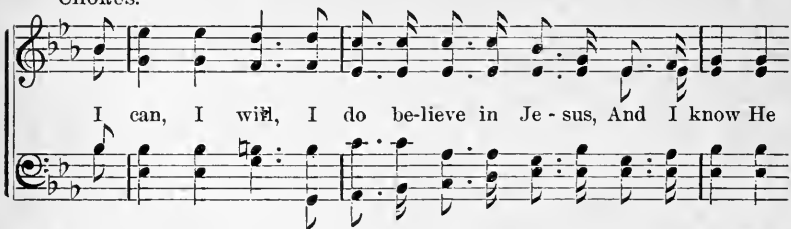


1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on;
 2. The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,
 3. Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb, Shall take me to Thee, whose I am;
 4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, What a dear Sav-ior I have found;

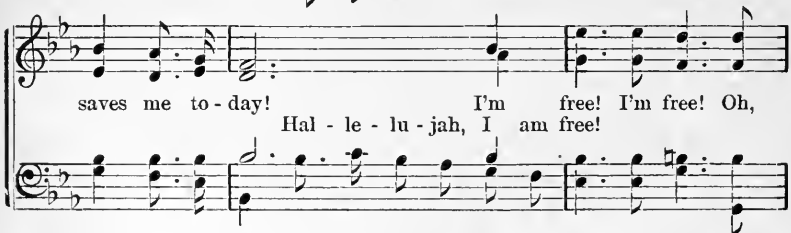


His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till Him I view.
 The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
 Noth-ing but sin have I to give,—Nothing but love shall I re-ceive.
 I'll point to Thy re-deem-ing blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"

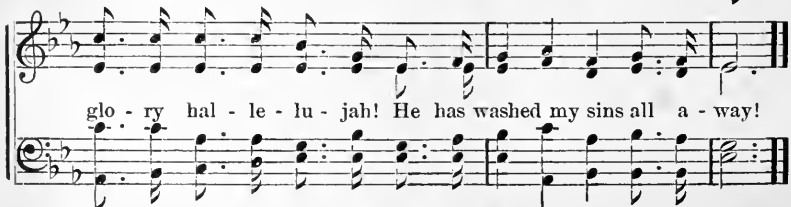
CHORUS.



I can, I will, I do be-lieve in Je-sus, And I know He



saves me to-day! I'm free! I'm free! Oh,
 Hal-le-lu-jah, I am free!

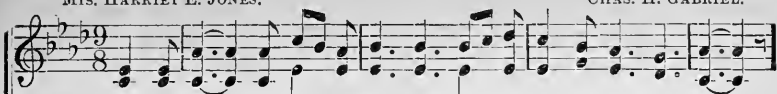


glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! He has washed my sins all a-way!

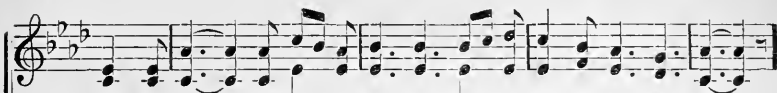
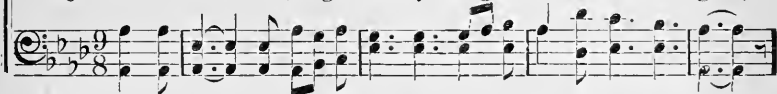
No. 113. SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

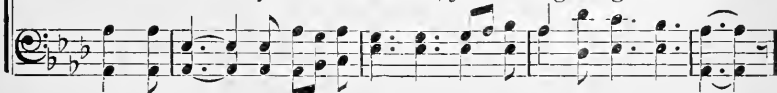
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Sing, O sing the dear old sto - ry Of our Savior's matchless love;
2. Sing of love to you so precious, Tell, in song, how Jesus died;
3. Ye redeem'd ones, sing the story! Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain;



Sing of Je - sus and His glo - ry With the ransom'd host a - bove.
Let sweet mu - sic draw the millions To the dear Redeemer's side.
Un - till ev - 'ry tribe and nation, Join to sing the glad re - frain.



CHORUS:



Sing, O sing . . . the love of Je - sus, — Sound His
Sing, O sing the love, the love of Je - sus,



prais - - es, far and near, . . . Sing the won - drous sto - ry
Sound His prais-es, prais-es far and near, Sing the wondrous sto - ry



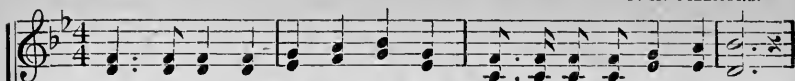
o - ver; 'Till the whole . . . wide world shall hear.
o - ver; 'Till the whole wide world shall hear.




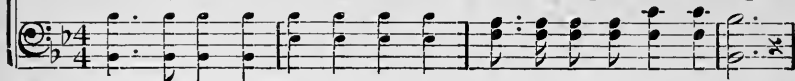
No. 114. WHERE THE SHEPHERD LEADS I'LL GO.

A. P. COBB.


J. H. FILLMORE.



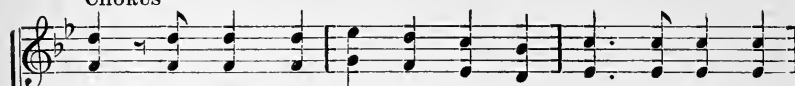
1. Tho' the meadows green, in-vit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
2. See! the gen-tle Shepherd leading; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!





Tho' the shadows dark, ex-cit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Hark! His voice in mer-cy pleading; Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!
Tho' the mountain side be drear-y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go!





CHORUS




Hark! His voice is gen-tly call-ing: On my ear its



strains are fall-ing; Tho' the gloom may be ap-pall-ing,



Where the Shepherd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.



No. 115. JESUS IS PASSING BY.

Miss BIRDIE BELL.

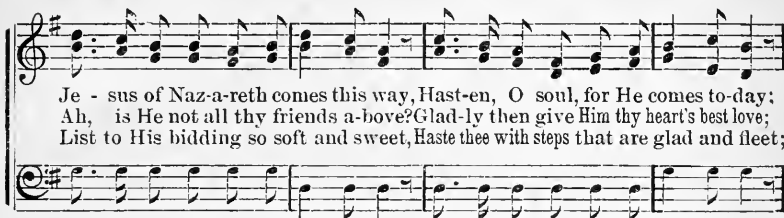
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



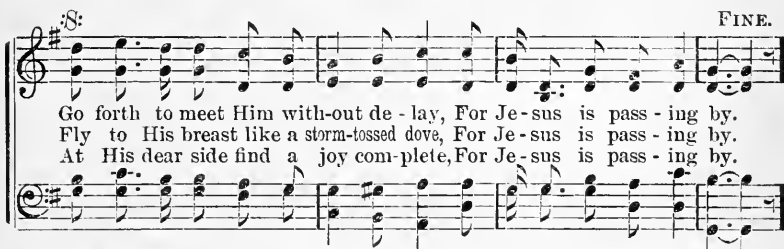
1. Je - sus is pass-ing this way, my friend, Pass-ing by, pass - ing by!
 2. Je - sus is pass-ing this ver - y day, Pass-ing by, pass - ing by!
 3. Je - sus is pass-ing—He calls for thee, Pass-ing by, pass - ing by!



Oh, wilt thou not to the cry at - tend? Je-sus is pass - ing by!
 Hast - en thy heart at His feet to lay—Je-sus is pass - ing by!
 Call-eth, "my child, wilt thou come to me?"—Je-sus is pass - ing by!



Je - sus of Naz-a-reth comes this way, Hast-en, O soul, for He comes to-day;
 Ah, is He not all thy friends a - bove? Glad-ly then give Him thy heart's best love;
 List to His bidding so soft and sweet, Haste thee with steps that are glad and fleet;




Go forth to meet Him with-out de - lay, For Je-sus is pass - ing by.
 Fly to His breast like a storm-tossed dove, For Je-sus is pass - ing by.
 At His dear side find a joy com-plete, For Je-sus is pass - ing by.

D.S. Go forth to meet Him with-out de - lay, For Je-sus is pass - ing by.

CHORUS.

D.S.



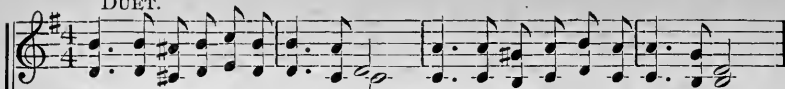
Je - - - sus is pass-ing by, Je - - - sus is pass-ing by:
 Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing by, Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing by:

No. 116. THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

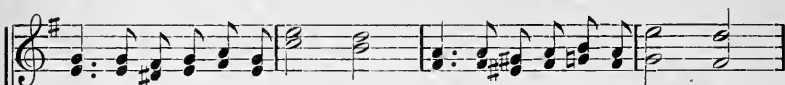
H. H. B.

H. H. BOOTH, Arranged.

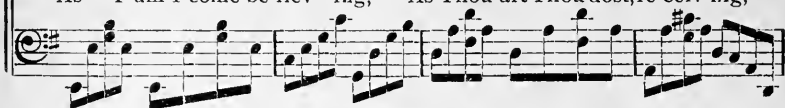
DUET.



1. Savior, hear me, while before Thy feet I the rec-ord of my sins re-peat;
2. Back with all the guilt my spir-it bears, Past the haunting memories of years,
3. Yet why should I fear; hast Thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?
4. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim, O-ver ev'ry promise write my name:



Stained with guilt, myself ab-hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour-ing,
Self and shame and fear de-spis - ing, Foes and taunting fiends sur-pris-ing,
To that heart its sins con-fess-ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come be liev - ing; As Thou art Thou dost, re-ceive-ing,



Canst Thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?
Sav-ior, to Thy cross I press my way, And a broken heart before it lay;
By the love and pity Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me atone,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave.



Raise my sinking heart and bid me be Thy child once more!
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say, "It shall be thine!"
Bold - ly will I kneel be-fore Thy throne, A plead-ing soul.
Charging me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin - bound souls.



The Penitent's Plea.

CHORUS.

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay; Blood to wash my ev'ry
 Grace there is my debt, my ev-'ry debt to pay; Blood to wash my sin, my
 sin a-way; Pow'r to keep sinless day by day, For me, for me.
 ev-'ry sin a-way; Pow'r to keep me sin-less

No. 117. CHRIST IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

1. My soul is now u-nit-ed To Christ, the Liv-ing Vine; His
 2. Soon as my all I ven-tured On the a-ton-ing blood, His
 3. Still Christ is my sal-va-tion, What can I cov-et more? I
 4. I taste a heav'nly pleas-ure, And need not fear a frown; Christ

CHORUS.

grace I long have slighted, But now I feel Him mine.
 Ho-ly Spir-it en-tered, And I was born of God. { Christ is
 fear no con-dem-na-tion, My Fa-ther's wrath is o'er { And His
 is my joy and treas-ure, My glo-ry and my crown.
 all the world to me, } And before I'd leave my Sav-ior, I'd lay me down and die.
 glo-ry I shall see.

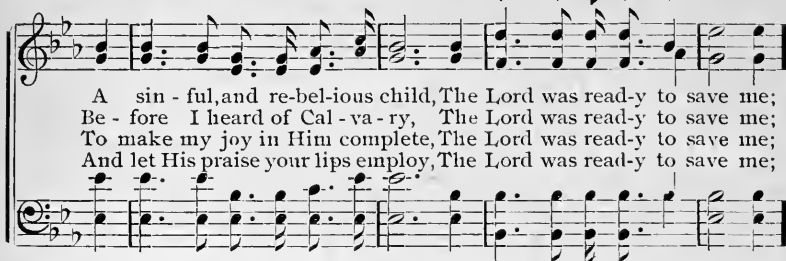
No. 118. THE LORD WAS READY TO SAVE ME.

ADA BLENKHORN.

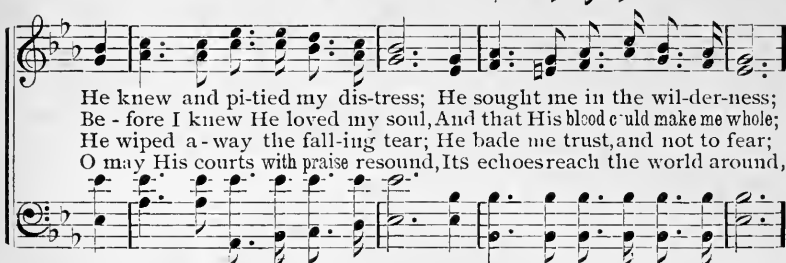
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



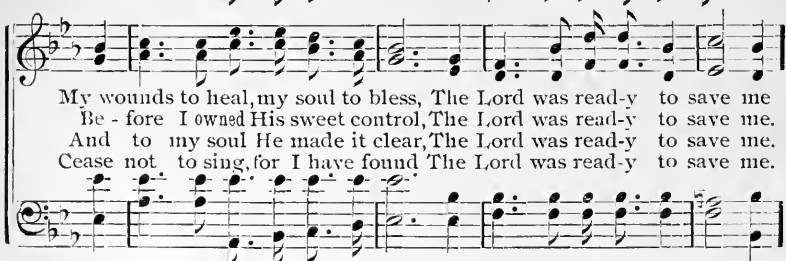
1. When lost up-on the des-ert wild, The Lord was read-y to save me;
 2. Be - fore I knew He died for me, The Lord was read-y to save me;
 3. And when I knelt be-fore His feet, The Lord was read-y to save me;
 4. Come, sing with me my song of joy, The Lord was read-y to save me;



A sin - ful, and re-bel-i-ous child, The Lord was read-y to save me;
 Be - fore I heard of Cal - va - ry, The Lord was read-y to save me;
 To make my joy in Him complete, The Lord was read-y to save me;
 And let His praise your lips employ, The Lord was read-y to save me;



He knew and pi-tied my dis-tress; He sought me in the wil-der-ness;
 Be - fore I knew He loved my soul, And that His blood c-uld make me whole;
 He wiped a-way the fall-ing tear; He bade me trust, and not to fear;
 O may His courts with praise resound, Its echoes reach the world around,



My wounds to heal, my soul to bless, The Lord was read-y to save me
 Be - fore I owned His sweet control, The Lord was read-y to save me.
 And to my soul He made it clear, The Lord was read-y to save me.
 Cease not to sing, for I have found The Lord was read-y to save me.

CHORUS.



The Lord was read-y to save me! The Lord was read-y to save me!

The Lord was Ready to Save Me.



O sing sal-va-tion's sweetest song,—The Lord was read-y to save me.

No. 119. PRAISE HIS NAME.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

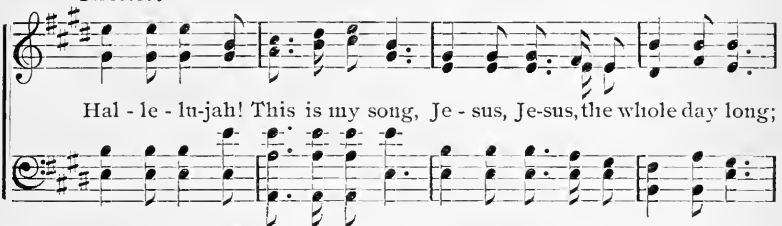


1. All the way my Lord is leading me; Praise His name, praise His name!
2. When I faint, His grace upholdeth me; Praise His name, praise His name!
3. Cares of life have o - ver-stak-en me; Praise His name, praise His name!

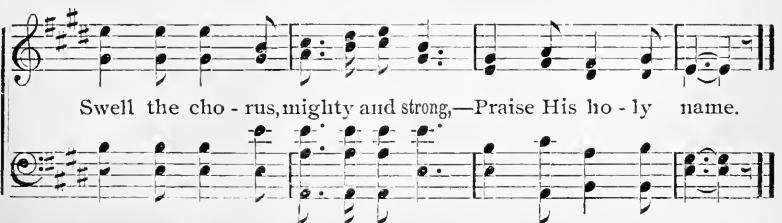


With His heav-'nly man-na feed-ing me; Praise His ho - ly name.
 When I fear, His arms en-fold-eth me; Praise His ho - ly name.
 Yet He nev - er has for - sa-ken me; Praise His ho - ly name.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu-jah! This is my song, Je - sus, Je-sus, the whole day long;

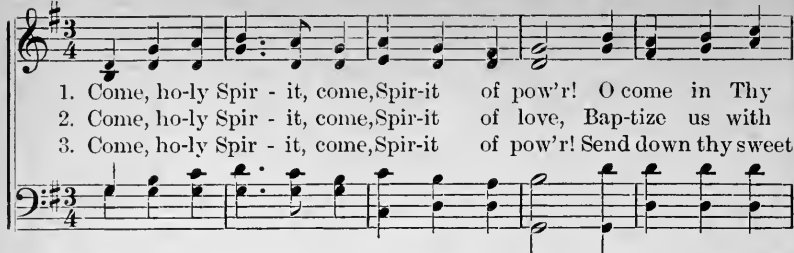


Swell the cho - rus, mighty and strong,—Praise His ho - ly name.

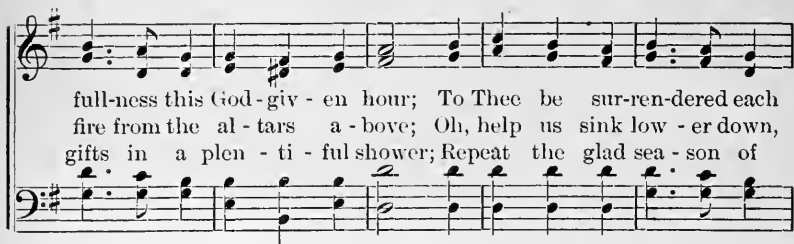
No. 120. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

E. E. HEWITT.

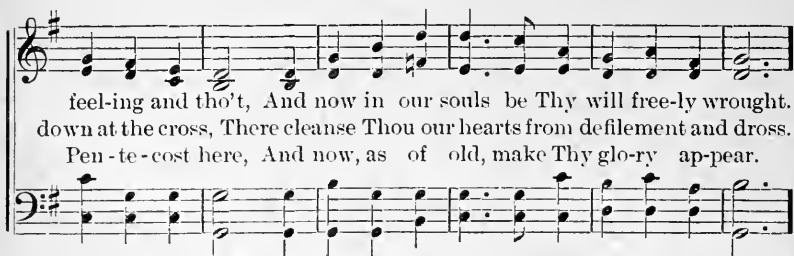
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, ho-ly Spir - it, come, Spir-it of pow'r! O come in Thy
 2. Come, ho-ly Spir - it, come, Spir-it of love, Bap-tize us with
 3. Come, ho-ly Spir - it, come, Spir-it of pow'r! Send down thy sweet

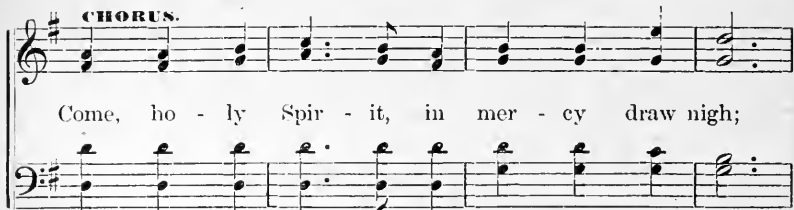


full-ness this God-giv - en hour; To Thee be sur-ren-dered each
 fire from the al - tars a - bove; Oh, help us sink low - er down,
 gifts in a plen - ti - ful shower; Repeat the glad sea - son of



feel-ing and tho't, And now in our souls be Thy will free-ly wrought.
 down at the cross, There cleanse Thou our hearts from defilement and dross.
 Pen-te-cost here, And now, as of old, make Thy glo-ry ap-pear.

CHORUS.



Come, ho - ly Spir - it, in mer - cy draw nigh;



Come, and en - due us with pow'r from on high.

No. 121. SAVIOR, GO WITH ME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. As Thou once the host pre - ced-ed, Sav - ior, go with me! Guid-ing,
2. In this world I'm but a stranger, Sav - ior, go with me! Thro' its
3. Thou who art of life the giv - er, Sav - ior, go with me! When I'm

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of the following notes: C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), and C5 (quarter). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

when a guide they needed, Sav-ior, go with me! As with pillar Thou didst
dark-ness and its dan - ger, Sav-ior, go with me! Guide me, O my Sav-ior,
called to cross death's riv-er, Sav-ior, go with me! When these earth-ly ties

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef. The melody is written in the top staff, and the bass line is in the bottom staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff has a bass clef. The melody is written in the top staff, and the bass line is in the bottom staff. The music is in 4/4 time.

lead them,Thro' the rag-ing bil-lows led them,Dai-ly on Thy mau-na
guide me! And when e - vil doth be - tide me, In Thine own pa - vil-ion
are riv - en,Thou best friend to mortals giv'n,Thro' the shining gates of

[illegible]

CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Song of the Lark' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation includes a repeat sign at the end of the first measure and a final double bar line at the end of the system.

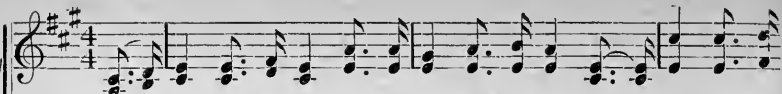
fed them, Sav-ior, go with me. Sav-ior go with me, All the way with me!
hide me, Sav-ior, go with me.
heav-en, Sav-ior, go with me,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and a half note, followed by a measure with a quarter rest and a half note. The system concludes with a double bar line.

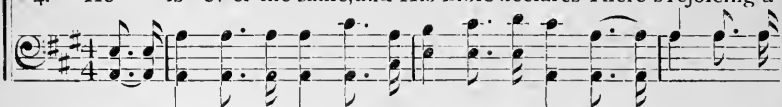
With Thy presence lead me, For so much I need Thee, Sav-ior, go with me.

H. HARDIE.

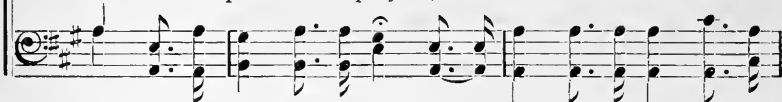
M. L. MCPHAIL.



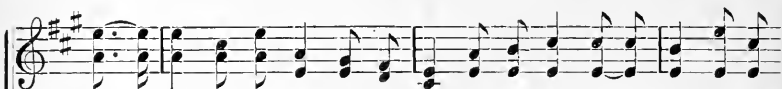
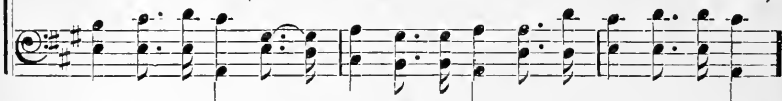
1. There was nothing within me that, just-ly, I might Give as rea-son why
2. I would not at-tend, tho' so oft-en He cried—"Son, look at my
3. He bore with me long, and He followed me far O'er the way where al-
4. He is ev-er the same, and His Bible declares There's rejoicing a-



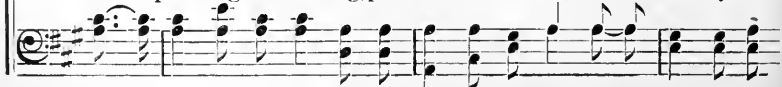
Je-sus should wash my soul white, I had mock'd at His mer-cy so hands, and the wound in my side! Oh, think of the love that could lure-ments and lusts ev-er are; He brought me to pray, and He bove o-ver pen-i-tent's prayers; That sins red as scar-let can



oft-en be-fore, He might have for-sa-ken my soul ev-er-more; bring thy Lord down To buf-fet-ing, hate, and a brow-piercing crown; led me to think, With my feet slipping fast o'er the ter-ri-ble brink be white as snow, If o'er them the blood of the Sav-ior but flow;



But still in His won-der-ful mer-cy so free, He had room in His "I bore all that anguish to set thy soul free!" But Christ's love and To destruction and death, and He turn'd me about; Then I came, and He He is pleading and calling, poor sinner, for thee, He'll not turn you a-



He Calleth for Thee.

rit.

heart for a sin-ner like me; But still in his won-der-ful
mer-cy were nothing to me; "I bore all that an-guish to
nev-er has since cast me out; From destruction and death Je-sus
way since He saved one like me; He is plead-ing and call-ing, poor

mer-cy so free, He has room in His heart for a sin-ner like me.
set thy soul free!" But Christ's love and mercy were nothing to me.
turned me a-bout, Then I came, and He nev-er has since cast me out.
sin-ner, for thee, He'll not turn you away, since He saved one like me.

No. 123. DEATH AND ETERNITY.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Coming with the morn-ing light, Coming when the day is bright,
2. Coming to the young and proud, Coming to the gray head bowed,
3. Coming with un-hin-dered sway, Coming ev-'ry fleet-ing day.
4. Coming to the sin-ful one, Coming when our life is done,

p *Slow ad lib.* *Echo.*

Coming in the si-lent night, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with a snow white shroud, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with the shadows gray, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Gath'ring to the judgment throne, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O hear the chime of gospel bells, sweet gos-pel bells; O hear the chime
 2. Loud ring the bells in ev'ry clime, sweet gos-pel bells; Loud ring the bells
 3. O gos-pel bells, ring loud, ring long, sweet gos-pel bells; O gos-pel bells,

of gospel bells, sweet gospel bells; How sweet their joyous cadence swells
 in ev'ry clime, sweet gospel bells; What ho - ly mu - sic in their chime!
 ring loud, ring long, sweet gospel bells; "Haste, sin-ner, from the passing throng!

Up - on the ear; O sin-ner, hear: "Stay not a-way, but come to-day,
 Their heav'nly message they repeat: "Sal-va-tion's free, for you. for me,
 Heed well to-day, heed what we say: The Sav-ior call - eth you to-day,

O come and pray, come, kneel and pray!" O gos - pel bells,
 O sin-ner, free for you, for me!"
 Stay not a-way, so far a - way!" O gos-pel bells,

sweet gospel bells, Chime on, sweet gos - pel bells.
 sweet gos-pel bells, sweet gospel bells.

No. 125.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And,
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre-cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so
 John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D.S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the

“make me your choice;” And I en - tered the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 an - chored my soul; The “Ha - ven of Rest” is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the “Ha - ven of Rest.”
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the “Ha - ven of Rest.”
 “Ha - ven of Rest,” And say, “my Be - lov - ed is mine.”

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

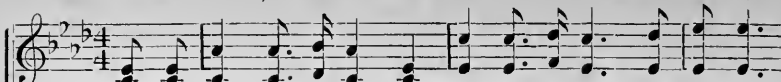
CHORUS.

D. S.


I've anchor'd my soul in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

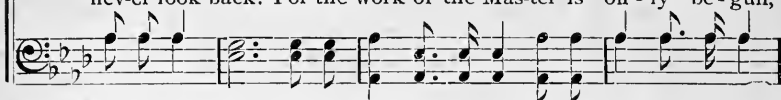
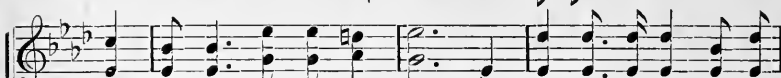
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



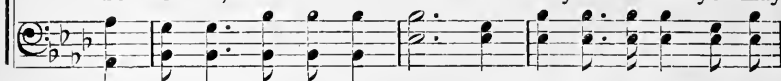
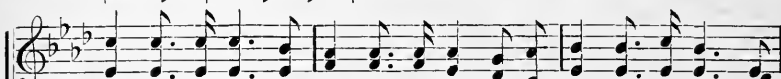
1. Put your hand to the plow and go straight a-head, But nev - er,
2. Put your hand to the plow, the goal is in sight,—But nev - er,
3. Put your hand to the plow, there's much to be done, But nev - er,



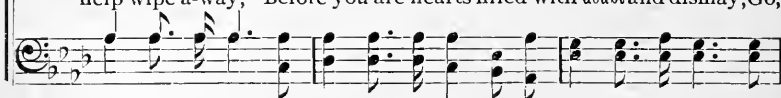

nev - er look back! For you can-not a-gain live the years that are fled,
 nev - er look back! You must trust in the Lord, and be true to the right,
 nev - er look back! For the work of the Mas - ter is on - ly be - gun,


So nev - er, nev - er look back. Be - fore you is work for the
 So nev - er, nev - er look back. Be - hind is the past, with its
 So nev - er, nev - er look back. Be - fore you are tears you may

Cru-ci-fied One, Before you is rest when your day's work is done; Be-
 sin and despair; Behind are the years, filled with sorrow and care; Be-
 help wipe a-way; Before you are hearts filled with doubt and dismay; Go,

fore you a crown, when the race you have run, So nev - er, nev - er look back.
 fore you is life in that country so fair, Then nev - er, nev - er look back.
 point them to Je - sus and help on the way, But nev - er, nev - er look back.



Never Look Back.

CHORUS.

Nev-er, . . . no, never look back! Nev-er, . . . no, never look back!
 Nev-er look back, no, nev-er look back! Nev-er look back, no, nev-er look back!

If a crown you would wear, There's a cross you must bear, So nev-er, nev-er look back!

No. 127. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }
 2. { For my par-don this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { For my cleansing, this my plea,— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er Fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY R. LOWRY. USED BY PER.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 128. I WILL TELL THE GLAD STORY.

Dr. S. FULLMORE BENNETT.

Geo. H. Crosby.

1. I was hungry and lame, And a beg-gar I came, And I asked but a
2. I was burdened with sin, And, redemption to win, I be-sought at the
3. I was sor-row-ing sore For the cross that I bore, And the tears that I
4. Like a bird on the wing, My glad spirit shall sing, And re-joice in the

mor-sel in Je-sus' dear name; Up-on Him I re-lied, And my
door that I might en-ter in; And the blood from the side Of my
shed bro't me sol-ace no more; But I found my re-lief In the
pres-ence of Je-sus, my King; Till the gates o-pen wide To the

wants were supplied, At His ta - ble I sat with a heart jus - ti - fied.
Sav - ior who died, Washed me clean of my sin and my err - or and pride.
joy of be - lief, And an anthem of praise still'd the voice of my grief.
home glo - ri - fied, And I sit at His feet to for - ev - er a - bide.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The notation includes various musical symbols such as stems, beams, and note heads.

REFRAIN.

I will tell the glad sto-ry a - gain and a - gain,
a - gain and a - gain,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, and a quarter note E5. The melody continues with a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, and a quarter note A5. The final measure of the system contains a quarter note B-flat5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The system ends with a double bar line.

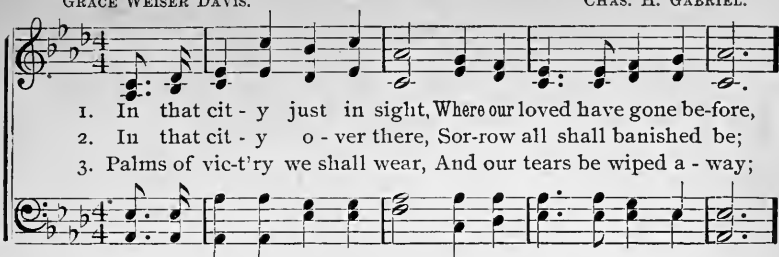
Un-to Him be the glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! A-men.

Un-to Him be the glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! A-men.

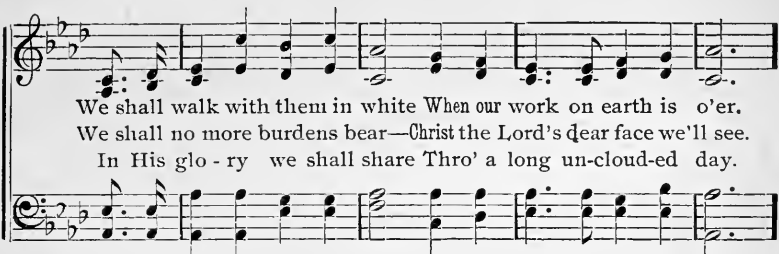
No. 129. IN THAT CITY OVER THERE.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In that cit - y just in sight, Where our loved have gone be - fore,
 2. In that cit - y o - ver there, Sor - row all shall banished be;
 3. Palms of vic - t'ry we shall wear, And our tears be wiped a - way;

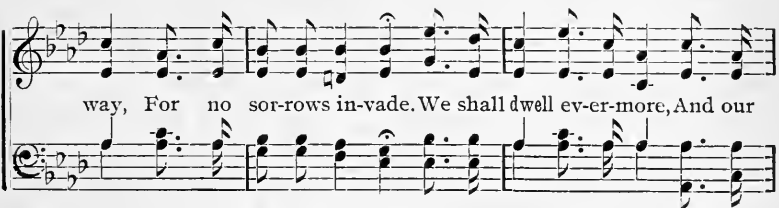


We shall walk with them in white When our work on earth is o'er.
 We shall no more burdens bear—Christ the Lord's dear face we'll see.
 In His glo - ry we shall share Thro' a long un - cloud - ed day.

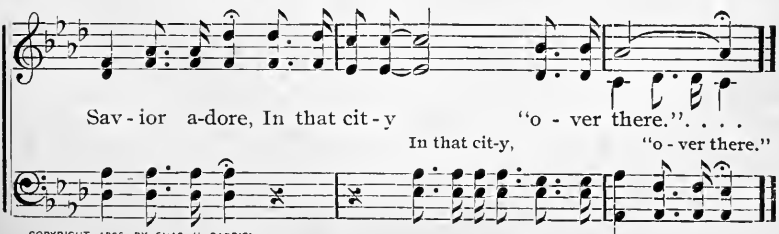
CHORUS.



There the day ne'er declines, And the leaves never fade; Tears are all wiped a -



way, For no sor - rows in - vade. We shall dwell ev - er - more, And our



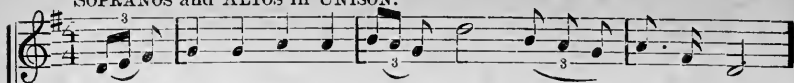
Sav - ior a - dore, In that cit - y "o - ver there." . . .
 In that cit - y, "o - ver there."

No. 130. MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOPRANOS and ALTOS in UNISON.



1. We are marching to a land a - bove, Beau-ti-ful land a - bove,
2. We are marching t'ward the cit - y fair; Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair,
3. We are marching to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God,



beau-ti-ful land a-bove; To a land where dwells e - ter-nal love,
 beau-ti-ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an-thems fill the air,
 beau-ti-ful home of God; And our guide-book is His ho - ly word,



BASSES and TENORS in UNISON.



The beau-ti-ful land a-bove.
 The beau-ti-ful cit - y fair.
 The beau-ti-ful word of God.

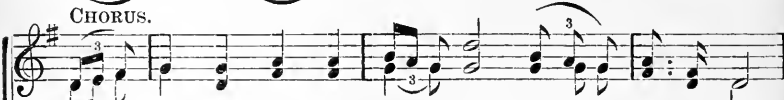
{ And we sing a glad triumphant song,
 { While our glorious Captain leads us on,



Marching along, marching along, marching along; marching a - long.



CHORUS.



We are march-ing to a land a-bove, Beau-ti-ful land a - bove,
 We are march-ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair,
 We are march-ing to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God,



Marching to the Land Above.

beau-ti - ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e -
 beau-ti - ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems
 beau-ti - ful home of God; And our guide - book is His

ter - nal love, Beau-ti - ful land a - bove, land a - bove.
 fill the air, Beau-ti - ful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.
 ho - ly word, Beau-ti - ful word of God, word of God.

No. 131. BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

CHAS. E. NEAL.

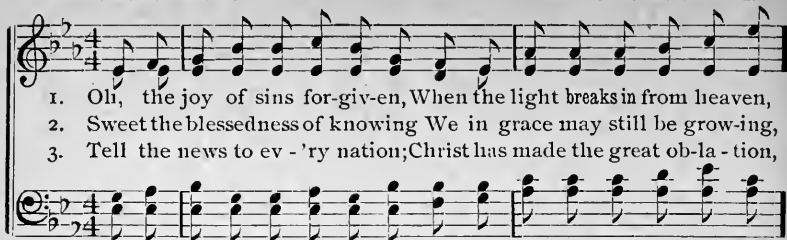
1. { We love to sing of Je - sus; He does so much, we know,
 { To make us good and hap-py, [Omit.]
 2. { We love to work for Je - sus, And ev - ry day to go
 { And do some lit - tle kind - ness, [Omit.]
 3. { We love to pray to Je - sus, From whom all bless-ings flow;
 { And well we know He hears us, [Omit.]

2 CHORUS.
 Because He loves us so. We'll love Him, we'll love Him, While in this
 world below: And then He'll take us home to heav'n, Because He loves us so.

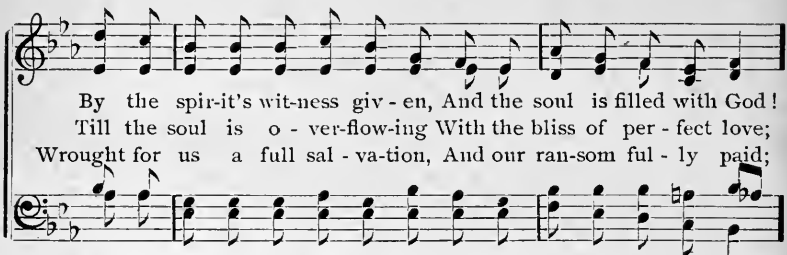
No. 132. KEEP THE HALLELUJAHS RINGING

Rev. H. B. BEEGLE.

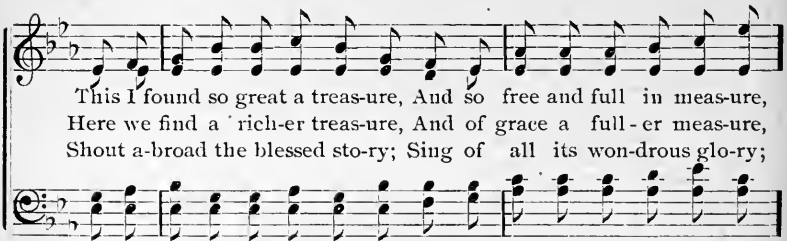
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



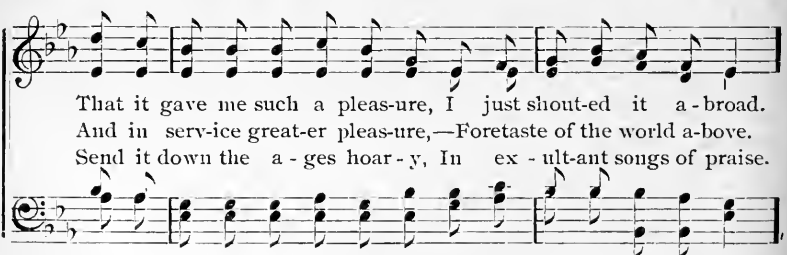
1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv-en, When the light breaks in from heaven,
2. Sweet the blessedness of knowing We in grace may still be grow-ing,
3. Tell the news to ev - 'ry nation; Christ has made the great ob-la - tion,



By the spir-it's wit-ness giv - en, And the soul is filled with God!
Till the soul is o - ver-flow-ing With the bliss of per - fect love;
Wrought for us a full sal - va-tion, And our ran-som ful - ly paid;

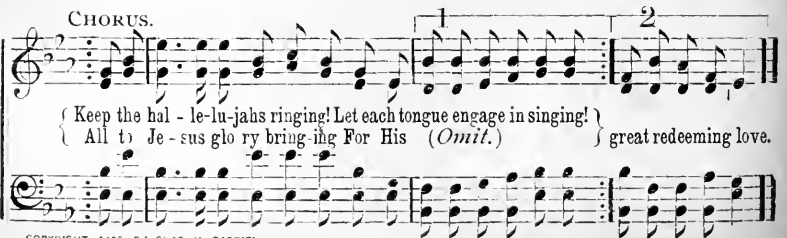


This I found so great a treas-ure, And so free and full in meas-ure,
Here we find a 'rich-er treas-ure, And of grace a full-er meas-ure,
Shout a-broad the blessed sto-ry; Sing of all its won-drous glo-ry;



That it gave me such a pleas-ure, I just shout-ed it a - broad.
And in serv-ice great-er pleas-ure,—Foretaste of the world a-bove.
Send it down the a - ges hoar - y, In ex - ult-ant songs of praise.

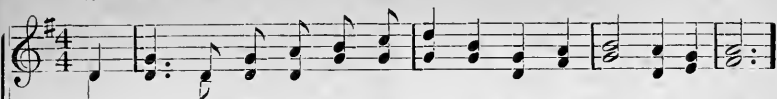
CHORUS.



{ Keep the hal - le-lu-jahs ringing! Let each tongue engage in singing! }
{ All to Je - sus glo - ry bring-ing For His (Omit.) } great redeeming love.

REV. G. M. KLEPPER.

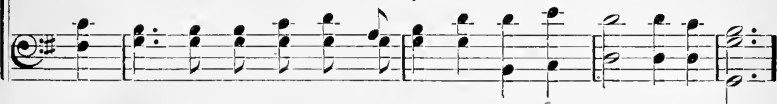
J. M. BLACK.



1. A con - trite sin - ner at the mer - cy seat, He saves me to - day;
2. I trust the mer - its of the Cru - ci - fied, He saves me to - day;
3. To doubt and fear I will no long - er cling, He saves me to - day;
4. He fills me dai - ly with His Spir - it's pow'r, He saves me to - day;



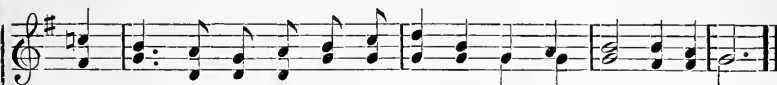
I lay my bur - den at the Sav - ior's feet, He saves me to - day.
 I feel the cleansing of the blood ap - plied, He saves me to - day.
 The Ho - ly Spir - it doth as - sur - ance bring, He saves me to - day.
 His grace is vic - t'ry in the try - ing hour, He saves me to - day.



REFRAIN.



He saves me, He saves me, O glo - ry to His pre - cious name!
 He saves me *now*, He saves me *now*,



I lay my bur - den at the Sav - ior's feet, He saves me to - day.
 I feel the cleansing of the blood ap - plied, He saves me to - day.
 The Ho - ly Spir - it doth as - sur - ance bring, He saves me to - day.
 His grace is vic - t'ry in the try - ing hour, He saves me to - day.



JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will sure-ly live;
 3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care;

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har - vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit age give.
 With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of
 Then day by day a-long your way,

prom - - ise cast, That ripened grain
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

from hill and plain, . . . Be gathered home . . . at last.
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

No. 135. LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

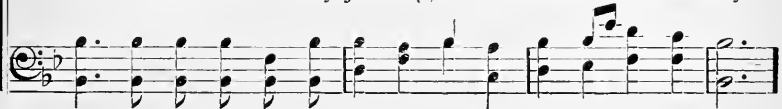
S. S. MYRES.



1. I am liv-ing in the sun-shine Of my Sav-ior's blessed face,
2. Day by day He walks be-side me, Fills my heart with peace untold,
3. Each temptation, ev-'ry tri-al Take I to His feet in prayer,
4. Bless-ed Je-sus, walk be-side me, Guide my foot-steps day by day;



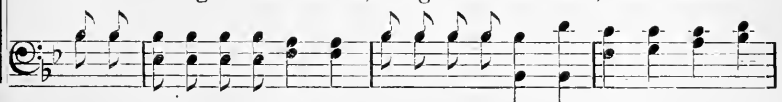
And He fills my hap-py spir-it With the rich-ness of His grace.
Sheds a radiance o'er my pathway, From the shining streets of gold.
And the sweetness of His presence Gilds with light each earthly care.
Lead me thro' life's wea-ry jour-ney, To the realms of end-less day.



CHORUS.



I am liv-ing in the sunshine, living in the sun-shine, Blessed sun-shine



of His face, Walking daily in His foot-steps, Fully trusting Him for grace.



HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor.*

1. Tho' your sins be red like crimson, And your soul be steep'd in woe,
 2. Lo! He came the lost to gath-er, Lo! He came for such to die;
 3. Hear the promise; oh, be-lieve Him; Lo! His grace is free and full;

You may look in faith to Je - sus, And be washed as white as snow.
 Broad and deep is mercy's fountain, It can all the world sup-ply.
 Tho' your sins may be like scar-let, He will make them white as wool.

CHORUS.

Then look up, look up to Je-sus; Oh, look up and He will save;

He will par-don your transgressions, Look to Je-sus, He will save.

No. 137. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

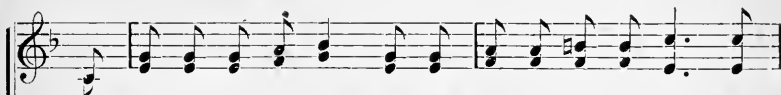
H. A. HENRY.



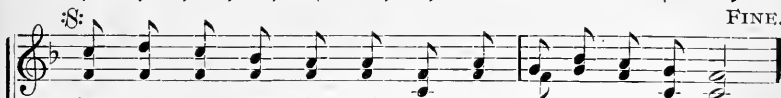
1. Near - er to Thee, my Sav - 'ior, My long - ing heart would be;
2. O may Thy lov - ing kind - ness Sub - due my self - ish will,
3. Near - er to Thee, — still near - er, Dear Sav - ior, I would be;



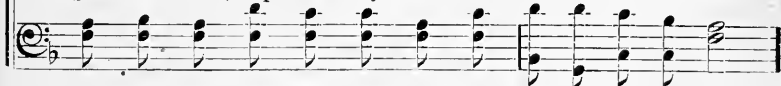
Grant me Thy lov - ing fa - vor, Oh, draw me near - er Thee.
 Re - move my car - nal blind - ness, And with Thy spir - it fill;
 Thy love is sweet - er, dear - er, Than earth - ly joy to me;



I know that full and bound - less Thy love is un - to me, While
 O melt my stub - born na - ture, I ask it o'er and o'er; With
 Grant me to feel thy pres - ence, Thy smil - ing face to see, And,



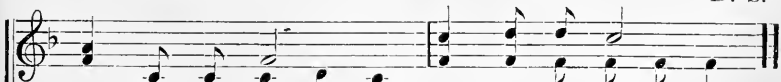
mine is oft - en faint and cold, — Give me more love to Thee!
 all Thy bless - ed full - ness fill, And help me love Thee more.
 gra - cious Lord, bap - tize my heart With more of love to Thee!



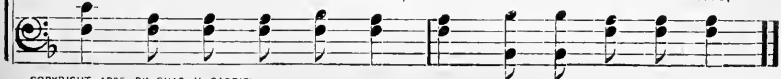
D. S. — This my pray'r shall ev - er be, More love, more love to Thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.



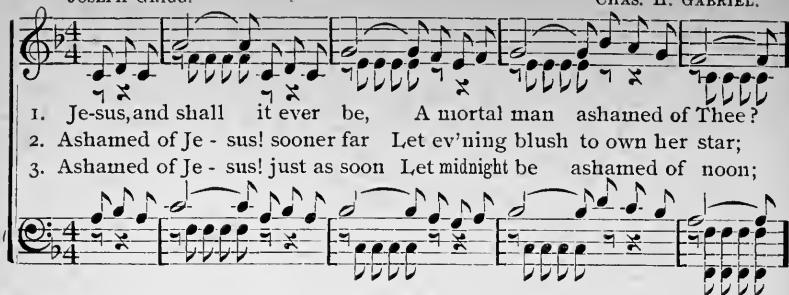
More love to Thee, More love to Thee,
 to Thee, to Thee,



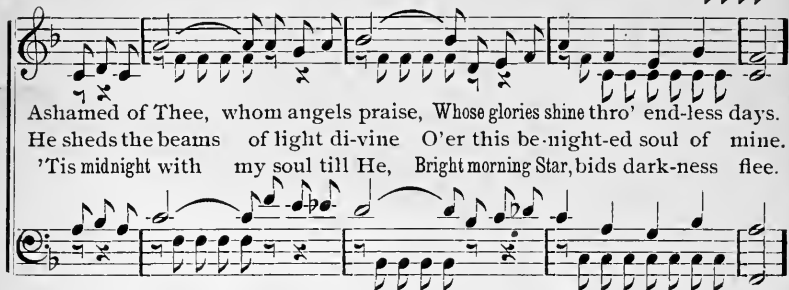
No. 138. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Je-sus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! sooner far Let ev'ning blush to own her star;
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;

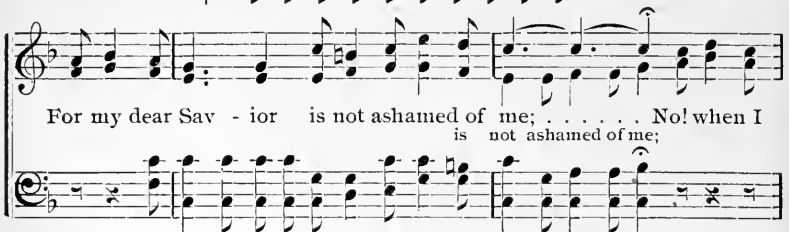


Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days.
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright morning Star, bids dark-ness flee.

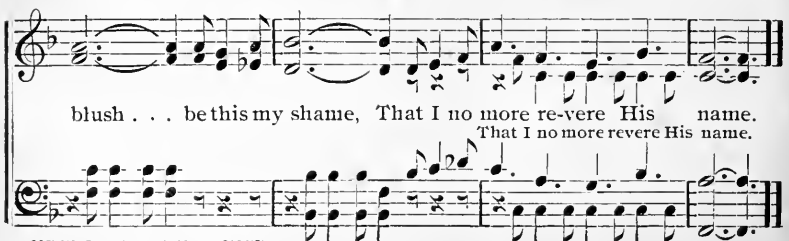
CHORUS.



Ashamed of Je - sus I nev - er, I nev - er will be, I nev - er will be,



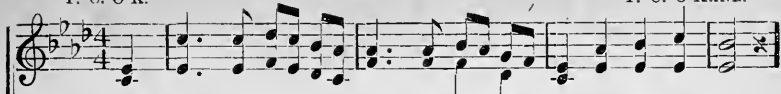
For my dear Sav - ior is not ashamed of me; No! when I
 is not ashamed of me;



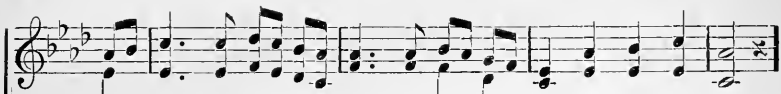
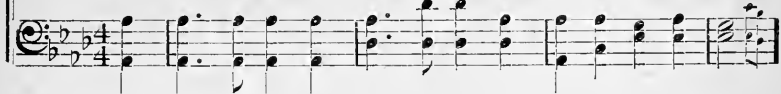
blush . . . be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 That I no more revere His name.

I'M REDEEMED.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal-va-ry,
2. O won-drous pow'r of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo-ry now to Christ, the Lord, And ev-er-more shall be;



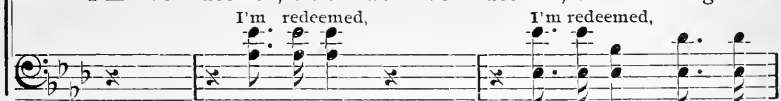
And for a ran-som shed His blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all man-kind, Em-brac-es e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ransom'd e - ven me.



REFRAIN.



I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Through the



blood of the Lamb that was slain; I'm re - deemed, . .

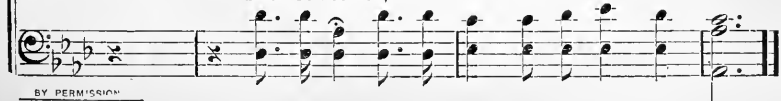
of the Lamb that was slain,

I,m redeemed,



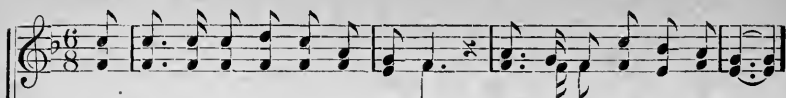
I'm re - deemed, . . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.

I'm re-deemed,

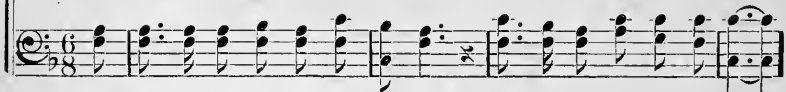


WM. STEVENSON.

REV. R. LOWRY.



1. The Sav - ior is call-ing you, sin-ner, — Urg-ing you now to draw nigh;
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev-ing; Sin-ner, O why will you die?
3. There's danger in lon-ger de - lay-ing, Swift-ly the moments pass by;



He asks you by faith to re-ceive Him; Je-sus will help if you try.
 Ac-cept Him by faith as your Sav-ior; Je-sus will help if you try.
 If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je-sus will help if you try.



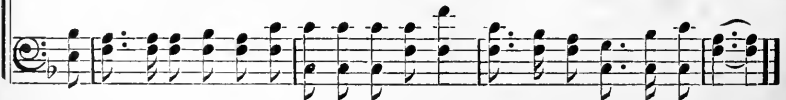
REFRAIN.



Je-sus will help you, Je-sus will help you, Help you with grace from on high;



The weakest and poorest the Sav-ior is call-ing; Je-sus will help if you try.



No. 141. SOMETIME, BY AND BY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

Rev. L. H. BAKER.



1. I heard the reap-ers' hap - py song, When toils of day were o'er,
2. In fan - cy I have heard the song The ran-somed sweetly sing,
3. No more, O Lord, will I re - pine, No more im - pa - tient be;



As, troop-ing home-ward, one by one, Their gold-en sheaves they bore;
And longed to join my voice with theirs, In prais-es to the King;
But, with a will-ing heart and mind, I'll bear the cross for Thee!



And, as I pray'd their joys to share, There came this sweet re - ply:
"Be pa-tient," spake the voice a - gain, "The mo-ment draw-eth nigh!
Then, when my name is called in heav'n, On wings of love I'll fly!



'Toil on! thou, too, shalt come with joy, Some-time, by and by."
Thou, too, shalt sing around my throne, Some-time, by and by!"
For well I know that day will come, Some-time, by and by.
Some-time, by and by.



REFRAIN.

D. S



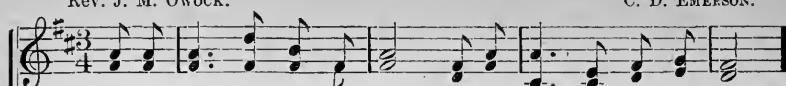
Some - time, some - time, Some-time, yes, by and by!
Some-time, by and by,



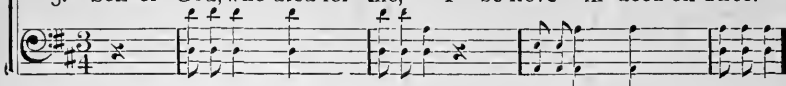
No. 142. PARDONED, CLEANSED, REDEEMED.

Rev. J. M. OWOCK.


C. D. EMERSON.




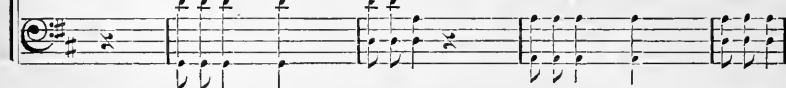
1. Son of God, who died for me, On the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Son of God, who died for me, All my sins were laid on Thee!
3. Son of God, who died for me, I be - lieve in - deed on Thee!



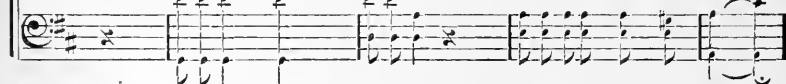
How Thy love af - fects my heart, Makes me long from sin to part;
Then they rest not on my soul; By Thy stripes I am made whole;
And Thy word of prom - ise own Firm as the e - ter - nal throne;



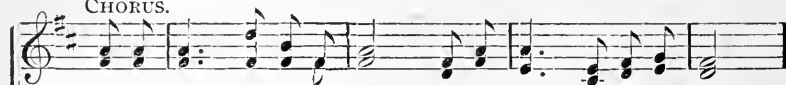
Bet - ter I can nev - er be While I stray a - way from Thee;
In Thy right - eous - ness complete I am made for glo - ry meet;
Hence with joy - ful hope I go Thro' the wil - der - ness be - low;




Guilt - y, wretch - ed, help - less, I To Thine arms for mer - cy fly.
My best deeds will nev - er save From per - di - tion or the grave.
Sing - ing as I pass a - long Dai - ly, my re - demp - tion song.



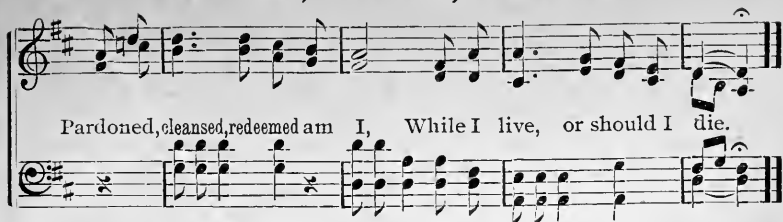
CHORUS.



'Tis e - nough! my - self I give, Hence - forth un - to Thee to live,



Pardoned, Cleansed, Redeemed.

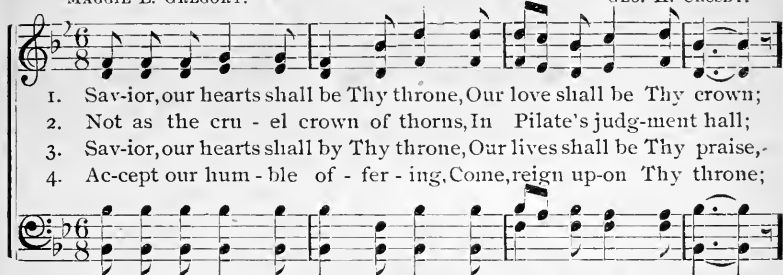


Pardoned, cleansed, redeemed am I, While I live, or should I die.

No. 143. ALL THINE OWN.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

GEO. H. CROSBY.



1. Sav-ior, our hearts shall be Thy throne, Our love shall be Thy crown;
2. Not as the cru - el crown of thorns, In Pilate's judg-ment hall;
3. Sav-ior, our hearts shall by Thy throne, Our lives shall be Thy praise,-
4. Ac-cept our hum - ble of - fer - ing, Come, reign up-on Thy throne;

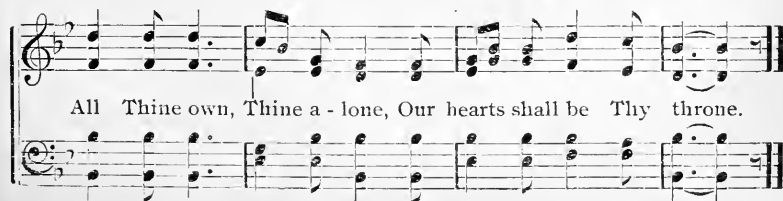


And at Thy sa - cred, pierc-ed feet, Our off-rings lay we down.
 Thy crown to-day shall be our love, Our tal - ents, and our all.
 And for Thy glo - ry we will live, Thro' all our fut - ure days.
 Our lives, our souls, our all we bring; Lord, seal us Thine a - lone.

CHORUS.



All Thine own, Thine a - lone Sav-ior, our love shall be Thy crown;



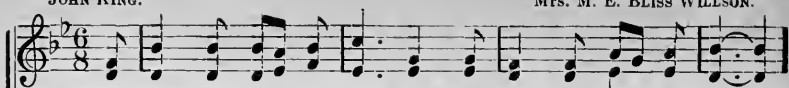
All Thine own, Thine a - lone, Our hearts shall be Thy throne.

No. 144.

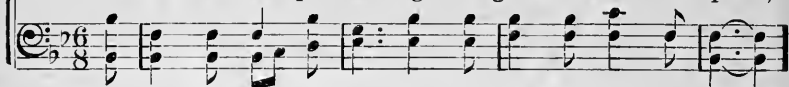
HE LOVES THEM.

JOHN KING.

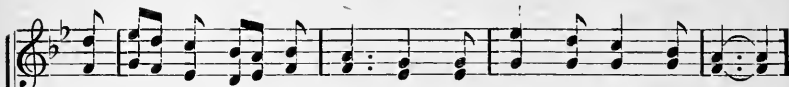
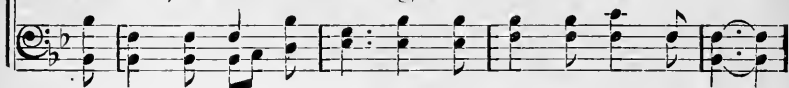
Mrs. M. E. BLISS WILLSON.



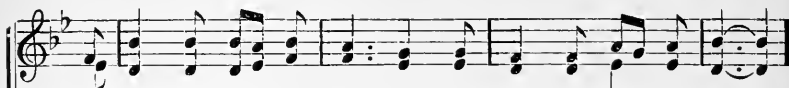
1. When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil - dren still,
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,



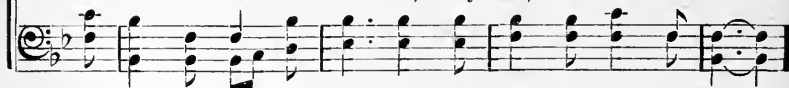
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;
 Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's ho - ly hill,
 The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.



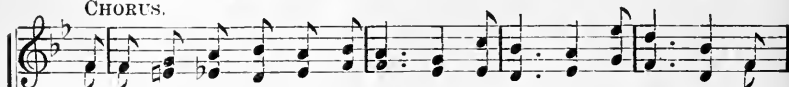
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
 We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be - fore His throne,
 But, shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?



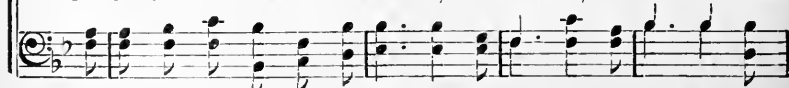
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
 And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
 No! while our hearts are ten - der, They too, shall be the Lord's.



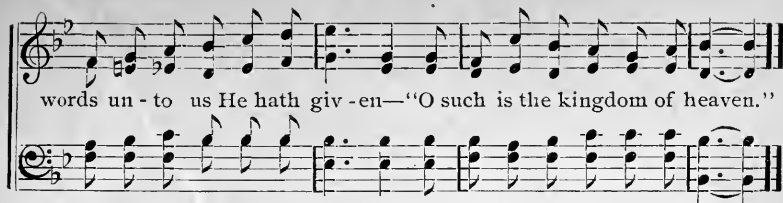
CHORUS.



Our Savior hath said that He loves them, He loves them, He loves them! These



He Loves Them.

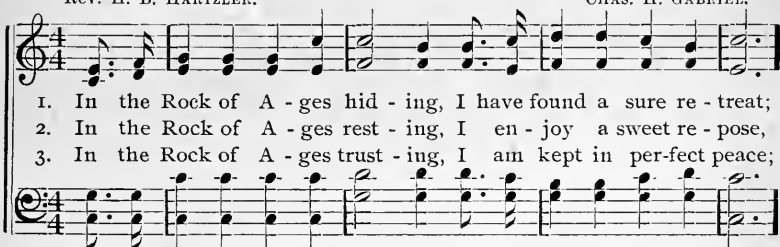


words un - to us He hath giv - en—"O such is the kingdom of heaven."

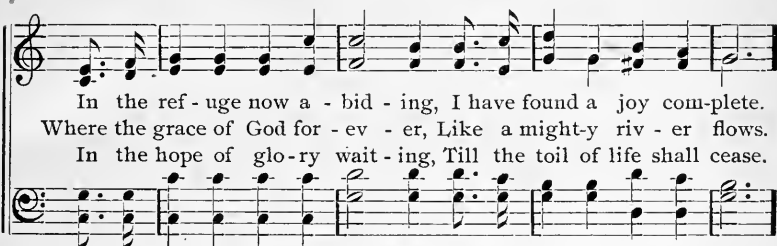
No. 145. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

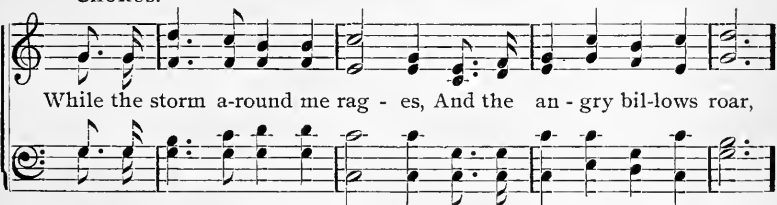


1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re - treat;
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re - pose,
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

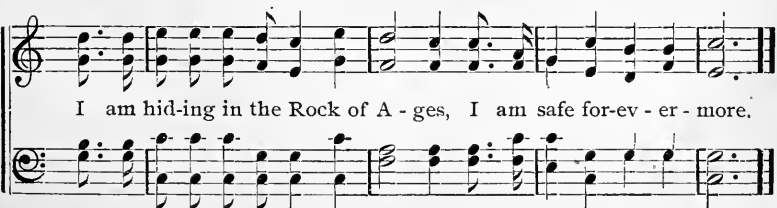


In the ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
Where the grace of God for - ev - er, Like a might - y riv - er flows.
In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.



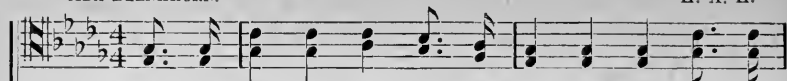
While the storm a - round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows roar,




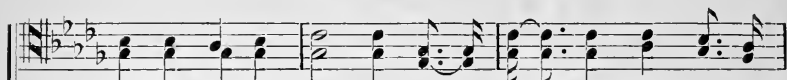
I am hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er - more.

ADA BLENKHORN.

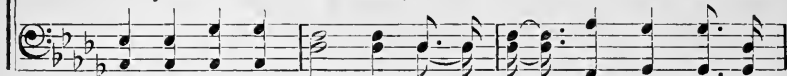
H. A. H.



1. While you on - ward fare, in the nar - row way To the
 2. There are foes to fight, there are wrongs to right, Ere the
 3. With the Spir - it's sword, and the shield of faith, Ad -


heav'n that lies be - fore you; The cit-y of doubt on your
 cit - y fade be - fore you; 'Gainst the hosts of sin you will
 vance! your Lord com-mand-eth; For the ban - ner white of His






path may rise, With its shad - ows rest-ing o'er you.
 sure - ly win. For your Cap - tain fight-eth for you.
 ho - ly cross, Must wave where the cit - y stand - eth.




CHORUS.



Seven times 'round, go seven times 'round, When the cit-y of Doubt is be-fore you!

With the song of hope, and the pray'r of faith! And its walls will fall be - fore you.



Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

D. C. 1. We're on our way to glo - ry land, Glo - ry land, glo - ry land;
 2. We'll work for Je - sus all the way, All the way, all the way;
 3. The nar - row way is fair and bright, Fair and bright, fair and bright;
 4. Come, help us sing our Savior's praise, Sing His praise, sing His praise;

FINE.

We're on our way to glo - ry land, A hap - py, hap - py band.
 We'll work for Je - sus all the way, Yes, all a - long the way.
 The nar - row way is fair and bright, To walk there - in is right.
 Yes, help us sing our Sav - ior's praise, The bless - ed Sav - ior's praise.

CHORUS.

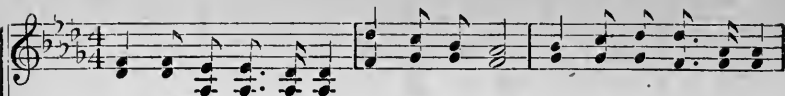
O come and join our band to-day, O come and join our band to-day,

D. C.

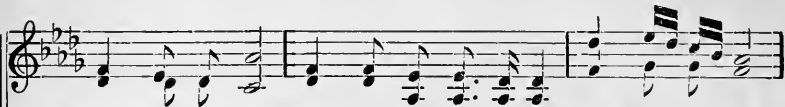
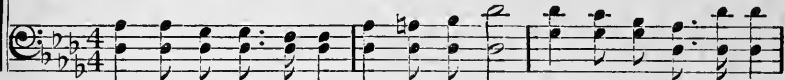
And jour - ney with us all the way to glo - ry land.

J. T. K.

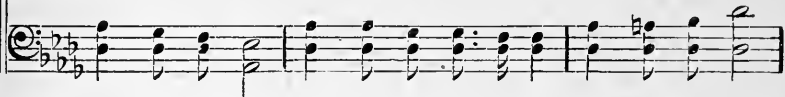
Rev. JNO. T. KERR.



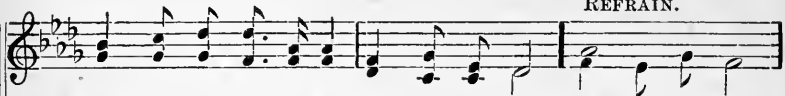
1. Sleep, Sol-dier, take thy rest—the battle's o'er, Ne'er shalt thou hear a-gain
2. When thou didst hear the call for men to fight, Thou didst at once o-bey,—
3. As we the flow-ers strew up-on thy grave, We think of what was done
4. Thou hast the riv-er crossed—march'd on be-fore, In - to the bet-ter land—



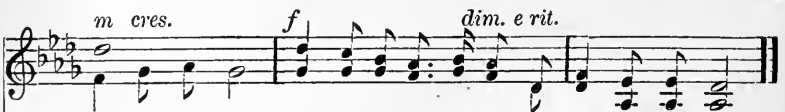
the cannon's roar; Faith-ful wast thou till death, 'mid toil and strife,
bat-tled for right; Home, friends and lux-u-ries thou didst de-ny;
our land to save; There-fore the mem-o-ry of thee is dear,
camped on its shore; There thou for us wilt wait,—we're com-ing, too,



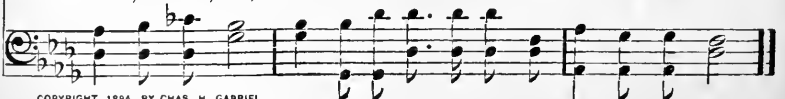
REFRAIN.



Now there a-waits for thee a crown of life. Rest, - - -
Thou, for a no-ble cause, left all—to die!
And to our hearts thou shalt ev-er be near. Rest, sol-dier, rest,
That we may share with thee the grand review.



Rest, - - - Rest till the last re-veil-le, rest, sol-dier, rest.
Rest, sol-dier, rest,

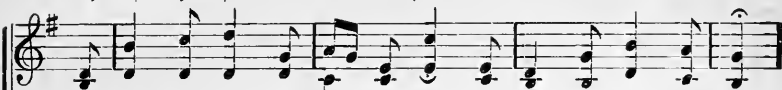


CHARLES WESLEY.

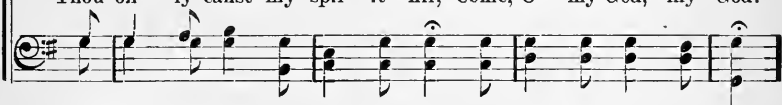
Dr. W. S. PITTS.



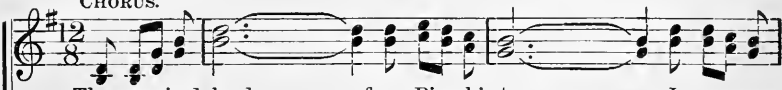
1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace! Christ shall in me ap - pear;
2. The glo - rious crown of righteousness To me reached out, I view;
3. With me, I feel, I know Thou art; But this can - not suf - fice,
4. Come, O my God, Thy-self re - veal, Fill all this might - y void;



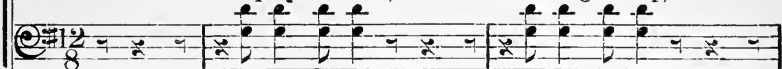
I, e - ven I, shall see His face, I shall be ho - ly here.
 Con-q'ror thro' Him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.
 Un - less Thou plant - est in my heart A con - stant Par - a - dise.
 Thou on - ly canst my spir - it fill; Come, O my God, my God!



CHORUS.



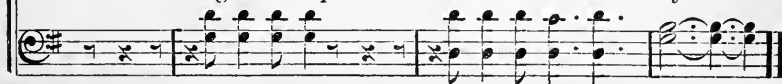
The promised land,..... from Pisgah's top,..... I now ex-
 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,



ult..... to see;..... My hope is full,.....
 I now ex-ult, I now ex-ult to see; My hope is full,




O glorious hope..... of im-mor-tal - - - i - ty!.....
 O glorious hope of im-mor-tal - i - ty!.....




No. 150. WE ARE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

GORA. E. HOWES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. We are lit - tle sol - diers, Fight - ing for our king;
 2. Sa - tan will en - trap us, If we don't look out;
 3. We are lit - tle sol - diers, But we know the right;

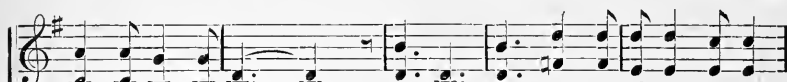


Don't you love to hear us, As we so glad - ly sing?
 When we see him com - ing, We raise our ar - my shout.
 When the foe is near us, We pray, and sing with might.

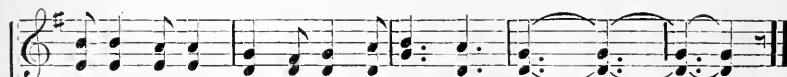
CHORUS.



Tramp, tramp, tramp, we are com - ing, com - ing, com - ing! Tramp, tramp, tramp, coming



with an ar - my strong; Tramp, tramp, tramp, we are coming, coming,
 we're coming!



com - ing, com - ing, Fighting ev - ry thing that's wrong.
 Yes, ev - 'ry thing that's wrong!

No. 151.

LET THE SAVIOR IN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Tenderly.

1. 'Tis the Sav-ior who would claim Entrance to your heart; Will you
2. No one like the Sav-ior knocks At the sin-ner's door; 'Tis no
3. Oh, how can you bid Him wait Till an-oth-er day? When al-

send your Lord a-way? Will you say "De-part"? He will all your
 stran-ger that im-plores, He has knocked be-fore; He has oft-en
 read-y Je-sus weeps At the long de-lay; 'Twas for you that

CHORUS.

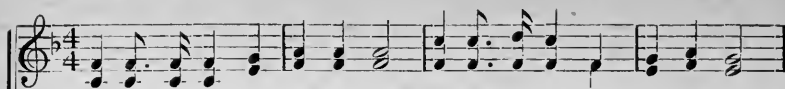
tri-als share; He will cleanse you from all sin, }
 sought your heart, Shall He cleanse it now from sin? } 'Tis your Sav-ior, 'tis your
 Je-sus died, And 'tis you He longs to win;

Sav-ior stand-ing there, Haste and let Him in, let Him
 Let Him in,

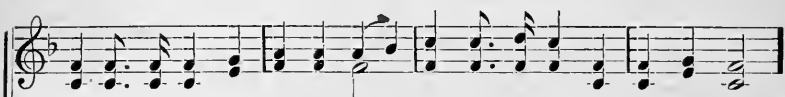
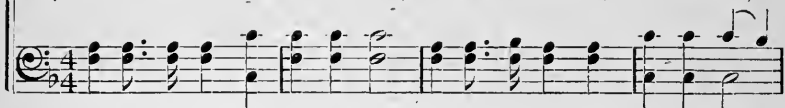
in, Lest He turn a-way, let Him in. let Him in.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

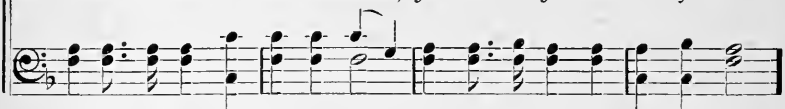
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I am the light by which men see; I am the truth which makes men free;
2. I am the shepherd good and wise; I am the door to par-a-dise;
3. I am the prophet, priest and king; I am the song re-deem'd men sing;
4. I am the Lamb of God for thee; I am the Sav-ior, come to me;



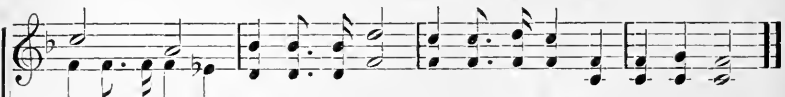
I am the poor-est sin-ner's friend, I am the life that has no end.
 I am the gift of God to thee; I am the vine; a-bide in me.
 I am the bread of life in-deed; I am e-nough for ev-'ry need.
 I am for-ev-er-more the same; Je-ho-vah Je-sus is my name.



CHORUS.



I am, I am the truth; I am the shepherd and the door;
 I am the life and



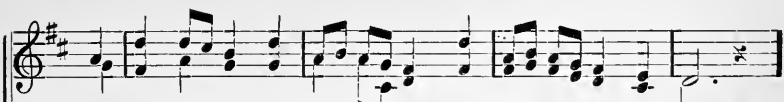
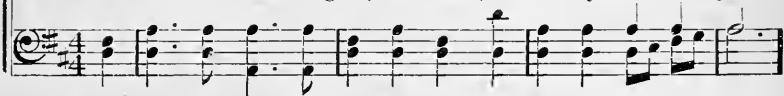
I am, I am the light, I am the same for-ev-er-more.
 I am the way and



No. 153. THE LAMB OF CALVARY.



1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw One hang-ing on the tree, In ag - o - ny and blood,
3. Sure nev - er till my la - test breath, Can I for-get that look!
4. My conscience felt and owned my guilt, And plunged me in de-spair;
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free-ly all for - give!



'Till a new ob-ject met my sight, And stopped my wild career.
 Who fixed His dy-ing eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt. And helped to nail Him there.
 This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I died that ye might live!"



CHORUS.



O the Lamb, the ris-en Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
 of Cal - va - ry!

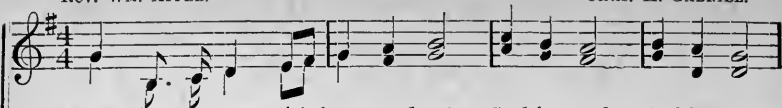


The Lamb that was slain, that liveth a-gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

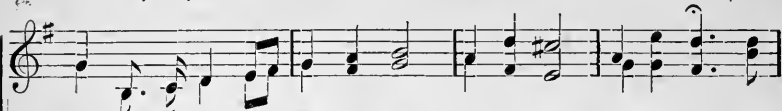


Rev. WM. APPLE.

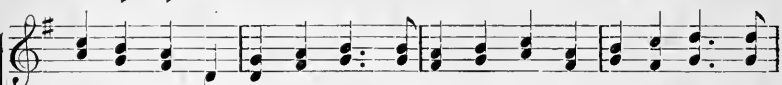
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Come, sing it out with heart and voice, God is good, God is good;
2. O make it known from shore to shore, God is good, God is good;
3. Come, spread the news on wings of song, God is good, God is good;



Come, let us make a joy - ful noise, God is good, God is good; A-
Come, let us sing it o'er and o'er, God is good, God is good; He
Let ev-'ry voice the note pro-long, God is good, God is good; For



rise, my soul, in grate-ful lays, Let ev-'ry voice burst forth in praise To
came from heav'n's glorious throne, He came to make His mercy known, To
ev-'ry need He will pro-vide, Thro' ev-'ry maze se-cure - ly guide, In



CHORUS.
GIRLS.



Him who crowns with love our days, For God is good. God is good,
res - cue and re-deem His own; Yes, He is good.
His pa - vil - ion safe - ly hide, For God is good.



BOYS.

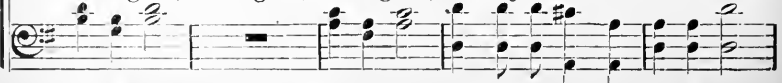
GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.



God is good, God is good, God is good; Come, sing it out with heart and voice!



God is Good.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

GIRLS.

BOYS.

ALL.

God is good, God is good, God is good! God is good! God is good!

No. 155.

DRAW ME NEARER.

Mrs. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I want my heart made pur-er, Lord, More sanc-ti-fied by Thee,
2. I know my earth-ly sight is dim, But Thou the blind can'st heal,
3. So cleanse me by thy wondrous grace, From sin so set me free,

Till thro' the mist-y doubts of earth, Thy glo-ry I may see.
And clear-ly to my long-ing soul, Thy-self Thou can'st re-veal.
That I in all His ho-li-ness My bless-ed Lord may see.

CHORUS.

So draw me near-er, near-er, Make my path-way clear-er;

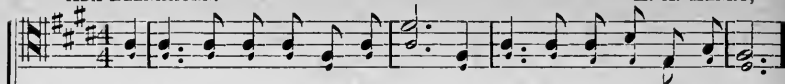
Oh, draw me near-er, near-er, My bless-ed Lord to Thee.

No. 156. THERE'S ROOM ON BOARD.

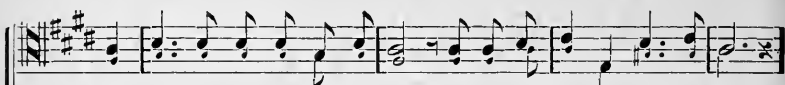
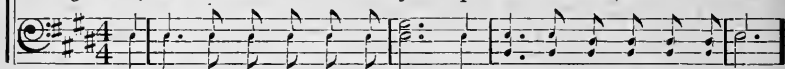
The stanzas should be sung by two separate quartetts, singing alternately the questions and answers. All unite on the chorus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

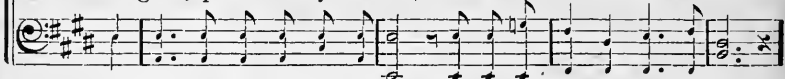
H. A. HENRY,



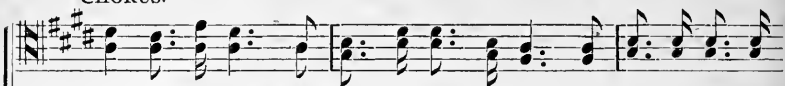
1. Ho, sail-ors on the Christian's sea, It there a place on board for me?
2. Ho, sail-ors! whom have you on board, Your Guide and safe-ty to af - ford?
3. Ho, sail-or! whither bound are ye Up - on this calm, untroubled sea?



By angry waves my boat is toss'd, I fear, I fear I shall be lost!
Christ is our Pi - lot true, and He Will bring us safe-ly o'er the sea.
To glo-ry port our way we take, The harbor with our Lord we'll make.



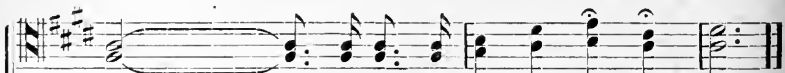
CHORUS.



Yes, brother, yes! there's room, there's room on board, The in - vi - ta - tion's



from our Lord; Your fare is paid! the way is
your fare is paid,



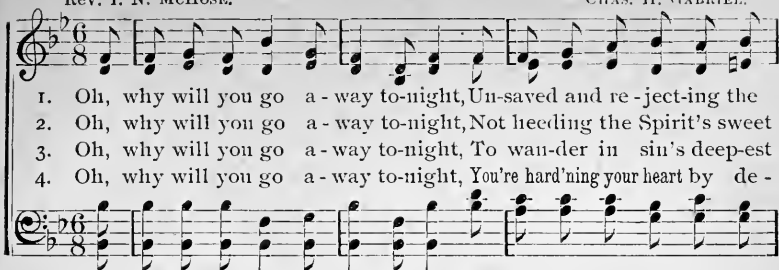
free, Come, sail with us the Chris-tian's sea.
the way is free,



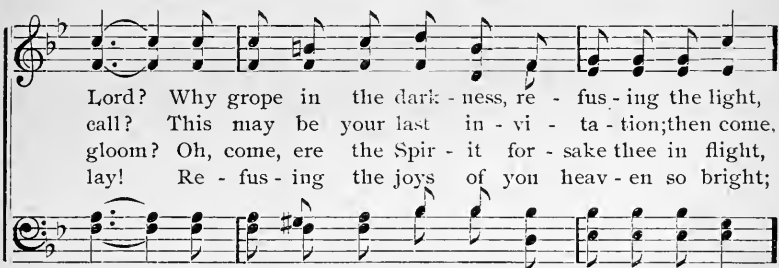
No. 157. GOING AWAY UNSAVED.

REV. I. N. MCHOSE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

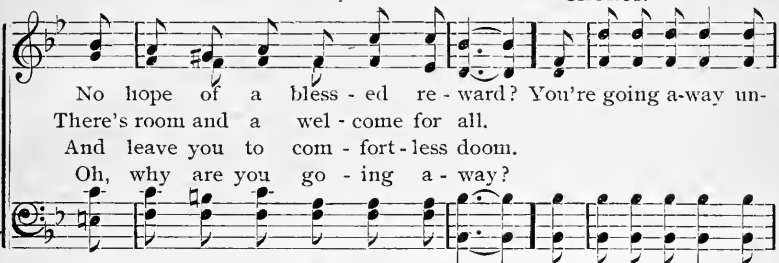


1. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, Un-saved and re-ject-ing the
 2. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, Not heed-ing the Spir-it's sweet
 3. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deep-est
 4. Oh, why will you go a-way to-night, You're hard'ning your heart by de-

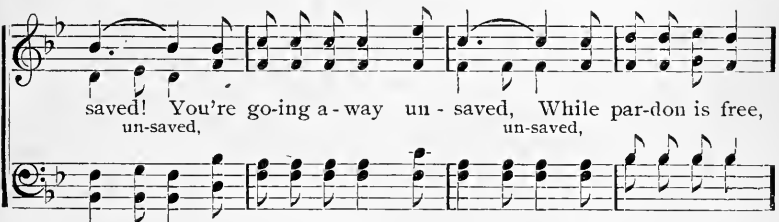


Lord? Why grope in the dark-ness, re-fus-ing the light,
 call? This may be your last in-vi-ta-tion; then come,
 gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir-it for-sake thee in flight,
 lay! Re-fus-ing the joys of you heav-en so bright;

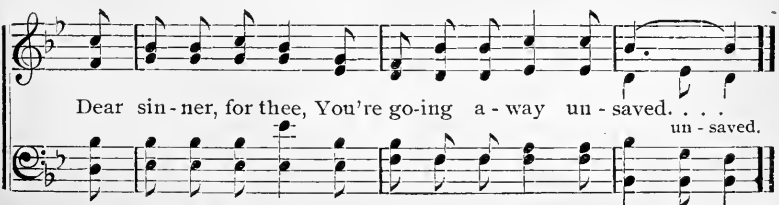
CHORUS.



No hope of a bless-ed re-ward? You're going a-way un-
 There's room and a wel-come for all.
 And leave you to com-fort-less doom.
 Oh, why are you go-ing a-way?



saved! You're go-ing a-way un-saved, While par-don is free,
 un-saved, un-saved,



Dear sin-ner, for thee, You're go-ing a-way un-saved. . . .
 un-saved.

HARRIET E. JONES.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I am so glad that sal - va - tion is free, That Je - sus will par -
 2. I am so glad that our Sav - ior is King, And needs not the rich -
 3. I am so glad that a sin - ner may live, And share in the rich -

don a sin - ner like me; He asks not for sil - ver, He
 es the wealth - y would bring; His treas - ures are end - less, His
 es this Mon - arch can give; Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal His

asks not for gold, The poor - est can en - ter the good Shepherd's fold.
 rich - es un - told, The poor - est may share in the wealth of His fold.
 beau - ty be - hold, And dwell ev - er - more in the cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion is free for you and for me, The Master has riches un - told;

Sal - va - tion is free for you and for me; The poorest may enter the fold.

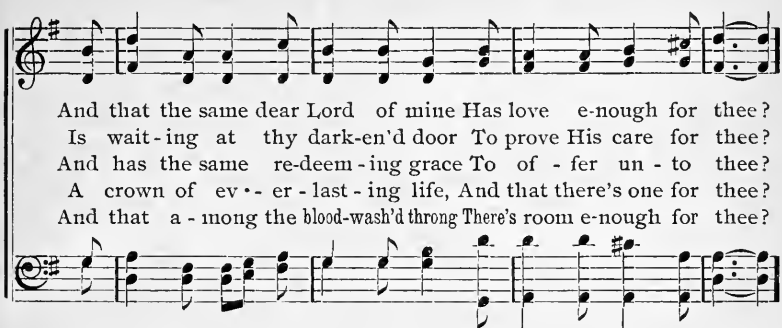
No. 159. ENOUGH FOR THEE AND ME.

FRED. WOODROW.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

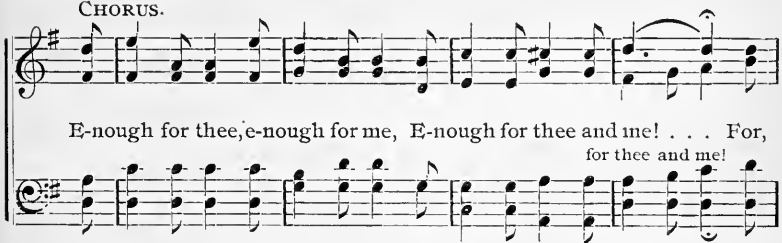


1. Can I be si - lent, when I know The love of Christ for me,
 2. Can I be si - lent, when I know The Lord that cares for me
 3. Can I be si - lent, when I know The Lord saves e - ven me,
 4. Can I be si - lent, when I know He has pre-pared for me
 5. Can I be si - lent, when I know There's room in heav'n for me,

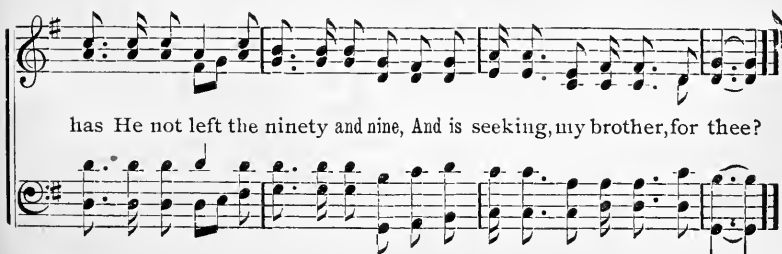


And that the same dear Lord of mine Has love e-nough for thee?
 Is wait-ing at thy dark-en'd door To prove His care for thee?
 And has the same re-deem-ing grace To of - fer un - to thee?
 A crown of ev - er - last - ing life, And that there's one for thee?
 And that a - mong the blood-wash'd throng There's room e-nough for thee?

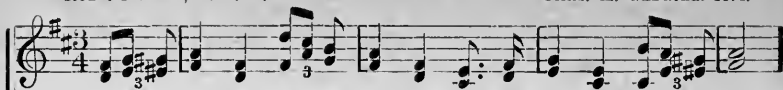
CHORUS.



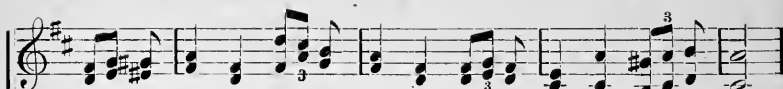
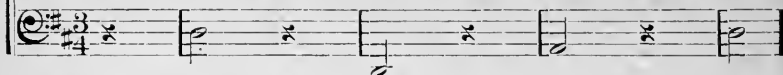
E-nough for thee, e-nough for me, E-nough for thee and me! . . . For,
 for thee and me!



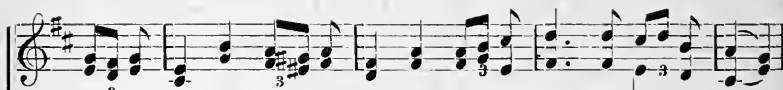
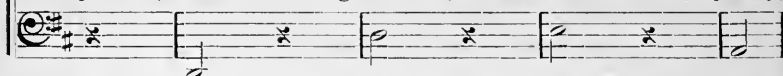
has He not left the ninety and nine, And is seeking, my brother, for thee?



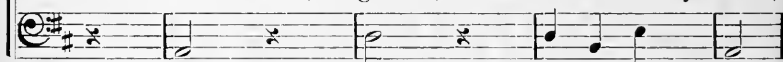
1. As a shepherd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;
2. Near the well of cool-ing wa-ter, In the sul-try noon of day.
3. If up-on the crag-gy mountain, A-ny lam-kins flee a-way,



All His bless-ings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be-stow.
 Ev-'ry lit-tle son and daughter, With the gentle One shall stay.
 Je-sus, from the 'cool-ing fount-ain, Willo'ertake them where they stray,



In His bo-som, when they languish, Precious children He will take,
 Shepherd strong He will de-fend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
 Will restore each babe, for-giv-en, From the wild and ston-y waste,



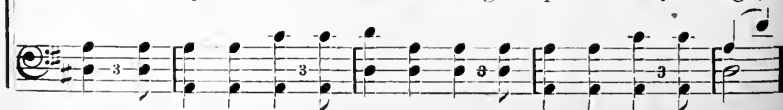
Where no blight, nor sin, nor anguish A-ny sor-row can a-wake.
 Shep-herd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safe-ly to the fold.
 And with-in the fold of heav-en, Bring the darling home at last.



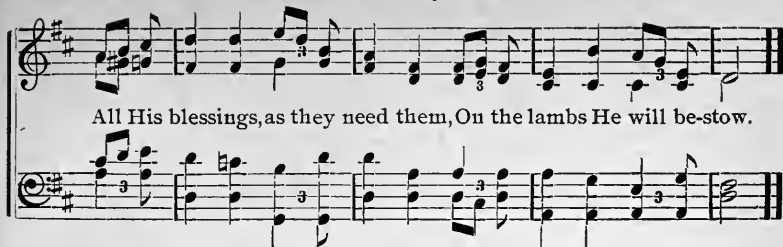
CHORUS.



As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;



As a Shepherd.



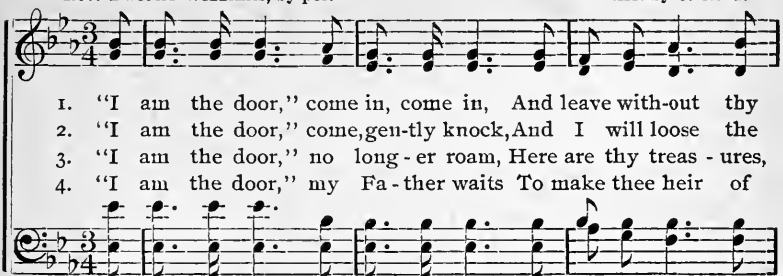
All His blessings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be-stow.

No. 161.

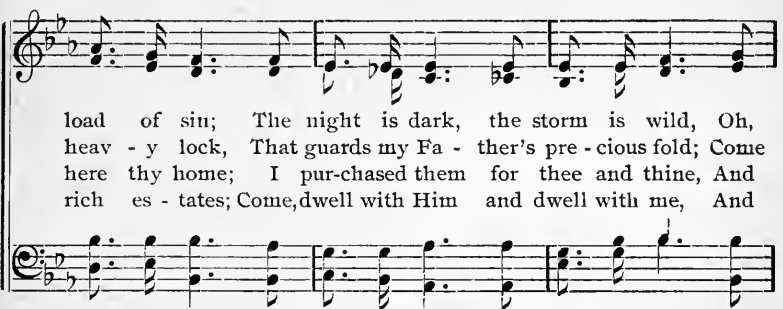
I AM THE DOOR,

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, by per.

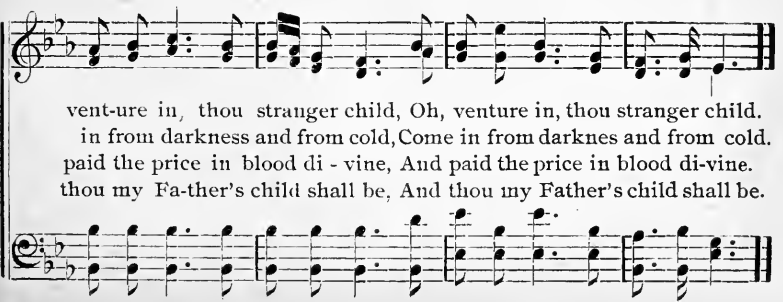
Arr. by C. H. G.



1. "I am the door," come in, come in, And leave with-out thy
2. "I am the door," come, gen-tly knock, And I will loose the
3. "I am the door," no long - er roam, Here are thy treas - ures,
4. "I am the door," my Fa - ther waits To make thee heir of




load of sin; The night is dark, the storm is wild, Oh,
 heav - y lock, That guards my Fa - ther's pre - cious fold; Come
 here thy home; I pur-chased them for thee and thine, And
 rich es - tates; Come, dwell with Him and dwell with me, And




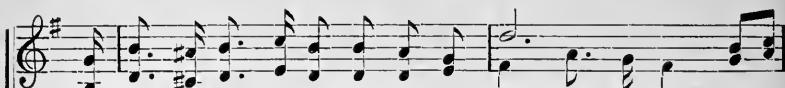
vent-ure in, thou stranger child, Oh, venture in, thou stranger child.
 in from darkness and from cold, Come in from darknes and from cold.
 paid the price in blood di - vine, And paid the price in blood di-vine.
 thou my Fa-ther's child shall be, And thou my Father's child shall be.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.



H. R. PALMER.




1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words im-plore us,
 2. We'll fol-low where He lead - eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed-eth,
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri - als dark to move us,

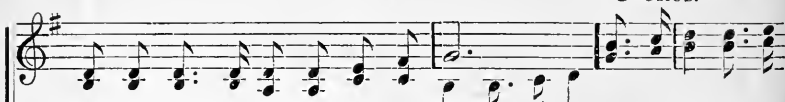
The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His
 We'll yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then
 But Je - sus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll

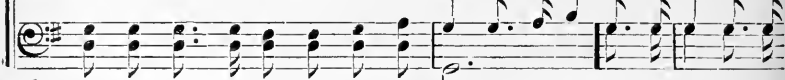

lov - ing tones are call-ing, While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis
 naught from Him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev - er, And
 give Him best en - deav-or, And praise His name for-ev - er; His



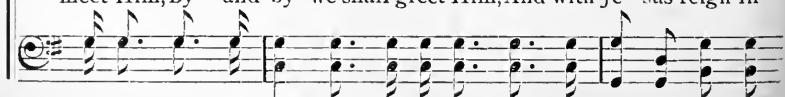
CHORUS.



Je - sus gen - tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall
 faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
 pre-cious ones can nev - er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.

meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in



Triumph By and By.

glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and

by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by;

No. 163.

CONSECRATION.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A con - se -
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. Oh, let the fire de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Consume my
4. I'm Thine, O precious Jesus, Wash'd by Thy pre - cious blood; Now seal me

REFRAIN.

crat - ed off'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
 Thy sal - va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.
 hum - ble off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

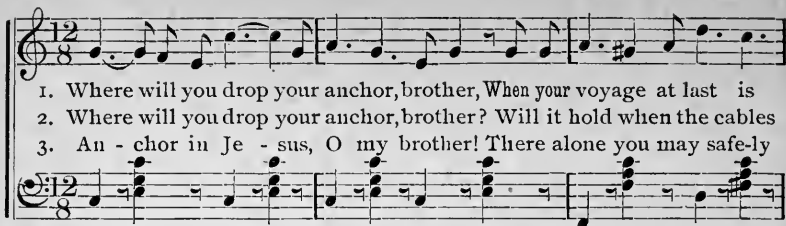
Rit.

wait - ing for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

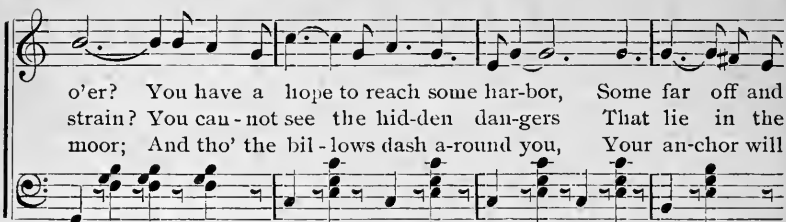
No. 164. WHERE WILL YOU ANCHOR?

C. H. G.

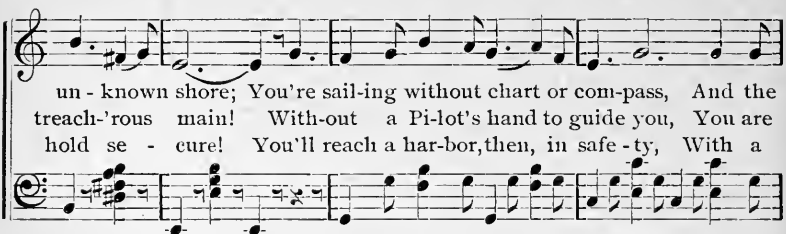
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Where will you drop your anchor, brother, When your voyage at last is
 2. Where will you drop your anchor, brother? Will it hold when the cables
 3. An - chor in Je - sus, O my brother! There alone you may safe-ly

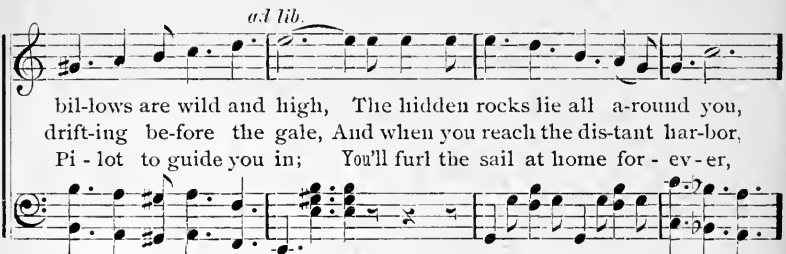


o'er? You have a hope to reach some har-bor, Some far off and
 strain? You can-not see the hid-den dan-gers That lie in the
 moor; And tho' the bil-lows dash a-round you, Your an-chor will



un - known shore; You're sail-ing without chart or com- pass, And the
 treach-'rous main! With-out a Pi-lot's hand to guide you, You are
 hold se - cure! You'll reach a har-bor, then, in safe - ty, With a

al lib.



bil-lows are wild and high, The hidden rocks lie all a-round you,
 drift-ing be-fore the gale, And when you reach the dis-tant har-bor,
 Pi - lot to guide you in; You'll furl the sail at home for - ev - er,

rit. CHORUS.



And dark is the storm-y sky. Where will you an - chor, broth-er,
 How can you with tides pre-vail?
 And life ev - er - last-ing win. an - chor, O my brother, where?

Where Will You Anchor?

Where will you an-chor? Where?
Oh, where Where will you an - chor? Where will you an - chor?

No. 165

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

D. M. C.

D. M. CHUTE.

1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va-tion. Bear the mes-sage far and wide;
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va-tion, Sit not i - dly by the way;
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va-tion, Spread the word from shore to shore!

Spread the feast for ev - 'ry na - tion—Tell of Je - sus cru - ci - fied!
Heed the message of the Mas-ter:—"Go and work for me to - day."
Je - sus' mer - cy is un-measured, And His love a boundless store!

CHORUS.

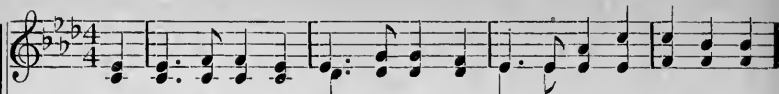
Hal - le - lu - jah for Je - sus! Shout the ti - dings a - gain!

Hal - le - lu - jah for Je - sus, Now and ev - er! A - men.

No. 166. DON'T LET THE GOLDEN HOUR GO BY.

E. E. HEWITT.

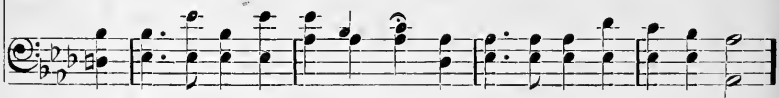
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



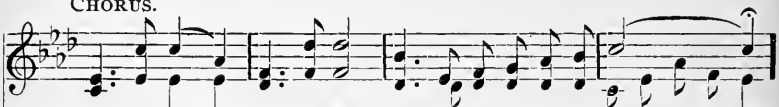
1. There's blessing at the Sav-ior's cross For who-so-ev - er will ap - ply;
2. The gen-tle word, the helping hand, Will turn to smiles the weary sigh;
3. The flow'rs of op-por - tu - ni - ty, Are buds that o - pen but to die;
4. The fields where precious seed was sown, Have ripened for the Master's eye;



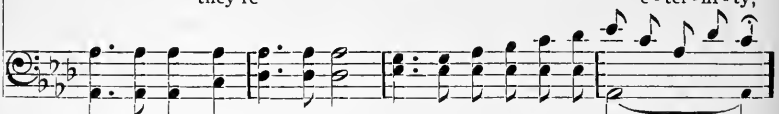
E - ter-nal life is of-fered now, Don't let the golden hour go by.
While some one faints a-long the way, Don't let the golden hour go by.
O pluck the blossoms ere they fade—Don't let the golden hour go by.
Come, join the reaper's happy song, Don't let the golden hour go by.



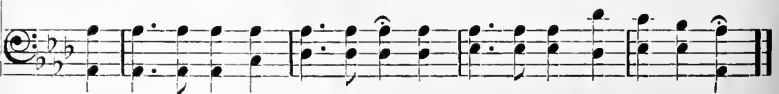
CHORUS.



Pass-ing now, pass-ing now, Passing to e - ter-ni - ty;
they're e - ter - ni - ty;



Use well the moments ere they fly, Don't let the golden hour go by!



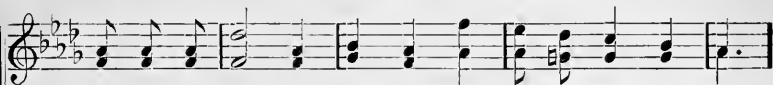
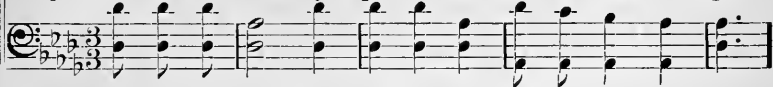
No. 167. THY KINGDOM COME.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

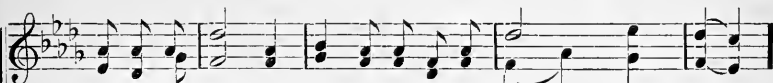
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. Lord of the liv - ing har-vest That whit-ens o'er the plain,
2. As la-b'ers in Thy vineyard, Send us, O Christ, to be
3. Come down, Thou Ho-ly Spir - it! And fill our souls with light;



Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold-en grain,
Con-tent to bear the bur - den Of wea - ry days for Thee;
Clothe us in spot - less rai - ment, In lin - en clean and white;



Accept these hands to la-bor, These hearts to trust and love,
We ask no oth - er wages, When Thou shall call us home,
Be-side Thy sa - cred al-tar, Be with us where we stand,



And deign with them to has - ten Thy king-dom from - a - bove.
But to have shared the travail Which makes Thy kingdom come.
To sanc - ti - fy Thy peo-ple Thro' all this hap - py land.



REFRAIN. (*This refrain may be sung by a quartet as a response.*)
slow. pp *rit.*

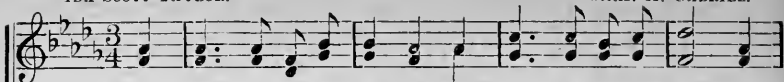


Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.



IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

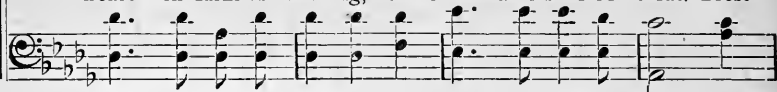
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



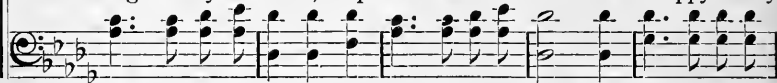
1. Oh, theme of blest sal-va-tion! My raptured tongue shall sing, And
2. My soul with love re-joic-es From morn-ing un-til night; My
3. His grace is all a-bid-ing, His pit-y pass-ing sweet: My



sound the proc-la-ma-tion, Till dis-tant isles shall ring; My
tongue His glo-ry voic-es, And thrills with pure de-light. I
heart in Him is hid-ing,—A calm and sure re-treat. Blest



Sav-ior lives and loves me, Oh, precious, precious tho't! I'm happy in my
know that He is with me, Wher-ev-er I may be;— I'm hap-py in my
King of my salvation, I'll praise Him o'er and o'er! I'm happy in my

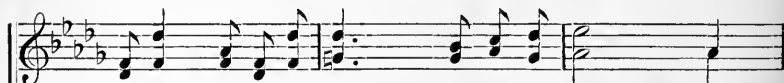
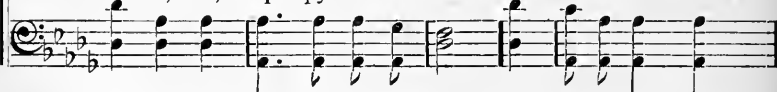


CHORUS.

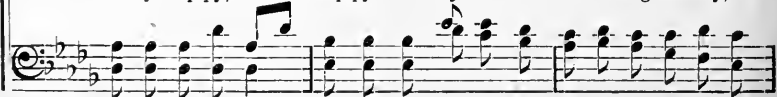


Sav-ior, His blood my soul has bought. I'm hap-py, so ver-y
Sav-ior, He's all in all to me.

Sav-ior, Yes, hap-py ev-er more. I'm hap-py, oh, so



hap-py— I'm hap-py all a-long the way! I'm
ver-y hap-py, I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior all a-long the way, I'm



Happy in My Savior.

hap-py, so ver-y hap-py in Je - sus all the day!
hap-py, oh, so ver-y hap-py in Je-sus, hap-py all the day!

No. 169. LIVING FOR CHRIST.

ADALINE H. BEERY.

A. S. DE YOE.

1. We come to Thee, O ho-ly Christ, To learn Thy gracious ways,
2. Let ev - 'ry treas - ure yield to Thee, Thou Rose of Sharon sweet;
3. O fill us with a ho - ly zeal, To make Thy graces known,

And frame our con-duct and de-sires, To Thy sin - cer - est praise.
And for Thy pure com-pan-ion-ship, O make our spir-its meet.
That all the world may glad-ly come, And kneel before Thy throne.

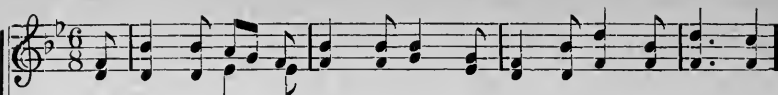
CHORUS.

Liv-ing for Christ! O joy supreme! Our ev - er-last-ing Friend;
our Friend;

We con - se - crate our all to Thee, 'Till life and tho't shall end.

W. P. M.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. I sought the Sav - ior in my grief, While by the way - side sit - ting,
2. 'Twas there my eyes re - ceived their sight, In beau - ty I be - held Him,
3. He filled my spir - it with His smile, When first by faith I knew Him,



I cried to Him and found relief, On that e - vent - ful day.
 And from my soul then fled the night, On that e - vent - ful day.
 And He has kept it bright the while, Since that e - vent - ful day.



CHORUS.



Glo - - ry to God! By faith I fol - low on;
 Glo - ry to God! glo - ry to God!



For well I know the bless - ed way my dear Re - deem - er's gone.



No. 171.

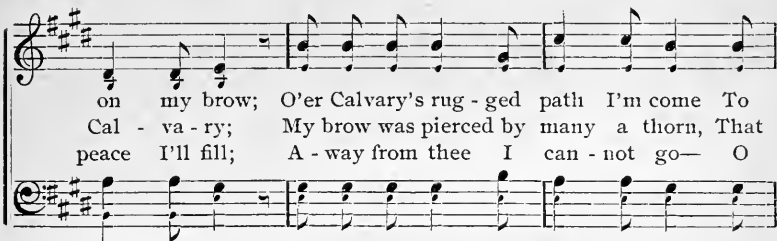
LET ME IN.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

(May be used as a Duet for Sop. and Tenor.)


1. O let me in, I pray Thee now! The dews of night are
 2. O let me in! for love of thee, I bore the cross on
 3. O let me in! I tar - ry still; Thy troubled heart with

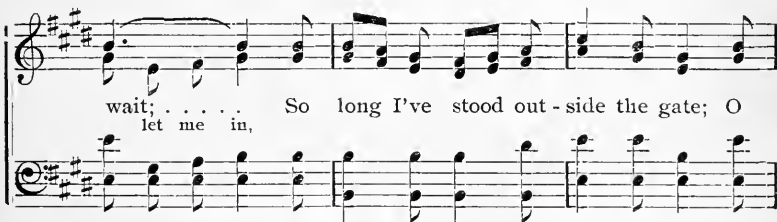


on my brow; O'er Calvary's rug - ged path I'm come To
 Cal - va - ry; My brow was pierced by many a thorn, That
 peace I'll fill; A - way from thee I can - not go— O

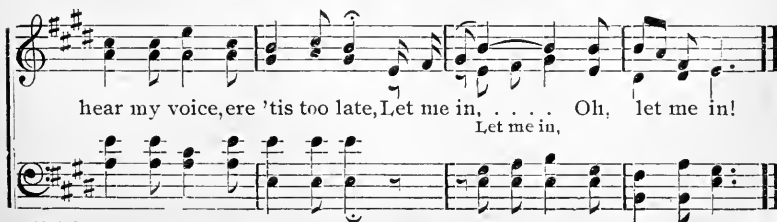
CHORUS.



find with thee my rest and home. Let me in! I wea-ry
 life's bright crown might thine a-dorn.
 let me in;— I love thee so!



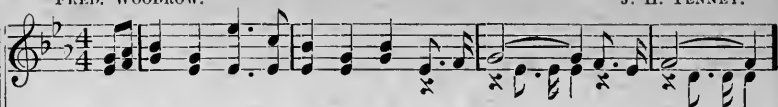
wait; So long I've stood out - side the gate; O
 let me in,



hear my voice, ere 'tis too late, Let me in, Oh, let me in!
 Let me in,

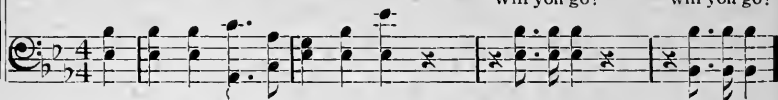
FRED. WOODROW.

J. H. TENNEY.



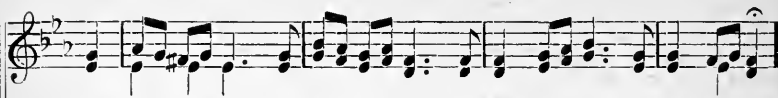
1. There is a land beyond the sea, Will you go? will you go?
2. No seasons come and pass away, Will you go? will you go?
3. Oh, still a-jar the pearly gate, Will you go? will you go?

Will you go? will you go?

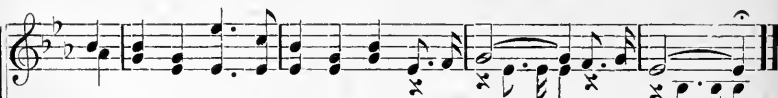
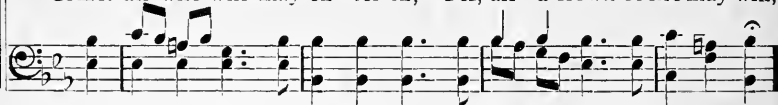


Where sin or pain can nev-er be, Will you go? will you go?
 No night, but one e-ter-nal day, Will you go? will you go?
 For you and me the angels wait, Will you go? will you go?

Will you go? will you go?



Where those who weep, shall weep no more; Where storms of life and death are o'er,
 There hun-ger, cold, distress and pain, Are seen no more, nor known a-gain;
 Come! all who will may en-ter in; Yes, all a crown of life may win,



For-got-ten on that shining shore, Will you go? will you go?
 There angels walk the shining plain, Will you go? will you go?
 The soul be saved from death and sin, Will you go? will you go?

Will you go? will you go?



No. 173.

LIVING IN CANAAN.

ISAAC WATTS.
Moderato.

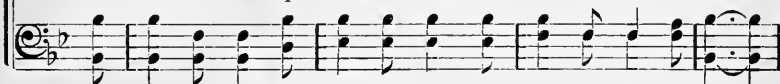
Chorus by ISAAC NAYLOR.



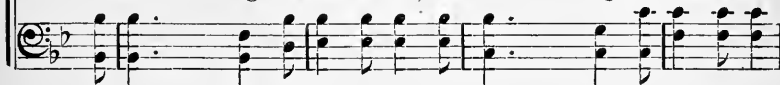
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels 'round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name



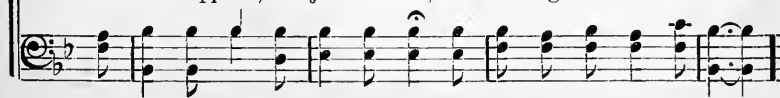
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 "Wor - thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
 And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine!
 Con-spire to lift Thy glo - ries high, And speak Thine endless praise.
 Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb!


CHORUS. *Faster.*

I'm liv-ing in Ca-naan now,.... I'm living in Ca-naan now;....
 I'm liv - - ing in Canaan now, I'm liv - - ing in Canaan now;



The blood's applied, I'm just - i - fied, I'm liv - ing in Ca-naan now.







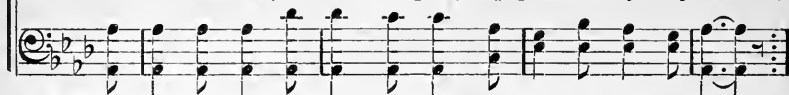
1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, Hal-low'd cross, bless-ed cross,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Here be-low, here be-low,

2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies, Car-ried on, car-ried on,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize Of His love, wondrous love,


3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign Ev-er-more, ev-er-more,
I'll bear the cross, en-dure the pain All the way, all the way,



Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb? }
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }
Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, }
While oth-ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' bloody seas? }
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age Lord! }
I'll bear the cross, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. }




REFRAIN.



March-ing, we're march-ing to Zi-on, we're march-ing, yes, march-ing;
March-ing on, march-ing on, yes, march-ing on;

March-ing, we're march-ing to Zi-on, And Je-sus is our song.
March-ing on,

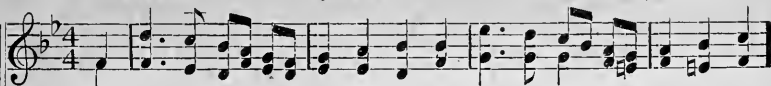


No. 175. LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

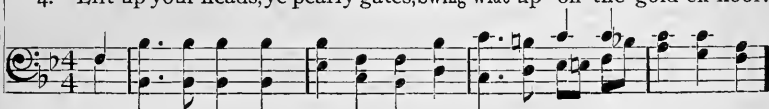
ADA BLENKHORN.

QUARTET.

J. WM. SUFFERN, Mus. Doc.



1. Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, Swing wide up - on your golden pave!
2. Lift up your heads, O lift them high! For thro' your portals white doth come
3. Swing wid-er still, ye gates of pearl! For He who died and 'rose a-gain,
4. Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, Swing wide up - on the gold-en floor!

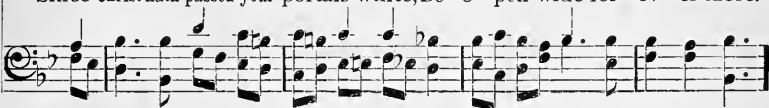


For God, who loves the sin-ful world, Would keep the promise that He gave.

A lit - tle child, God's on-ly Son, To find up - on the earth a home.

Your gleaming por-tals en-ters now A King, e - ter - nal-ly to reign!

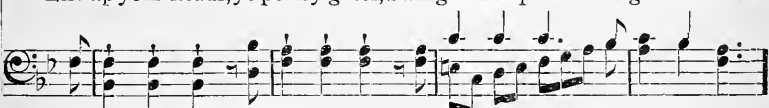
Since Christ hath passed your portals white, Be o - pen wide for - ev - er-more.



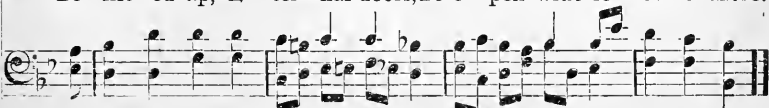
CHORUS



Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, Swing wide up-on the gold-en floor!



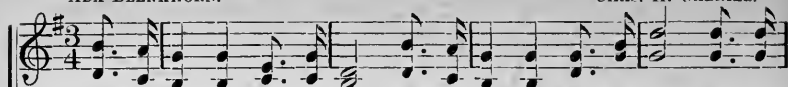
Be lift-ed up, E - ter - nal doors, Be o - pen wide for - ev - er-more!



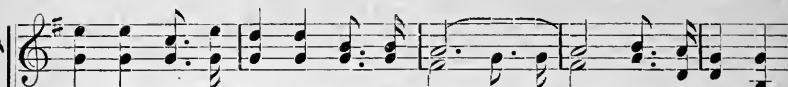
No. 176. HE'S THE SAVIOR OF MY SOUL.

ADA BLENKHORN.


CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. From the fold I went a-stray, Wander'd far from Christ a-way, But He
 2. I was lost in dark-est night, Till He led me to the light; Now He
 3. Praise the ev-er-lasting word; Praise to Je-sus Christ, the Lord; For He

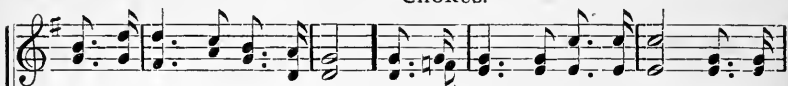


sought me and He bought me with His blood, (with His blood;) From all sin He
 guides me, walks be-side me all the way, (all the way;) Now a glo-ry
 keeps me, safe-ly keeps me by His grace, (by His grace;) He is ev-er-



cleans-eth me, From its fetters makes me free, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 lights the place,—'Tis the shin-ing of His face, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
 more the same, Glo-ry to His precious name, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.



hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord. He's the Sav-ior of my soul, For His



blood doth make me whole; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is
 2. When a soul is born in the king - dom bright, There is
 3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is

joy, there is joy; When he turns to God in the
 joy, there is joy; When it walks by faith in the
 joy, there is joy; When he dwells se - cure on the
 There is joy, there is joy, there is joy;

gos - pel way, There is joy, there is joy.
 gos - pel light, There is joy, there is joy.
 oth - er side, There is joy, there is joy.
 There is joy,

REFRAIN.

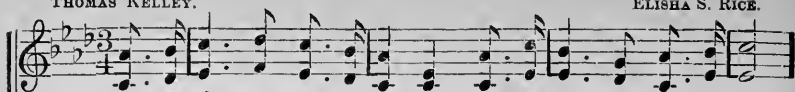
There is joy a - mong the an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring;
 mu - sic ring;

When a sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore our King.

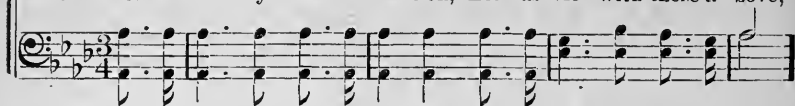
No. 178. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

THOMAS KELLEY.

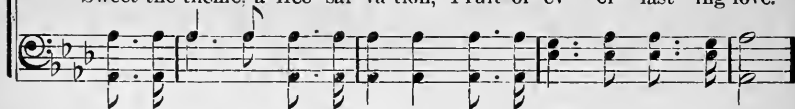
ELISHA S. RICE.



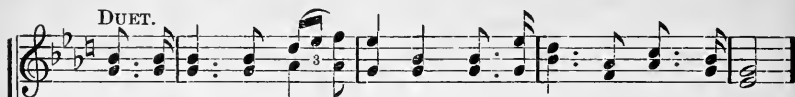
1. Hark! the notes of an - gels sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!"
2. Filled with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, Let us vie with those a - bove;



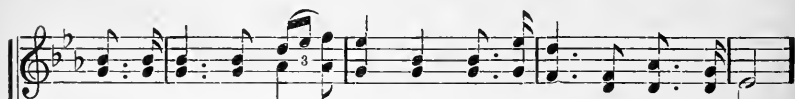
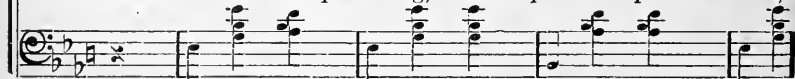
All in heav'n their tribute bringing, Rais-ing high the Sav-ior's name.
Sweet the theme, a free sal - va - tion, Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love.



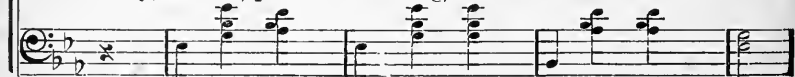
DUET.



Ye for whom His life was giv - en, Sa - cred themes to you be - long;
End - less life in Him possess - ing, Let us praise His pre - cious name;



Come, as - sist the choirs of heav - en; Join the ev - er - last - ing song.
Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing, Be for - ev - er to the Lamb.



CHORUS.



Crown the Sav - ior, an - gels crown Him, Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;



Glory to the Lamb.

In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, Crown the Savior King of Kings!

No. 179. THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

ANNE STEELE.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Thou ref-uge of my soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise, On
 2. To Thee I tell my grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal; Thy
 3. But oh, when doubts pre-vail, I fear to call Thee mine; The
 4. Yet, Lord, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; And

Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
 word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
 spring of com - fort seems to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.
 still my soul would cling to Thee, Tho' prostrate in the dust.

CHORUS.

On Thee, On Thee, on Thee. My hope My hope re - lies, re - lies,

On 'Thee when waves of sor-row roll, My faint-ing hope re - lies.

YOU MAY, IF YOU WILL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If you will, you may know the glad-ness of your sins for-giv'n,
2. If you will, you may close the door and let Him knock in vain,
3. If you will, there are souls that you may lead to life and love,
4. If you will, you may sing in heav'n for-ev - er with the blest,

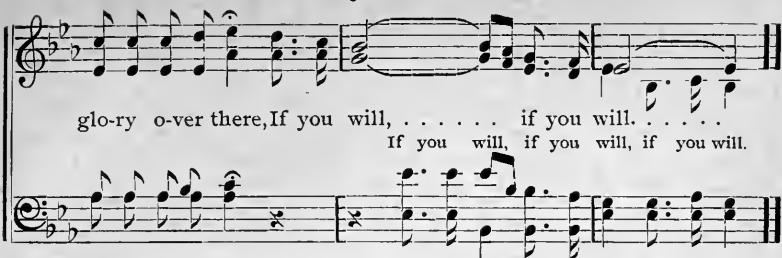
If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will, you may make the
 If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will:—but His Spir - it
 If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will, there's a crown that
 If you will, . . . if you will, . . . If you will, you may meet the

an-gels	sing for joy in heav'n,	If you will, . . .	if you will.
may not	ev - er strive a - gain,	If you will, . . .	if you will.
you may	wear in heav'n a - bove,	If you will. . . .	if you will.
loved ones	in that home of rest,	If you will, . . .	if you will.

If you will, . . . oh, hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord, I am hap-py in the
If you will,

prom-ise of His word; Brother, you may share the blessing here and
hal - le-lu-jah!

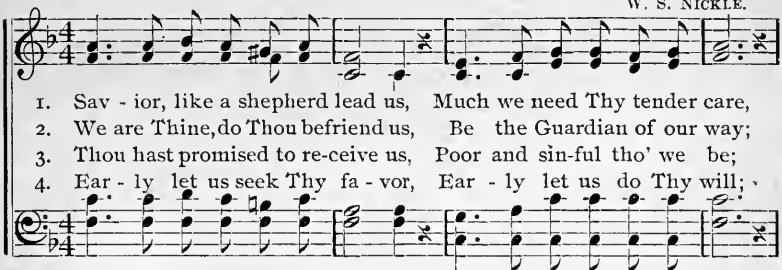
You May, If You Will.



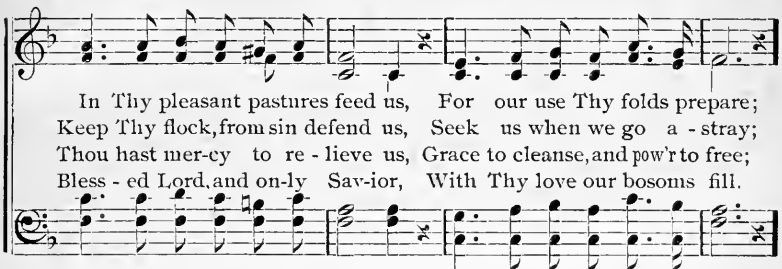
glo-ry o-ver there, If you will, if you will.
If you will, if you will, if you will.

No. 181. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

W. S. NICKLE.



1. Sav - ior, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tender care,
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

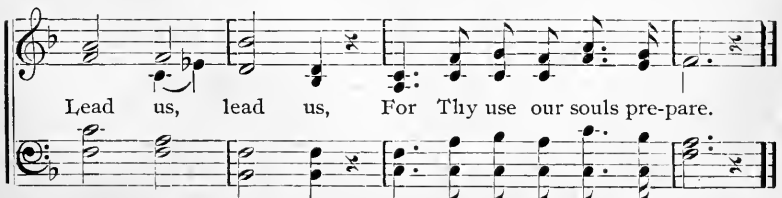


In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a - stray;
Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
Bless - ed Lord, and on-ly Sav-ior, With Thy love our bosoms fill.

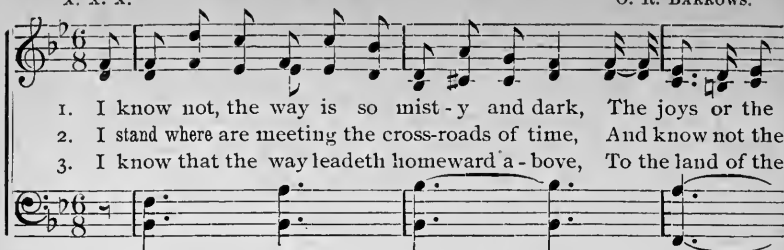
CHORUS.



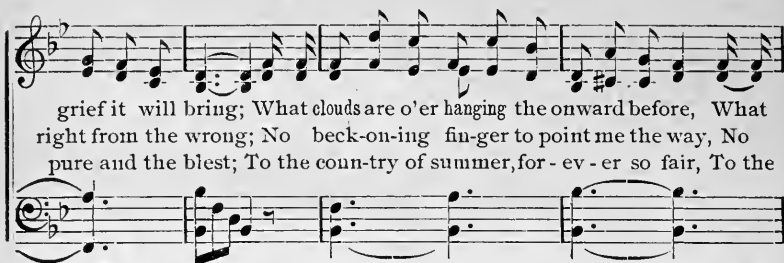
Lead us, lead us, Lead us with Thy ten - der care;



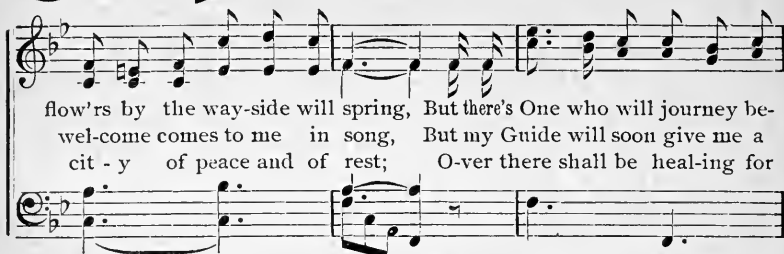
Lead us, lead us, For Thy use our souls pre-pare.



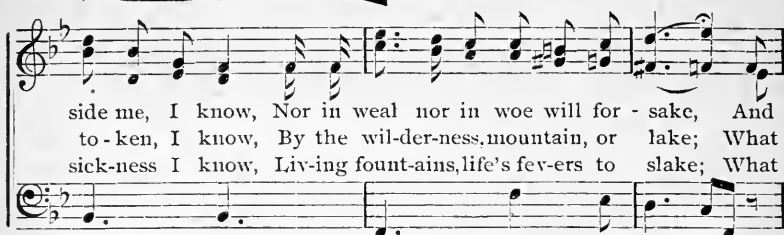
1. I know not, the way is so mist-y and dark, The joys or the
 2. I stand where are meeting the cross-roads of time, And know not the
 3. I know that the way leadeth homeward a - bove, To the land of the



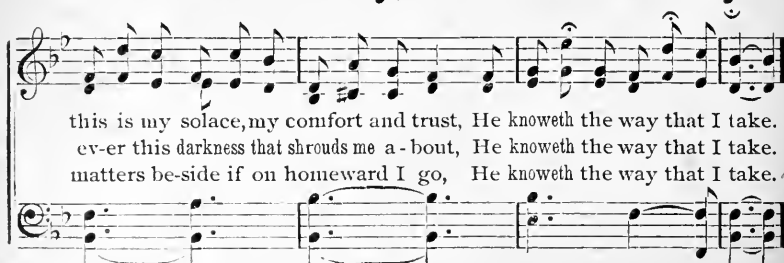
grief it will bring; What clouds are o'er hanging the onward before, What
 right from the wrong; No beck-on-ing fin-ger to point me the way, No
 pure and the blest; To the coun-try of summer, for - ev - er so fair, To the



flow'rs by the way-side will spring, But there's One who will journey be-
 wel-come comes to me in song, But my Guide will soon give me a
 cit - y of peace and of rest; O-ver there shall be heal-ing for



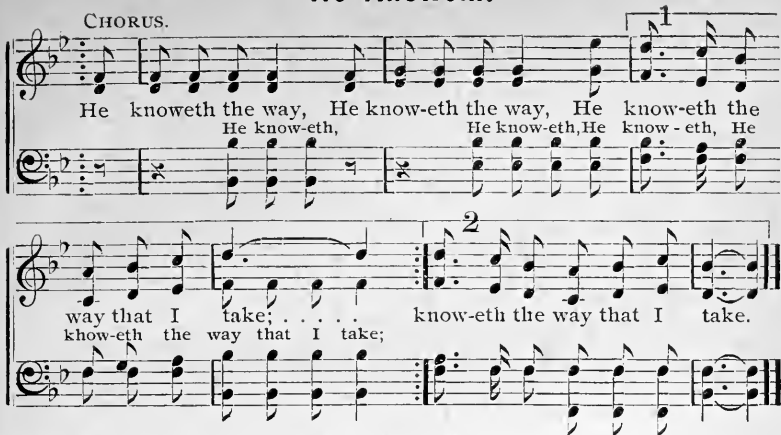
side me, I know, Nor in weal nor in woe will for - sake, And
 to - ken, I know, By the wil-der-ness, mountain, or lake; What
 sick-ness I know, Liv-ing fount-ains, life's fev-ers to slake; What



this is my solace, my comfort and trust, He knoweth the way that I take.
 ev-er this darkness that shrouds me a - bout, He knoweth the way that I take.
 matters be-side if on homeward I go, He knoweth the way that I take.

He Knoweth.

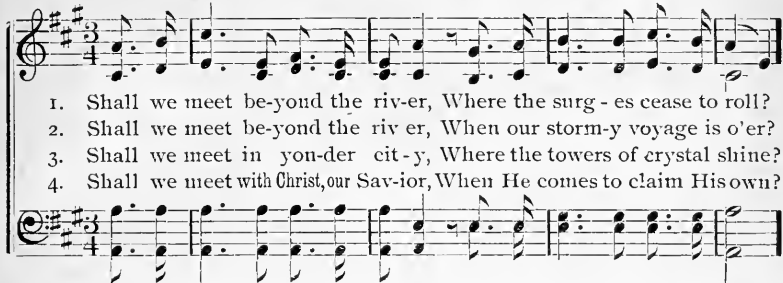
CHORUS.



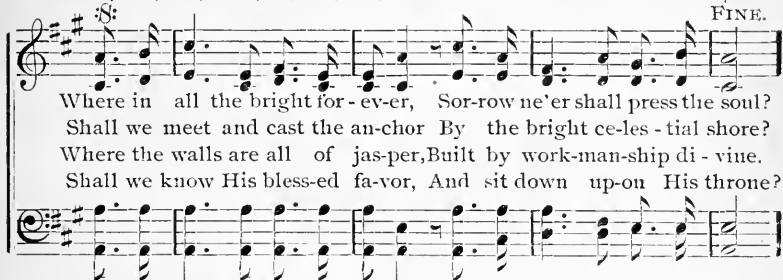
SHALL WE MEET?

II. L. HASTINGS.

ELIHU S. RICE.



FINE.



D. S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

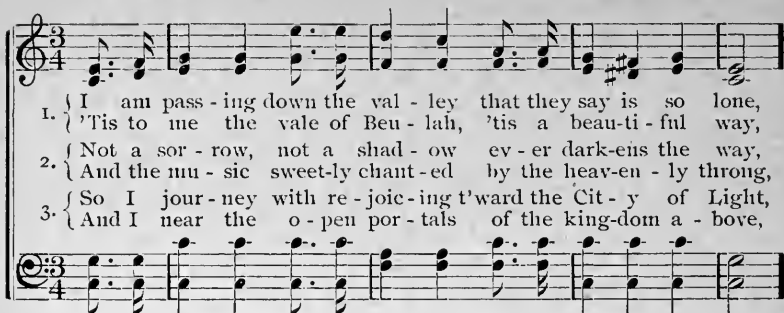
CHORUS.

D. S.



E. A. HOFFMAN.

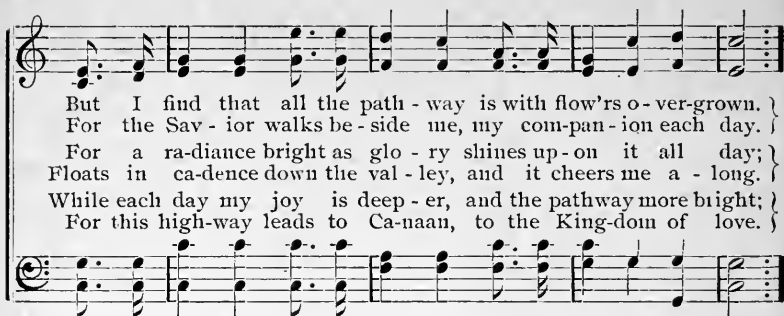
JOSEPH GARRISON.



1. { I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,

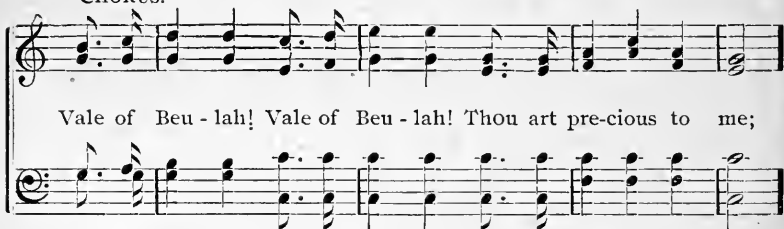
2. { Not a sor - row, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic sweet - ly chant - ed by the heav - en - ly throng,

3. { So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing t'ward the Cit - y of Light,
And I near the o - pen por - tals of the king - dom a - bove,

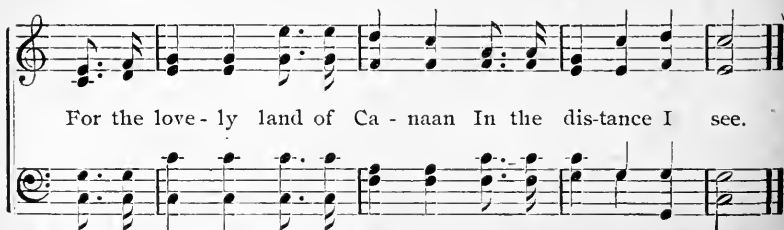


But I find that all the path - way is with flow'rs o - ver - grown. }
For the Sav - ior walks be - side me, my com - pan - ion each day. }
For a ra - diance bright as glo - ry shines up - on it all day; }
Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long. }
While each day my joy is deep - er, and the pathway more bright; }
For this high - way leads to Ca - naan, to the King - dom of love. }

CHORUS.



Vale of Beau - lah! Vale of Beau - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;

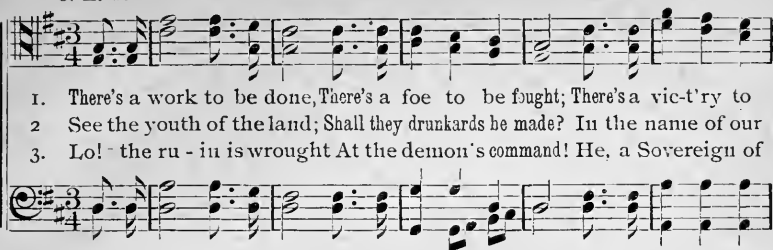


For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.

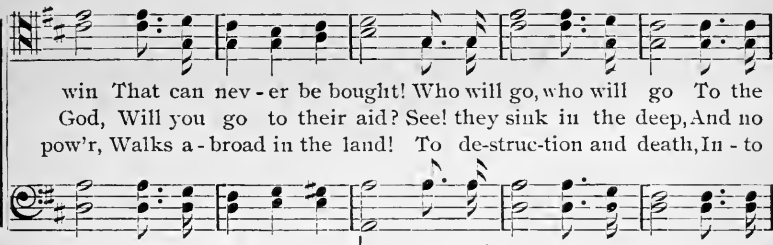
No. 185. WHO WILL STAND FOR THE RIGHT?

C. H. G.

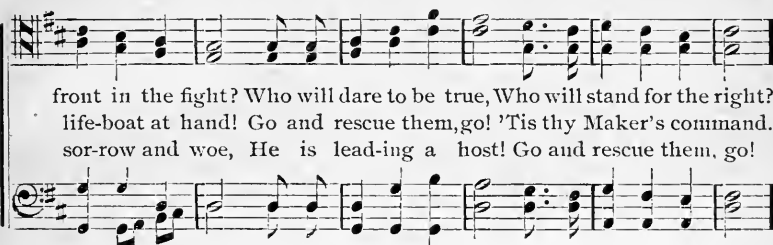
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a work to be done, There's a foe to be fought; There's a vic-t'ry to
 2 See the youth of the land; Shall they drunkards be made? In the name of our
 3. Lo! the ru - in is wrought At the demon's command! He, a Sovereign of

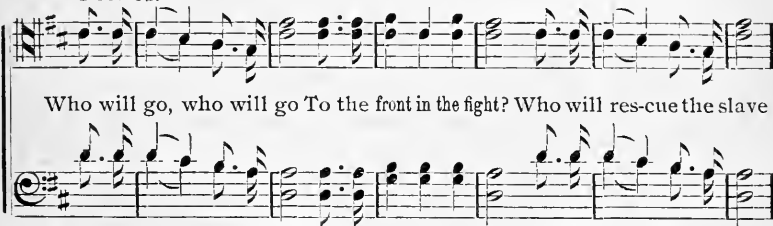


win That can nev - er be bought! Who will go, who will go To the
 God, Will you go to their aid? See! they sink in the deep, And no
 pow'r, Walks a - broad in the land! To de-struc-tion and death, In - to

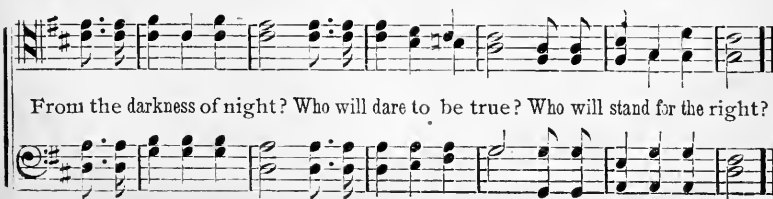


front in the fight? Who will dare to be true, Who will stand for the right?
 life-boat at hand! Go and rescue them, go! 'Tis thy Maker's command.
 sor-row and woe, He is lead-ing a host! Go and rescue them, go!

CHORUS.



Who will go, who will go To the front in the fight? Who will res-cue the slave



From the darkness of night? Who will dare to be true? Who will stand for the right?

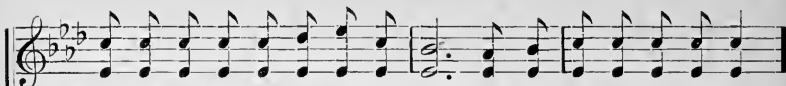
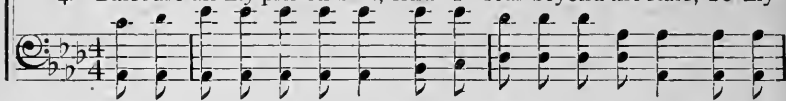
No. 186. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

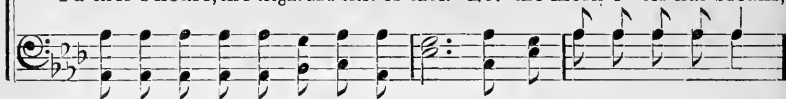
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



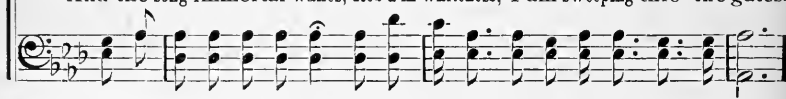
1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je-sus' blood; I am
2. Oh! the bless-ed Lord of light, I have lov'd Him with my might; Now his
3. I am sweeping toward the gate Where the bless-ed for me wait: Where the
4. Burst are all my pris-on bars, And I soar beyond the stars; To my



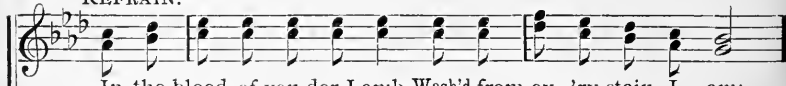
watch-ing and I'm long-ing while I wait. Soon on wings of love to fly,
arms en-fold, and comfort while I wait. I am lean-ing on His breast,
wea-ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more. Where the strife of earth is done,
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest es-tate. Lo! the morn e - ter-nal breaks,



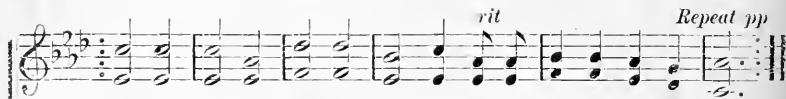
To my home beyond the sky, To my welcome, as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.
Oh! the sweet-ness of His rest, And I'm think-ing of my sweep-ing thro' the gates.
And the crown of life is won, Oh! I'm think-ing of the cit - y while I soar.
And the song im-mortal wakes, Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweep-ing thro' the gates.



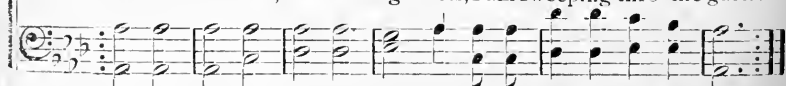
REFRAIN.



In the blood of yon-der Lam-b, Wash'd from ev - 'ry stain I am;



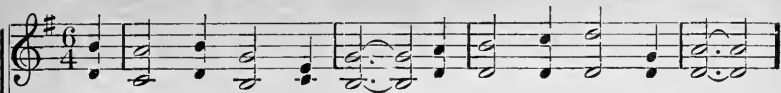
Rob'd in whiteness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweep-ing thro' the gates.



No. 187. DRAW NEAR, O COMFORTER.

Dr. S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

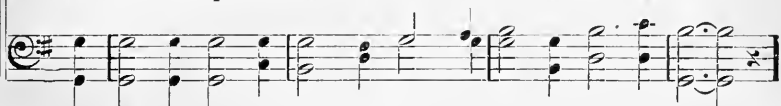
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Draw near, O Com - fort - er, This err - ing heart of mine,
2. Draw near, O Pow'r Di - vine! Let me not ask in vain!
3. This ver - y hour I need The guid - ance of Thy hand;
4. Thee on - ly would I know, My Com - fort - er and Friend;
5. Pos - sess'd of Thee, O Lord, I am of all pos - sess'd,



And let it feel the heal - ing pow'r Of love and grace di - vine.
My heart is thirst-ing for Thy love, As des - erts thirst for rain.
I give my all, and yield my life To Thy di - vine com - mand.
I fear the dan - gers by the way, Un - less Thy grace de - fend.
And work with pa - tience till at last I en - ter in - to rest.



REFRAIN.



Near - er, O bless - ed Com - fort - er, Near - er, still near - er;

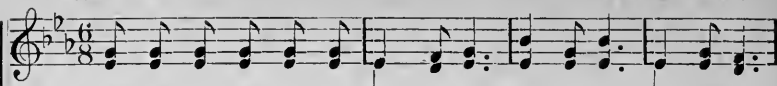


By Thy love di - vine, Make and keep me Thine, Near - er, still near - er.



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

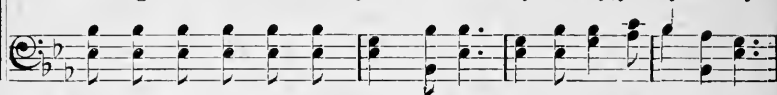
R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. When shall we stand at yon por - tals fair? By and by, by and by;
2. When will the la - bor of earth be o'er? By and by, by and by;
3. When will we see all our friends a-gain? By and by, by and by;
4. We have a prom-ise of bless - ed rest, By and by, by and by;



When shall we share in the glo - ry there? By and by, yes by and by.
 When will we sor - row and sigh no more? By and by, yes by and by.
 When shall we join them in sweet re-frain? By and by, yes by and by.
 Lean-ing in calm-ness on Je - sus' breast, By and by, yes by and by.

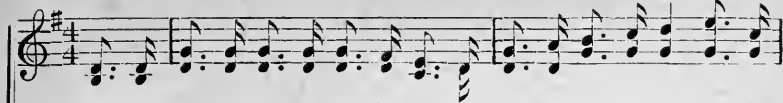


'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come, Call me to en-ter my heav'nly home;
 Not long on earth can the pilgrim stay; Soon God will summon to heav'n a-way;
 'Twill not be long till in joy we meet, And in af-fec-tion each oth-er greet;
 Not here where weary the heart and hand, But in the fairer Im-man-nel's land;



There with the ho - ly and blest to roam, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Oh! it is com-ing, that glad, glad day, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Oh! the re - un-ion will be so sweet, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Crown'd with the host of the white-rob'd band, By and by, yes, by and by.





1. I am walking with the Savior in the bless-ed narrow way, I am
2. In my grief He's con-so-la-tion, in my tri-als He's my stay, I am
3. When I fal-ter in my weakness, on His arm He bids me lean, I am



sat - is-fied with Christ, my Lord; Once my soul was in the darkness: now has
 sat - is-fied with Christ, my Lord; With His ten-der arms a-round me I can
 sat - is-fied with Christ, my Lord; When temp-ta-tions o-ver-whelm me, with His

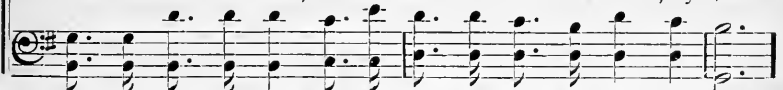


D. S.—nev - er will forsake me, but will



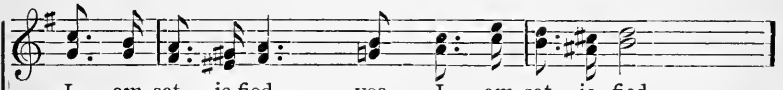
FINE

dawned the gold - en day, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.
 nev - er know dis-may, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.
 blood He makes me clean, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.



ev - er be my guide, I am sat - is - fied with Christ, my Lord.

CHORUS.



I am sat - is-fied, with Je - sus, I am sat - is-fied, with Je - sus,



D. S.



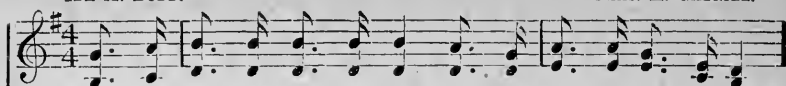
I am sat - is-fied to walk with Him the long, long way, For He



No. 190. THE HARVEST TIME IS COMING.

IDA M. BUDD.

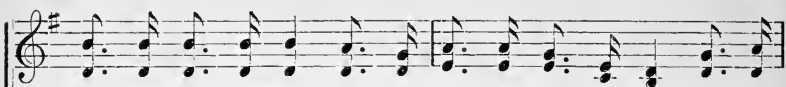
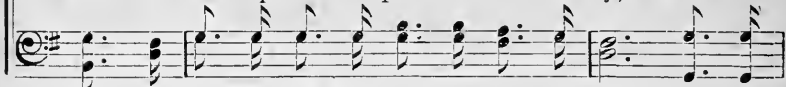
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. If we could but sure - ly know That from seed our hands may sow,
2. Tho' we sow in pain and tears, Thro' the long and wea - ry years,
3. Then, as on thro' life we go, Let our hands un-falt'ring sow,



We should gath-er grain for gar - ners in the sky, Would we
There is One who hears His chil-dren's faint-ing cry, And His
And our hearts up - on His prom - is - es re - ly; Cheer the



count our toil and care, Or our faith - ful la - bor spare In the
prom - is - es are plain, That our toil shall not be vain, When the
way with hap - py song, For our toil will not be long, And the



CHORUS.



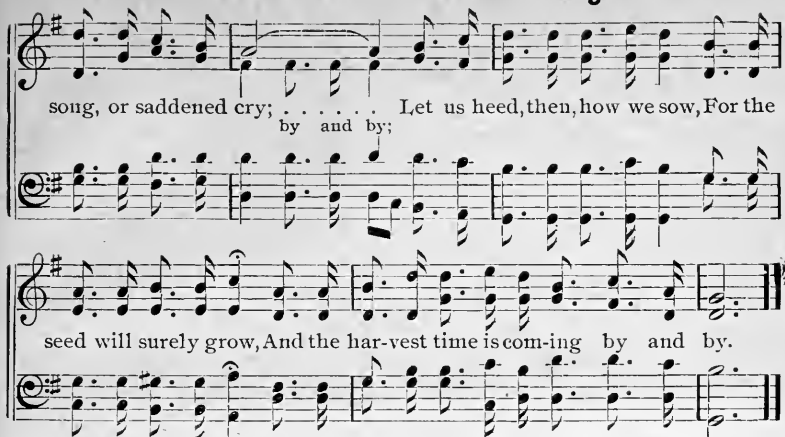
pros-pect of the reap-ing by and by? Har-vest time is
har-vest shall be gathered by and by.
har-vest time is com-ing by and by. Har-vest time is sure-ly



com-ing, it is com-ing by and by When we'll reap with joy - ful
com - ing,



The Harvest Time is coming.



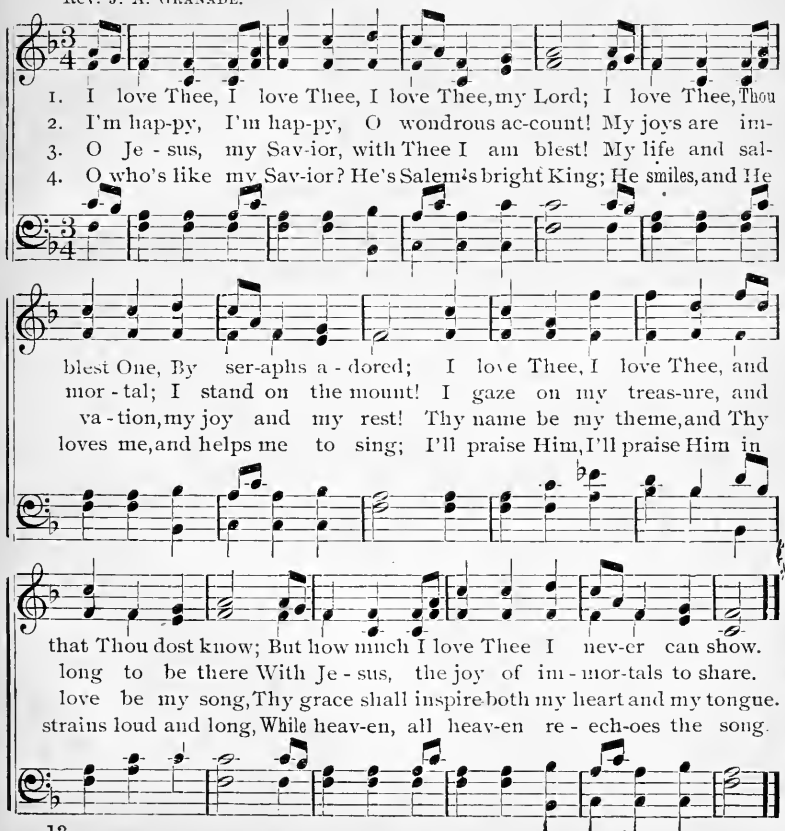
song, or saddened cry; Let us heed, then, how we sow, For the
by and by;

seed will surely grow, And the har-vest time is com-ing by and by.

No. 191.

I LOVE THEE.

REV. J. A. GRANADE.



1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord; I love Thee, Thou
2. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, O wondrous ac-count! My joys are im-
3. O Je - sus, my Sav-ior, with Thee I am blest! My life and sal-
4. O who's like my Sav-ior? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and He

blest One, By ser-aphs a - dored; I love Thee, I love Thee, and
mor - tal; I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treas-ure, and
va - tion, my joy and my rest! Thy name be my theme, and Thy
loves me, and helps me to sing; I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him in

that Thou dost know; But how much I love Thee I nev-er can show.
long to be there With Je - sus, the joy of im - mor-tals to share.
love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
strains loud and long, While heav-en, all heav-en re - ech-oes the song.

SCATTER SEED.

J. L. MOORE.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed, In the
2. Sun and show-ers aid thee now, Scat - ter seed, With thy
3. Tho' thy work should seem to fail, Scat - ter seed, Hon-est
Scat - ter seed.

midst of toil and strife, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spir-it field,
hand up - on the plow, Scatter seed! Who can tell where grain may grow!
purpose will a - vail, Scatter seed! Some may fall on stony ground:
Scat-ter seed!

D. S.—furrows of thy life, Scatter seed! Small may be thy spirit field,

But a good-ly crop 'twill yield, Sow the kindly word and deed, Scat-ter seed.
Winds are blowing to and fro; Dai-ly good thy simple creed, Scat-ter seed.
Fruit and flow'rs are oft-en found In the clefts we lit-tle heed, Scat-ter seed.

But a good-ly crop 'twill yield, Sow the kindly word and deed, Scat-ter seed.

D. S.

Scat - ter seed, scat - ter seed; In the
Scat-ter seed of good, yes, scat-ter, scat-ter seed;

No. 193. DO YOU KNOW THE SONG?

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Do you know the song that the an - gels sang On that night in the
 2. Do you know the song that the shepherds heard As they watch'd o'er their
 3. Do you know the story that the wise men heard As they journey'd from the

long a - go? When the heav'n's a - bove with their mu - sic rang, Till it
 flocks by night? When the skies bent down, and their hearts were stirred By the
 East a - far? O'er a path - way plain, for there nightly burned In their

CHORUS.

ech - oed in the earth be - low? All glo - ry in the highest, Peace on
 voic - es of the an - gels bright?
 sight a glo - rious guid - ing star?

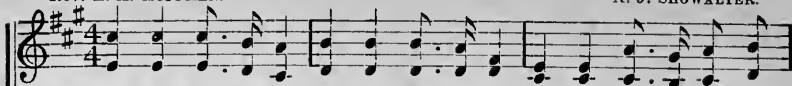
earth, good will to men, Glory in the highest, Peace, good will to men; Glory in the highest,

Glory in the highest, Glory in the high - est, Peace on earth, good will to men.

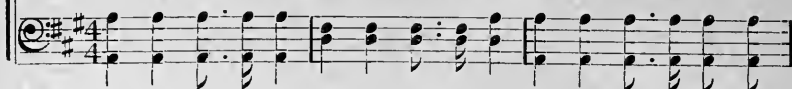
No. 194. THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -
3. What have I to do, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev - er -



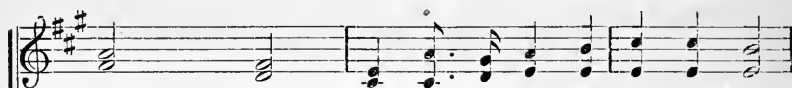
last-ing Arms! What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms? I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near,



CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,



W. A. O.

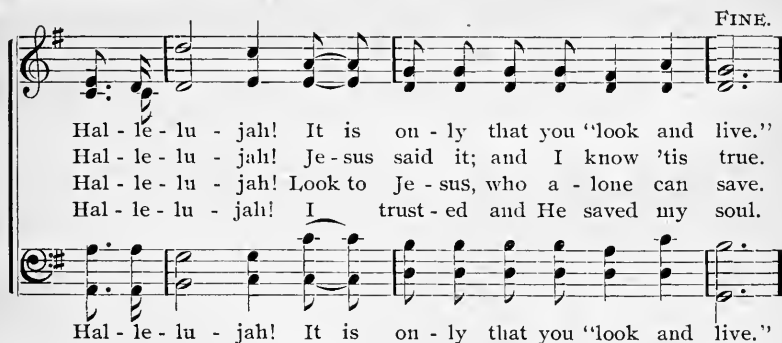
W. A. OGDEN.



1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
 2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
 3. Life is of-fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E -
 4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To



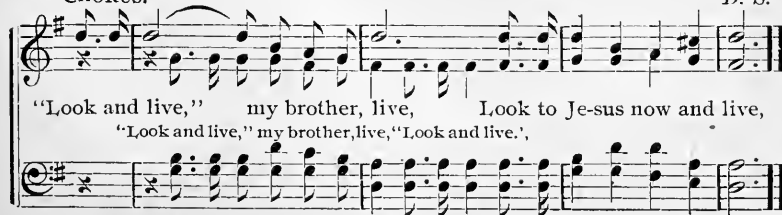
mes-sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,
 mes-sage, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove,
 ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,
 Je - sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on His name,
 D. S.—'Tis re - cord - ed in His word,



Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and He saved my soul.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS.

D. S.

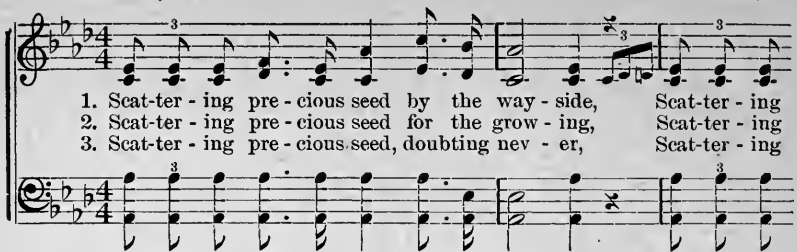


"Look and live," my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
 "Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live."

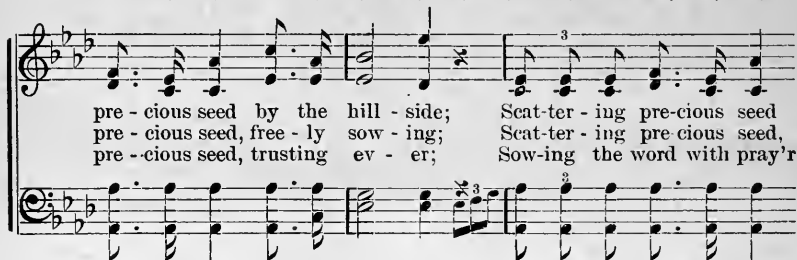
No. 196. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN,

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing
2. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter - ing
3. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing

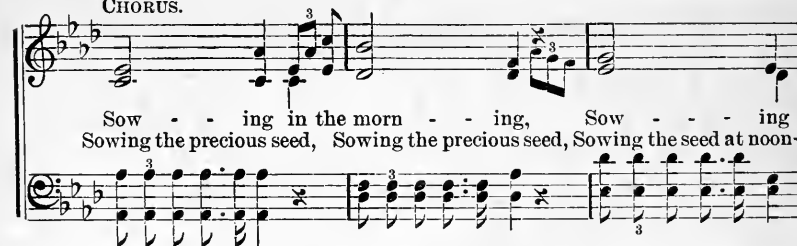


pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre cious seed,
pre - cious seed, trusting ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

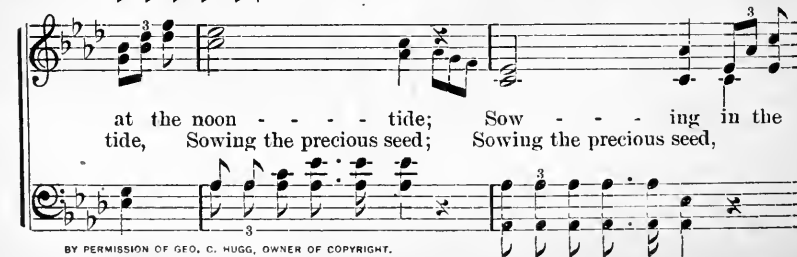


o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
trusting, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en-deav-or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - - ing
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noon-



at the noon - - - - tide; Sow - - - ing in the
tide, Sowing the precious seed; Sowing the precious seed,

Scattering Precious Seed.

ev - - 'ning, Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

No. 197. WHO AT MY DOOR IS STANDING?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand ing, Pa - tient-ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly with-out He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with-in am I;
3. All thro' the dark houns drear - y, Knock-ing a-gain is He;
4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide;

En - trance with-in de-mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry Wait-ing so long for me?
Tho' He re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D.S.—If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— O - pen the door for Me!

W. P. BALFERN.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Wheth - er with the few or ma - ny Ev - er work - ing for the Lord,
 2. Do your best in joy or sor - row, Do your best by night or day,
 3. Sun and stars and trees and flow - ers, Flowing streams and boundless sea,

Do your best and nev - er fal - ter, Ev - er lean - ing on His word.
 Do your best in strength or weakness, Heed not what the world may say;
 Ev - er work to cheer and help us, — Do their best, their serv - ice free;

Are you in the midst of con - flict, Full of trou - ble and un - rest?
 See the Mas - ter ev - er work - ing Ev - er at His best was' He;
 Do your best thro' Time's thick darkness, And the best your eyes shall see;

Sor - row will not last for - ev - er, — Trust in God and do your best.
 Thro' His cries and tears and bleeding, — To the last He toiled for thee.
 When the Lord and prince of work - ers Comes again, He'll welcome thee.

CHORUS.

Trust in God, and do your best, Trust in God . . . and do your
 Trust in God and do your best, Trust in God and

Trust In God.

best, Do your best, and nev - er fal - ter, Ev - er
do your best,

lean-ing on is word, Trust in God and do your best.
Trust in God

No. 199.

WHO WILL GATHER?

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { Lo! the har - vest field is bend-ing, Who will reap the gold - en
There are ma - ny i - dly standing In the mar - ket and the

2. { See the ma - ny that are wait-ing, 'Round a - bout the gold - en
They have themes, they have sug-ges-tions, For the la - bor and the

3. { Has - ten, broth - er, to the har - vest, To the har - vest of the
So that when the Mas - ter call - eth, This shall be the wel - come

1 grain, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? }
lane, But the (Omit) } reap-ers, where are they?
field, All in i - dle - ness to - day; }
yield, But the (Omit.) } reap-ers, where are they?
Lord! Gath-er sheaves from near and far, }
word:—"Blessed (Omit.) } reap-ers; here they are!"

CHORUS.

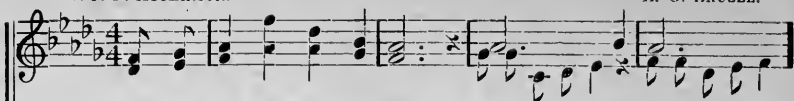
Who will gath-er, who will gather? Who will gather in the golden grain?

No. 200.

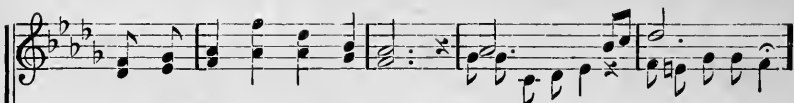
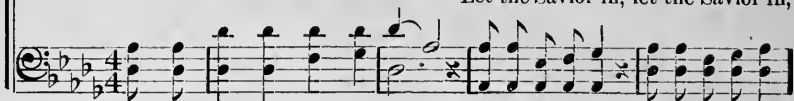
LET HIM IN.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

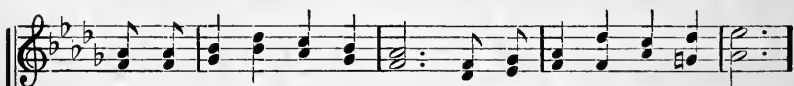
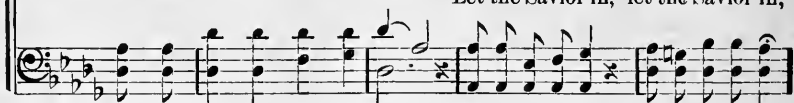
E. O. EXCELL.



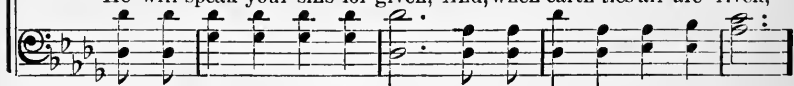
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in,
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in,
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice, Let Him in,
 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let Him in,
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



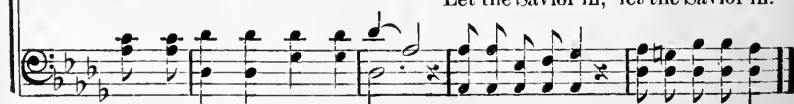
He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in,



Let Him in ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for-given, And, when earth ties all are riven,



Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
 Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

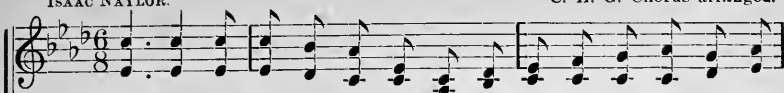


No. 201.

BRIGHT CROWNS.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

C. H. G. Chorus arranged.



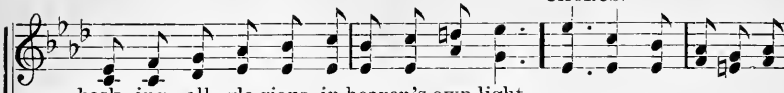
1. Bright crowns in heav-en are shin-ing For those who have conquered in
2. Bright robes resplendent and glo-rious A - dorn-ing the souls of the
3. Bright harps, whose chords are all golden, And strung, tuned and struck by the
4. Bright bells of sil - ver are ringing, Their peals sweetly mingling with



life's bit - ter fight; Green fields where saints are re - clin-ing, And
 bright, hap - py band; Loud songs, bright, glad and vic - to-rious, Re -
 blood-washed so fair; Sweet notes so soft - ly thro' E - den Are
 an - gel - ic song; The saints, made per - fect, are sing-ing A

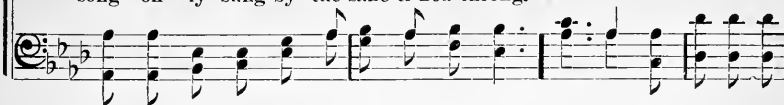


CHORUS.

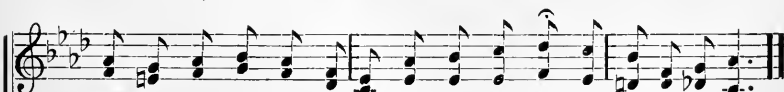


bask - ing, all - glo-rious, in heaven's own light.
 sound clear and sweet thro' that beautiful land.
 borne on the wings of the pure, balm-y air.
 song on - ly sung by the sanc-ti-fied throng.

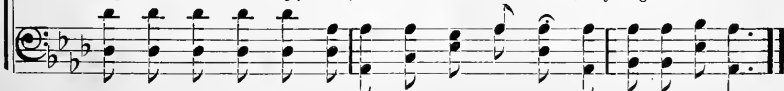
} Bright crowns they wear up in



glory, And wave victor's palms on the bright golden shore; Glad - ly they



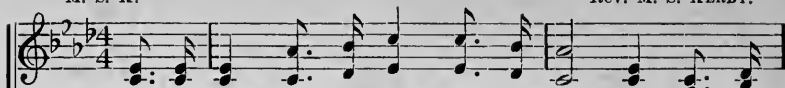
sing the old sto - ry, And, blest with their Savior, they reign ev-er-more.



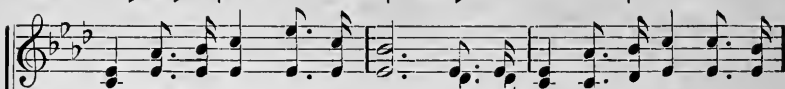
No. 202. THE SWEET OLDEN STORY.

M. S. K.

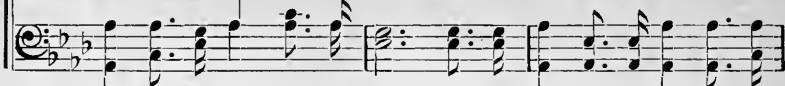
Rev. M. S. KERBY.




1. I have read of the sweet old - en sto - ry, Of the
 2. I have read of the clear spark-ling riv - er, Burst - ing
 3. I have read how the banks of that riv - er, By the




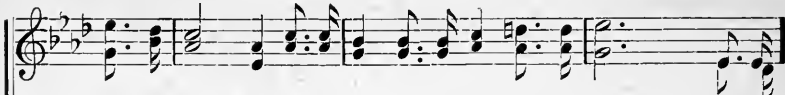
fair, hap - py E - den a - bove; Of the beau-ti - ful man-sions of
 out 'neath the great throne of God; How its sweet waters glide on for
 saints and the an - gels are trod; How their glo-ri - ous an-thems for-





CHORUS.



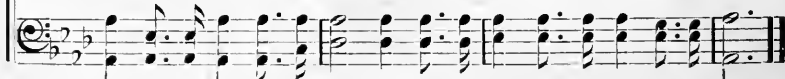
glo - ry, In the bright golden cit - y of love. Oh, the sweet
 ev - er, Mak-ing glad all the host of the Lord.
 ev - er, Swell the praise of our Savior and God. Oh, the sweet

old - en sto - ry Of the fair, happy E - den a - bove; Of the
 sto-ry dear, Of the fair, hap - py E - den above;

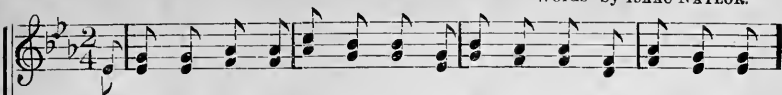



beau-ti-ful mansions of glo - ry, In the bright golden cit-y of love.



No. 203. THIS NOTE SHALL SWELL.

Words by ISAAC NAYLOR.



1. I'll praise Thee, Savior, Prince of peace, In songs of praise that ne'er shall cease;
2. I'll praise Thee for the crimson flood, For cleansing in Thy precious blood;
3. I'll praise Thee for salvation's might, That turns my darkness in - to light;
4. I'll praise Thee when 'tis dark and drear, 'Mid sorrow's frowns I will not fear;
5. I'll praise Thee in a loft - y strain, I'll praise Thee in a sweet re - frain;
6. I'll praise Thee with my present breath, I'll praise Thee in the hour of death;



'Till time and life and tho't en dure, I'll praise Thee, Sav-ior, ev - er - more.
I'll praise Thee for Thy Spirit's pow'r, That fills and keeps me hour by hour.
That scat-ters all my gloom and sin, I'll praise Thee, O, my Sav-ior King.
In dark - est night I'll raise my song, And roll the glo-rious strains a-long.
I'll praise Thee more than tongue can tell, For Thou art do-ing all things well.
I'll praise Thee as I mount a-bove, I'll praise Thee in the realms of love.



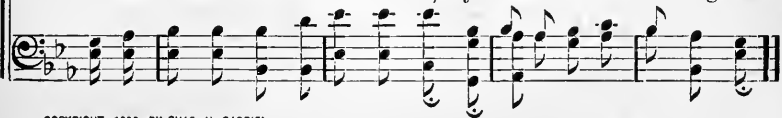
CHORUS.



And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

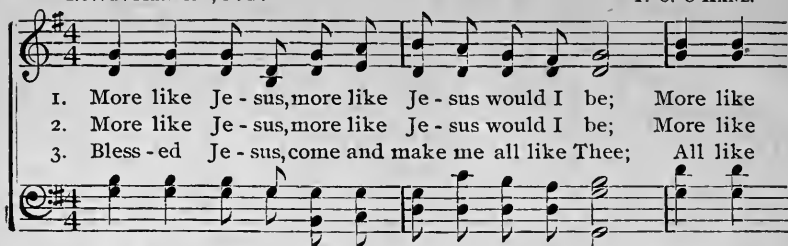


And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.



Rev. F. MERRICK, D. D.

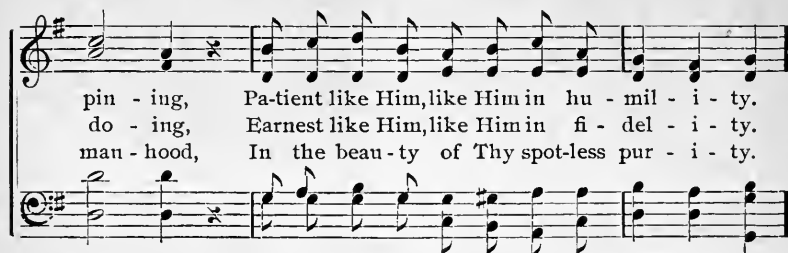
T. C. O'KANE.



1. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus would I be; More like
 2. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus would I be; More like
 3. Bless - ed Je - sus, come and make me all like Thee; All like

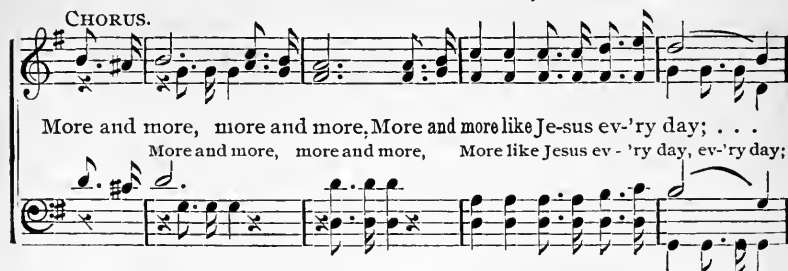


Je - sus in sub - miss - ion, Like Him, trust - ful, un - re -
 Je - sus, true and stead - fast, Like Him striv - ing, ev - er
 Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, In the glo - ry of Thy

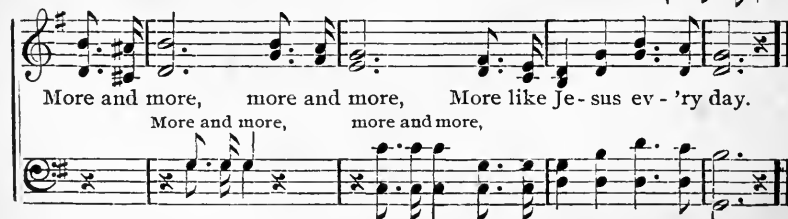


pin - ing, Pa - tient like Him, like Him in hu - mil - i - ty.
 do - ing, Earnest like Him, like Him in fi - del - i - ty.
 man - hood, In the beau - ty of Thy spot - less pur - i - ty.

CHORUS.



More and more, more and more, More and more like Je - sus ev - 'ry day; . . .
 More and more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day;



More and more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 More and more, more and more,

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!"
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where a-bound,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, "Send the light!"

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
And a gold-en off'ring at the cross we lay,
And a Christ-like spir-it ev'-ry-where be found:
Send the light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!..... Send the light!.....
Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

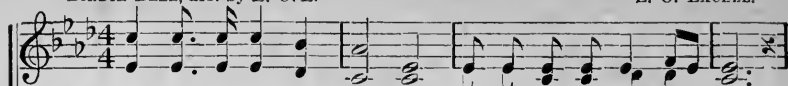
{ Send the light,..... the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it
{ Send the light,..... and let its ra - dian beams Light the

shine..... from shore to shore!.....
world..... for-ev - er - more. (for-ev-er-more.)

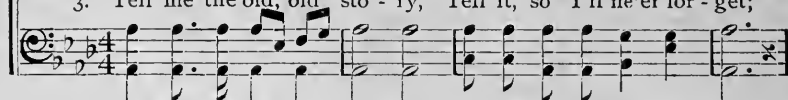
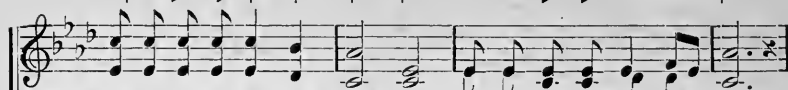
No. 206. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BIRDIE BELL, arr. by E. O. E.

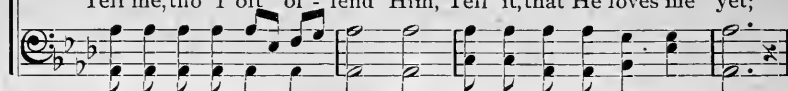
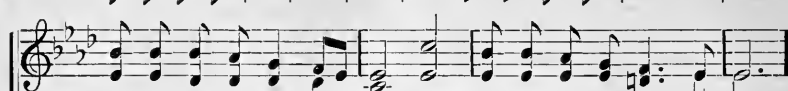
E. O. EXCELL.



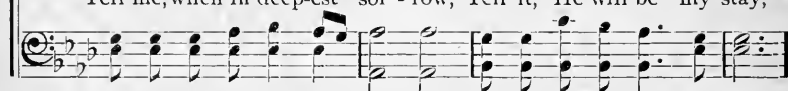
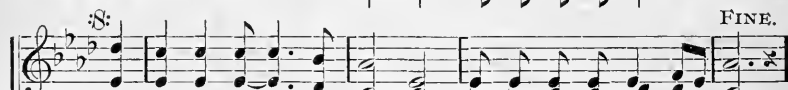
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for 'tis al - ways new,
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, for it is so sweet,
3. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it, so I'll ne'er for - get;

Tell me of a Sav - ior's par - don, Tell it, for I know 'tis true;
Tell me why He came from heaven, Tell it, ev'-ry word re - peat;
Tell me, tho' I oft of - fend Him, Tell it, that He loves me yet;

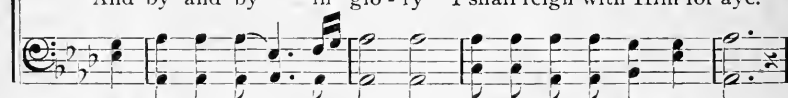



Tell me how He died for sin - ners, Tell it to me o'er and o'er,
Tell me, 'tis my on - ly com - fort, Tell it for I love it so,
Tell me, when in deep - est sor - row, Tell it, He will be my stay,

FINE.

For I am longing to hear it, Long - ing for it more and more.
And I will tell it to oth - ers, Tell it ev'-ry - where I go.
And by and by in glo - ry I shall reign with Him for aye.



D. S.—For I am longing to hear it, Long - ing for it more and more.

CHORUS.



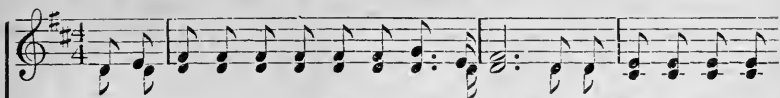
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell it to me o'er and o'er,



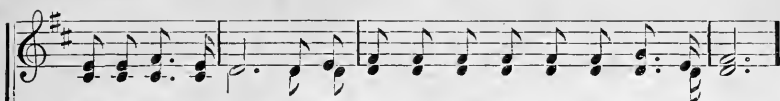
No. 207. WE ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

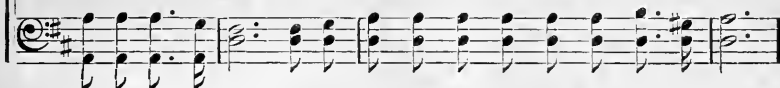
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. We are go-ing down the valley, one by one, With our faces toward the
2. We are go-ing down the valley, one by one, When the la-bors of the
3. We are go-ing down the valley, one by one, Human comrade you or



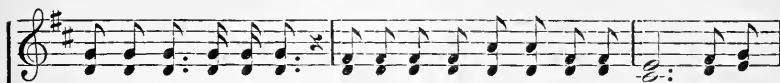
set-ting of the sun;—Down the val-ley where the mournful cypress grows,
weary day are done; One by one, the cares of earth for - ev - er past,
I will there have none. But a ten-der Hand will guide us lest we fall,



CHORUS.



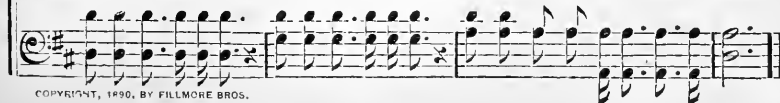
Where the stream of Death in si-lence onward flows. We are going down the valley,
We shall stand upon the riv - er bank at last.
Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all.



going down the valley, Going toward the setting of the sun; We are



going down the valley, going down the valley, Go-ing down the valley, one by one.



No. 208.

I BELIEVE IT!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. You ask me why I'm hap-py,—why I'm sing-ing all the day,
 2. You ask me why the burdens of the world can-not op-press,—
 3. You ask me how I hope to meet the loved ones gone be-fore,

Why I smile at trib-u-la-tions that would hinder or dis-may:—
 Why the ma-ny cares and tri-als that I meet can-not dis-tress;—
 In a bright and glad to-mor-row, on a fair and peaceful shore;—

'Tis he-cause my Sav-ior promised to be with me all the
 'Tis be-cause my Sav-ior promised to be with me, and to
 'Tis be-cause my Sav-ior promised love and life for-ev-er-

way, And I be-lieve it, I be-lieve it—ev-'ry word!
 bless, And I be-lieve it, I be-lieve it—ev-'ry word!
 more, And I be-lieve it, I be-lieve it—ev-'ry word!

I Believe It!

CHORUS.

I be - lieve..... it, I be - lieve it!
I be - lieve it, I be - lieve it, ev - 'ry word I be - lieve!

Cres.

Rall.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, I be - lieve on His name! Yes, I be -

A tempo.

Dim.

lieve..... it, I be - lieve it!
lieve . it, I be - lieve it, ev - 'ry word I be - lieve!

Cres. Rit.

Yes - ter - day, to - day, and for - ev - er the same."

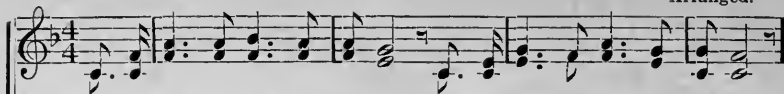
No. 209.

GLORIA PATRI.

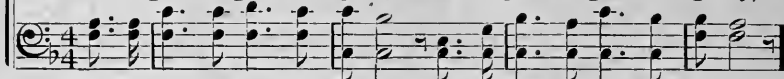
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be: World without end. A - men.

No. 210. THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

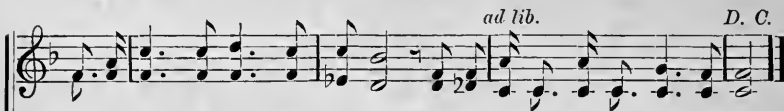
Arranged.



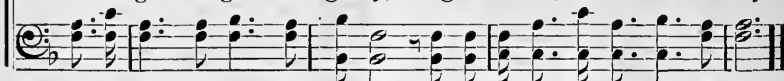
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,



D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



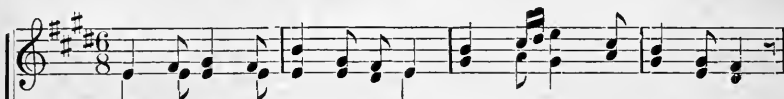
I can hear my Sav - ior calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



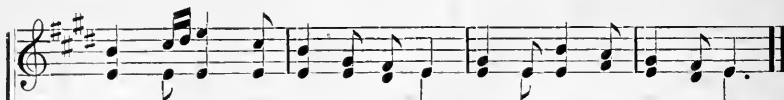
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 211.

ISHI.



1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad;
2. Ish - i, Ish - i is the Jew-el, Mine He is while a - ges roll;
3. Ma - ny beauteous names Thou hearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King;
4. Oth - er joys are short and fleeting; Thou and I can nev - er part;



For I have a pre-cious treas-ure, Such as princ-es nev - er had.
 An - gels taste not of such glo-ry, Ho - ly Ish - i of the soul.
 But they none un-to my Spir-it Such di-vine sup-port can give.
 Thou art al - to - geth-er love-ly, Ish - i, Ish - i of my heart.



No. 212.

JESUS, HIDE ME.

FRED. WOODROW.

C. H. G.

1. O Thou shel-ter from the tem-pest, Hide me till the storm goes by;
 2. Thou, O Christ, canst still the tem-pest, Thou canst rule the stormy sea;
 3. Life and death and tears and trouble, All are in Thy mighty pow'r;

S: *FINE.*

D. S.—From the gloomy depths of dark-ness, Sav-ior, hear Thy servant's cry!
 And the sad and troubled spir-it Cries a-loud, O Lord, to Thee.
 O Thou shelter from the tem-pest, Hide me in the try-ing hour.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Je - sus, hide me, Je - sus, hide me, Hide me till the storm goes by;

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No. 213.

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- 2 He will save you.
- 3 Oh, believe Him.
- 4 He is able.
- 5 He is willing.

- 6 Call upon Him.
- 7 He will hear you.
- 8 Look unto Him.
- 9 He'll forgive you.

- 10 Only trust Him.
- 11 Jesus loves you.
- 12 Don't reject Him.
- 13 I believe Him

No. 214.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior, and my God ! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

CHORUS.

D. S.—Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way;

FINE.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joice - ing ev-'ry day.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O happy bond that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> <p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.</p> <p>5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 215.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

- 1 Our Father which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name. ||
 Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
- 2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread. ||
 And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil: ||
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

No. 216.

ROOM FOR ALL.

L. B. BATES.

C. H. G.

1. { There's room in God's e - ter - nal love, To save thy pre-cious soul; }
 { Room in the Spir - it's grace a-bove, To heal and make thee whole. }
 2. { There's room within the church, redeem'd With blood of Christ di-vine; }
 { Room in the white-rob'd throng, conven'd For that dear soul of thine. }

CHORUS.

Yes, there's room, There's room for thee, and there's room for all; for all.
 Yes, there's room, there's room for thee,

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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 There's room in heav'n among the
 choir.
 And harps and crowns of gold,
 And glorious palms of vict'ry there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.</p> | <p>4 There's room around thy Father's
 board
 For thee and millions more;
 Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,
 Yea, come this very hour.</p> |
|--|---|

AZMON.

No. 217.

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels Thy blood
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

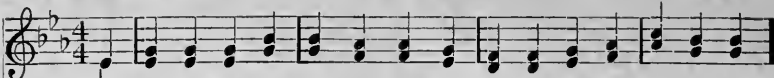
No. 218.

- 1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

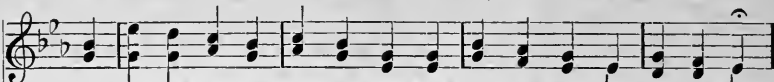
No. 219. BENEATH HIS WING.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

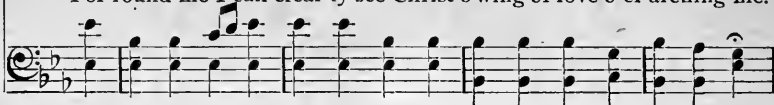
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Beneath His wing I sweet-ly rest, While balmy peace reigns in my breast;
2. A - midst all dangers, seen or known, His guardian wing is o'er me thrown;
3. This heav'nly wing, so widely spread, Is o - ver me wher-e'er I tread;
4. When wasting on the bed of death, I still can sing with dying breath;



I nev-er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is o'er me spread.
It soothes me with its magic pow'r, And turns to light the darkest hour.
It ban-ish-es all gloom and fear, To feel assured His wing is near.
For round me I can clear-ly see Christ's wing of love o'er arching me.

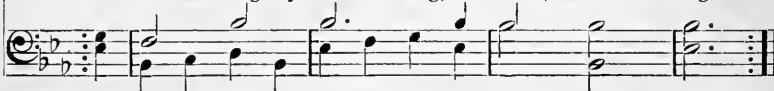


REFRAIN.

Repeat softly.



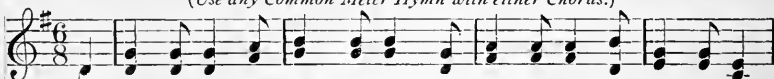
Be-neath His wing, be - neath His wing.
Be - neath His wing my heart doth sing, be - neath, be-neath His wing.



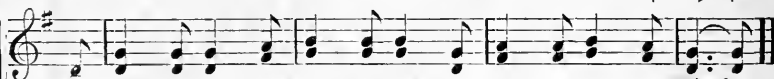
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY FILLMORE BROS.

No. 220 I'M KNEELING AT THE MERCY-SEAT

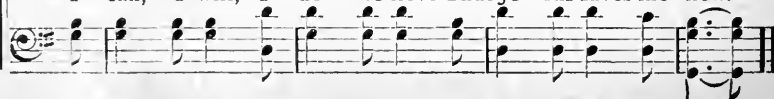
(Use any Common Meter Hymn with either Chorus.)



Cho. 1.-I'm kneeling at the mer - cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy-seat,
Cho. 2.-I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,



I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.



No. 221.

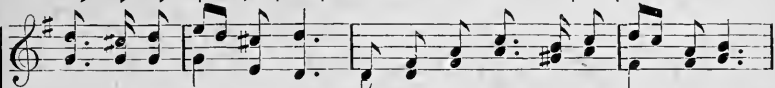
FOR THEE, O LORD.

ADA BLENKHORN.

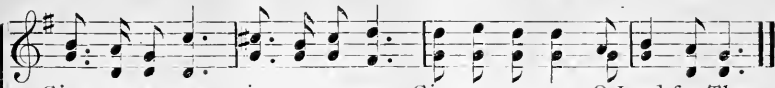
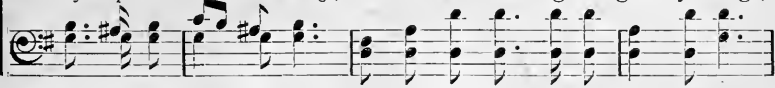
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



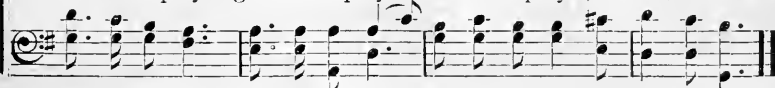
1. Give me a song, O Lord, give me a song for Thee, Fill'd with sweet
2. Give me a word, O Lord, give me a word for Thee; Fraught with the
3. Give me a pray'r, O Lord, give me a pray'r for Thee; That mounts the



mu - sic of heav'nly spheres, — Faith's song of triumph o'er doubts and fears;
gift of Thy per - fect peace; Bid - ding all doubt - ing and tur - moil cease,
sky up - on faith's broad wings, And floods of bless - ing and glo - ry brings,

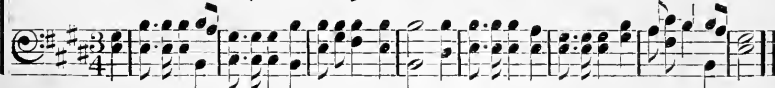
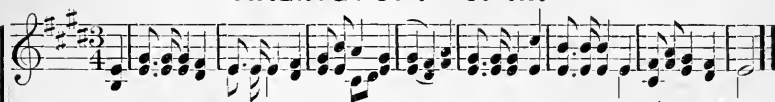


Give me a song, give me a song, Give me a song, O Lord, for Thee.
Give me a word, give me a word, Give me a word, O Lord, for Thee.
Give me a pray'r, give me a pray'r, Give me a pray'r, O Lord, for Thee.



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ARLINGTON. C. M.



No. 222.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross, —
A follower of the Lamb, —
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 223.

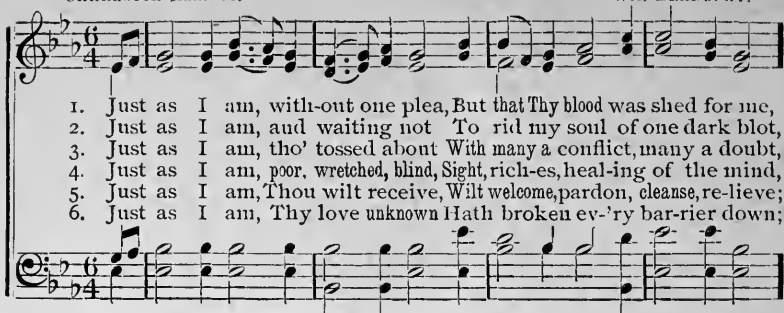
- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 Blest Savior, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun; [feet
And, crowned with victory, at Thy
I'll lay my honors down.

No. 224.

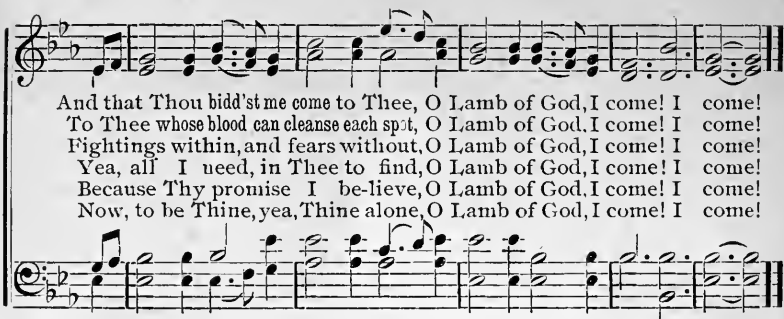
JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;
 6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath broken ev-'ry bar-rier down;



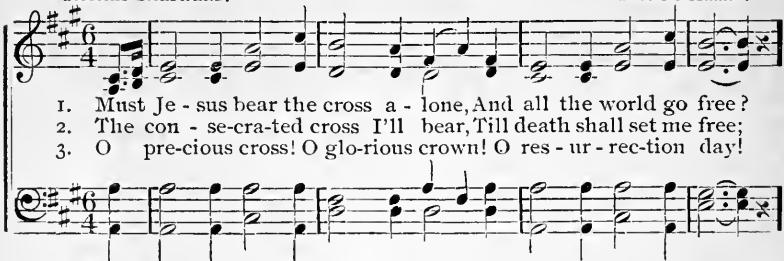
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Because Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 225.

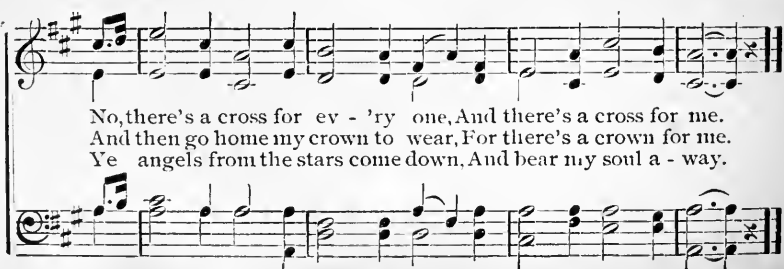
CROSS AND CROWN.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec-tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Ye an-gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 226.

H. BONAR.

WHAT A FRIEND.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our griefs and sins to bear! What a privilege to car-ry
D. S. — All because we do not car-ry

FINE. D. S.

Ev'ry thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

BY PERMISSION.

No. 227. COME YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
3. There we shall see His face, And nev-er, nev-er sin;
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry;

CHO.—I'm glad sal-va-tion's free, I'm glad sal-va-tion's free;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye surround the throne.
But servants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a-broad.
There, from the riv-ers of His grace, Drink end-less pleas-ures in.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

Sal-va-tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

No. 228.

HE IS CALLING.

F. W. FABER.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; }
 1. { There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than (Omit.) } lib-er-ty.
 2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; }
 2. { There is mercy with the Savior, There is heal-ing (Omit.) } in His blood.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.</p> | <p>4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 229. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

No. 230. COME, YE SINNERS.

- 1 The great Physician now is here,
 The sympathizing Jesus;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung;
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven;
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
 Sound the praise of His dear name;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

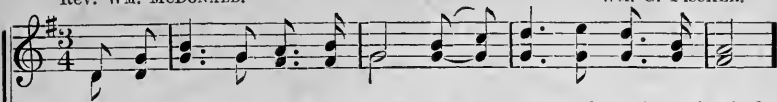
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True relief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.

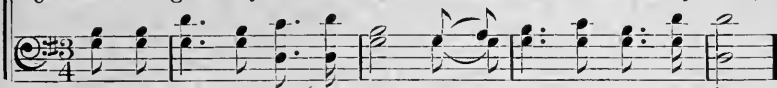
No. 231. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

Wm. G. FISCHER.

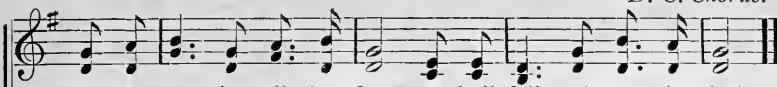


1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee. Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

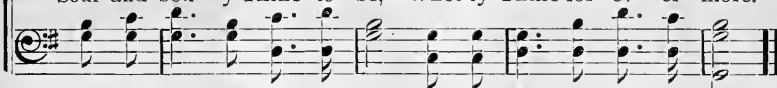


CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C. Chorus.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.



Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

- 4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

BY PERMISSION.

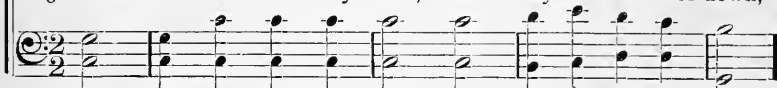
No. 232. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH.

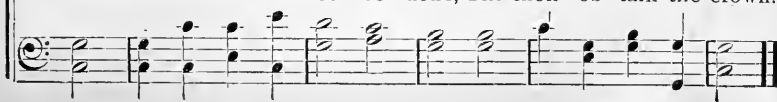
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,

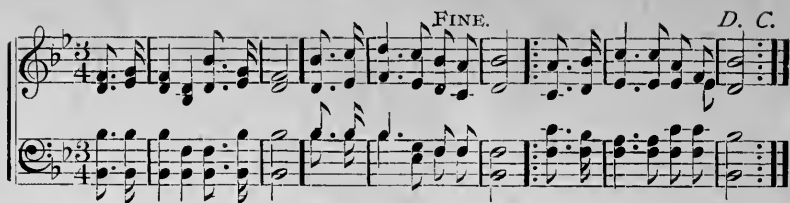


The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.



No. 233.

TOPLADY.



No. 234.

MARTYN.



No. 235.

CORONATION.



No. 236.

OLD HUNDRED.



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